

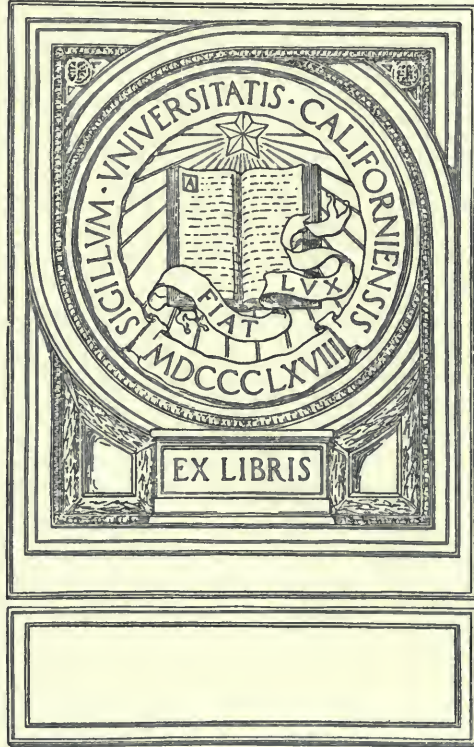
MEMORIES

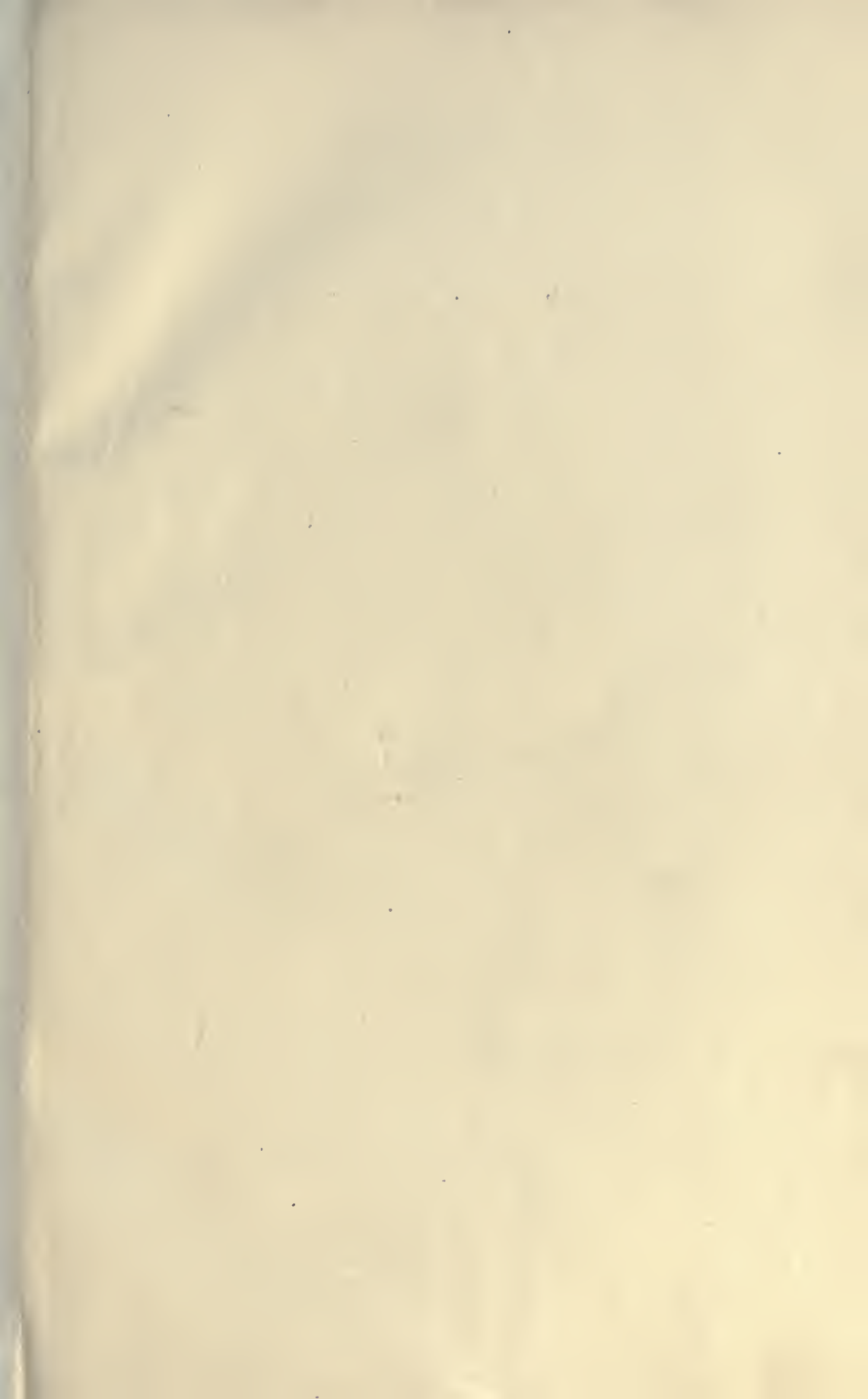
SOME OF MANY



BY
ANNIE V. FINN

GIFT OF
A. F. Morrison







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MEMORIES

SOME OF WISCONSIN

To dear Mrs Morrison,
with affectionate sympathy.

Annie V. Finn

January 19. 1922

MEMORIES

SOME OF MANY

By
ANNIE V. FINN



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No. 1. Finer

JOHN FOWLER FINN

(July 4, 1839--January 1, 1913)

The judiciary of San Francisco was honored, and the social and political life of the city was enriched, during the decade of 1870 and 1880, by the notable and manly citizen who has lately passed away. Judge John F. Finn died at Pasadena, California, on New Year's Day, 1913, at the age of seventy-three. His father, Lawrence Finn, was a New York merchant, of Irish descent, whose place of business was where the Equitable Building on Broadway now stands. His mother was of English birth and belonged to an old and honorable family of Somersetshire. His father had large interests in the West Indies and in the summer of 1839 was, with his family, in Cuba, and John was born there. The son's early education was in Brooklyn, New York, where was situate the family home.

In 1852 the father died, embarrassed in estate, and thereafter the son was compelled to rely upon his own exertions. While still very young he had attained an important place in a mercantile house in New York, but he had such strong desires for the legal profession, in which he was encouraged by his employers, who recognized his talent, that he early began the study of law, completing his education therein by graduating from the Law Department of Harvard College with the class of 1860. Thereafter he practiced his profession in New York City, in the office of Niles & Bagley, one of the leading firms of lawyers of that city. Soon after establishing himself he was married to a daughter of a family whose ancestors settled in the Mohawk Valley in 1638. His descendants have ever since lived, and still reside, in the ancestral homestead. A more ideal relation of husband and wife that began with this marriage I have never seen.

In 1864, and shortly after his marriage, he joined his sister and brother in Virginia City, Nevada, and practiced his profession there for a year. In 1865 his wife joined him in San Francisco, where he became connected with the late Judge E. D. Wheeler. He made a specialty of probate practice and it brought him such a handsome income that early in 1870 he considered himself justified in taking a vacation. With his wife he traveled in Europe and the Eastern states for a year and a half. Returning to San Francisco he resumed practice and became well known as an honorable, able, and high minded lawyer and good citizen.

When the new Constitution was adopted in 1879 it did away with the old District Courts and provided for a Superior Court with twelve judges for San Francisco. The manner of the election at one time of twelve judges aroused great interest in the city. A general meeting of the bar was called

for the purpose of recommending for the people candidates for the office of judges of the new court. After some discussion it was decided that each lawyer present should vote for twelve and that the voting should be by ballot. Judge William P. Daingerfield, a most popular judge, and then incumbent of the Twelfth District Court, received the highest number of votes, but next to him came John F. Finn. Both were elected by a very large popular vote. The judges had to draw lots for terms and Judge Finn drew the short term of one year. In 1880 he was re-elected for the full term, and again in 1886, by large majorities. He served continuously for thirteen years, but when his third term expired his health was not good and he declined re-election. Since then he continued to regard San Francisco as his home, but spent most of his time abroad. A ripe scholar, a student of history, a connoisseur in art and music, but above all a reader and lover of poetry, his resources of enjoyment were unusually large, while delicate health made the turmoil and stress of active life distasteful. For that reason, although keeping up the liveliest interest in San Francisco and her people and retaining his citizenship therein, he did not return to active work.

The late Judge J. V. Coffey was an associate of his on the bench and when Judge Finn declined re-election Judge Coffey became his successor in the probate department of the Superior Court. Speaking in open court of the loss he personally felt in the departure of his longtime friend and associate, Judge Coffey said: "I wish that I might write in imperishable marble my opinion of Judge Finn. His merits entitle him particularly in this tribunal to a perpetual memorial."

The same Judge, on another occasion said: "I have said many times that Judge Finn's retirement from the Bench was a distinct loss to the public service. His dignity of demeanor, candor, frankness, and sincerity, added to special learning and natural ability; his sympathetic consideration for those in distress, balanced by an innate sense of equity, made him an ideal Judge. For more than two score years I had been observant of these traits, which compelled the respect of all who knew him. Prior to his transfer from the bar to the bench, I had had occasion to note the qualities in him that afterwards in judicial association for years were illustrated in his conduct as a man devoted to duty and fearless in its discharge; seeking truth for its sake alone, and anxious only that justice might be done, and yet always that it be tempered with mercy and apostolic charity."

"I have often had occasion to regret that Judge Finn had not remained in the position that he so eminently adorned and for which he was so adequately equipped by temperament and by education, and all of his brethren who served with him and who survive concur with me.

"Before the Fire of 1906 I had in the Court House framed a group of the Judges who preceded me in probate, all men worthy of admiration: Judges Blake, Wright, Myrick and Finn. I should like to have those pictures

restored as a reminder to the younger generation of those who in their time have done so much for the profession and the community, none more so than the Honorable John F. Finn, whose memory I shall ever cherish as that of a good citizen, an honest lawyer, and a Judge without stain and without reproach."

Another associate of Judge Finn, namely, Judge John Hunt, who has been a Judge of the Superior Court since its organization, paid a tribute in open court to his deceased friend, saying: "Judge Finn was not only a well read lawyer, but he was also a ripe scholar. His delicate health made necessary his retirement from the stress of active professional life, but he delighted in the pursuit of literature and thus agreeably occupied the time spent in retirement. He was a man of engaging manners, of untiring industry, and of legal ability. While upon the bench he was engaged in the trial of many important cases, and his judicial learning, probity of character and kindly manner endeared him to all who knew him. He was a lovable man, a generous man, generous without ostentation, but to his compassion no needy hand was ever extended in vain. He had a heart open as day for melting charity. He was gifted with a fine sense of humor; not the humor the shafts of which are barbed with malice, but a generous, genial and kindly humor, which found expression in brilliant repartee. He was the gentlest of men; cheerful, courteous, brave and self-reliant."

To those of us who lived and worked in San Francisco during the time that Judge Finn honored us with his presence and friendship his departure is an irreparable loss.

WARREN OLNEY.





FROM A PAINTING
AT TWO YEARS OF AGE

MEMORIES — SOME OF MANY

January, 1914.

PART ONE

UTTERLY cast down and full of "the wild unrest that lives in woe," looking down a vista of years to come, unlighted by the lamp of love that had burned so brightly for me in the past, unspeakably lonely though with those who were near and dear to me, and to whom I was near and dear, I sat brooding, disconsolate and full of despair.

I took up a book and opened it by chance at the letter Alexander Dumas fils wrote to his Father after that Father had passed away from this World.

"My Dear Father:

"In the World to which you are gone, does memory survive and retain a recollection of things here below? Or does a second and eternal life exist only in our imagination? Is memory vouchsafed only to those who remain on Earth? Or is it true that the bond of love which has united two souls in this World is an indestructible tie, not to be severed even by death?

"Wherefore then not knowing where you are, do I indite this letter to you? It is because when we have lost those we love, although they are gone from the place that knew them, they are still and always with us. It is therefore to what is ever with me, within me, that I address this remembrance and this homage which will assuredly reach you wherever you are."

I had often read the beautiful letter, and now in my sorrow and loss it held for me a deeper meaning in that it expressed so much of my own thought and feeling and put into my mind the idea of writing this book.

And why should I not address "remembrance and homage" to you, my Beloved? There is comfort in the very thought and mayhap the work will lighten my heavy hours.

"Remembrance and homage," my heart and soul are full of it! If I could but give expression to the homage I feel in words that are worthy! If I could but present in fitting form some of the wealth of my remembrance!

One year has passed since you left me. One year! what a very fragment of time it seemed when my heart was light and my horizon boundless. And now how differently I measure time! The long

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summer days that you so loved have come and gone, and again the inverted season of the year is here, and through that year, in a dazed, unreal way I have lived, hopelessly, helplessly, vainly trying to solve the problem of the re-adjustment of my life.

‘Mirage of the heart and memory’ how near it brings that far off day when first we met, a boy and girl on the threshold of life. A few years later we were married and hand in hand we started blithely up the hill.

O Youth! O Love! O Happiness! O Years! when joy ran a golden thread through all the gray homespun of everyday life. Youth fled but love and happiness endured, and hand in hand we passed over the broad, pleasant table land of middle life, and hand in hand we were journeying down the hill, when suddenly, “glittering and bare the long-veiled hand stretched out of the immutable heavens, claiming that which was Its own.”

O! Heart of my Heart and Soul of my Soul! how did I live through the anguish of that time? Surely grief does not kill, else had I not lived on when all that made life worth living had been taken away, and the brightness and sunshine of existence forever blotted out!

You were so much a part of me, so woven into my real self that it was like rending asunder my very being to give you up. You were my World! You were my best and truest friend; you were my confidant, the only one I ever had; you were my sunny, philosophical comrade; you were my counselor whose advice I could always rely upon; you were my loving, devoted and tender companion; you were my all-in-all, the light of my life, yea, the very life of my life and “only God and my own heart know” how lost I am without you.

Life without you!—A World without you!—It seems incredible!—It seems impossible!—There is always with me the wild, uncontrollable feeling that you must and will come back,—that I shall again hear your dear voice speak my name in the old, fond way,—that I shall again look in your tender love-lit eyes,—that I shall again feel your dear arms around me and clasp you in mine. I pray God that I may learn to say, Thy will be done, but as yet I cannot.

A friend tells me that I have had my full share of happiness and should try to forget myself. Forget myself! It is not self pity that oppresses me, but grief at thought of the “pleasing, anxious spirit” that was embodied in you; snatched away from love and light and

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warmth, and the sweet, fresh air that you so loved,—from the “warm precincts of the genial day,” and a World that was so beautiful to you.

That I grieve because your tender, loving heart is still and cold, and that none shall ever again hear the greeting of your voice, or feel the friendly clasp of your hand,—that your generous nature, your active, eager mind, your interesting, attractive personality no longer exist,—that you, my Beloved, are no more to be numbered among men!

It is Nature, but oh, how cruel and terrible Nature is in doing her allotted work! How can we resign ourselves to it? Accept it without murmuring? Submit, and say—It is well!

To be given this pleasant, familiar thing that we call life! To be placed in a world full of beauty, of interest, and of charm! To be given the senses to enjoy, and the intelligence to appreciate! To be given affections! To love, and be loved, and then, heralded, or unheralded, comes the *Shadow* that has been waiting—

“Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer;”

and the dear body so cared for and watched over; the warm, sentient, pulsating body lies unresponsive, and motionless and lifeless, and the tender, cherished Earthly ties forever severed.

I thank God my Beloved that you were not first bereft of me. That you were not the one called upon to bear the anguish of separation,—to know,

“The hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain.”

To and from your resting place I go and come, a lonely comrade wrapt in dreams, struggling with the phantoms of imagination, the phantoms of fear and doubt.

Flowers bloom around you; above you, birds sing in the tree tops, and the waving branches set the shadows dancing on the greensward beside you; the piping quail, followed by their little brood, run to cover as I pass. Human sorrow, human loneliness, human helplessness set against the careless joy of nature that takes no note of loss and separation; but the sacrifice of earthly possession is not separation. “There is only one separation and that is when the heart turns away and memory forgets.” Memory! That is now my life! Memory of the happiness we had in living in and for one another through so many years in that blessed World of Two!

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Oh, that World of Two! That wonderful and beautiful relationship between two people whom God has joined together! There is something almost divine, in the complete surrender of one human heart to another, and the faith and trust and devotion that go with it! Perfect faith, perfect trust, and love stronger than death! Two beings, yet one in their joys and sorrows, their hopes and aspirations, their desires and sympathies. Children following the order of nature sooner or later find,

“A dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet than all other.”

But Husband and Wife! as the years pass, growing closer and closer in thought and sympathy; ever nearer, ever dearer; ever needing each the other more and more. Husband and Wife! for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish,—forsaking all others,—till death do us part.

When Lady Scott passed away, Sir Walter wrote in his diary, “She is sentient, and conscious of my emotions, somewhere, somehow—where, we cannot tell—how we cannot tell, yet would I not renounce the mysterious, yet certain, hope that I shall see her in a better World, for all this World could give me.”

So often I feel, my Beloved, that *you must be* conscious of my emotions;—and I do believe that we shall meet again, and that the tender, invisible bond that held us so closely together on Earth is not forever broken. Here, my happiness was the aim of your life and the wish of your heart, and now! can you give me no sign? No word to quiet the wild unrest and questioning that ever besets me; until I cry out with Tennyson,

“Oh Christ that it were possible,
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What, and where they be.”

Tennyson had no doubt concerning immortality.

“Believing where we cannot prove.”

No, we cannot prove; but who is there that can disprove? Even though the future be held forever in the realm of speculation and mystery. That unfathomable mystery! The flight of the spirit when the body is left untenanted! Through all time, since the first

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mourner bent in grief over a beloved body, the mystery has remained unsolved. Followers of different religions, of philosophy, theosophy, mysticism and occultism, all indulging.

“This pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality.”

All asking the question that remains forever unanswered, “What, and where, they be.”

If that exists for which we all hope and through faith believe, I have no fear for you. You were,

“Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,”

* * * * *

“There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds.”

And in the words of the Psalmist you went “with clean hands and a pure heart.” You know the secret that in time we shall all know. You have solved the mystery that sooner or later we all shall solve. You have gone on the journey from which none ever return.

What is the secret, Dear? And what the mystery. I have my hours of fear and dread and doubt—dark, dark hours; and then, thank God, faith comes, the clouds vanish, and through the eyes of faith I see the journey that you have made, and the end.

“It is but crossing with a bated breath
A narrow strip of sea,
To find the loved one waiting on the shore.”

“There was the Door to which I found no key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see.”

So sang the Persian poet eight hundred years ago. Today many active, earnest workers of the Society for Psychical Research claim that the door is open and the veil rent asunder; that communication is being held with those who have gone before, to the spirit World; that memory and affection are not limited to here, and now; and that in the continuity of existence, intelligence and personality survive.

Surely if there is joy in Heaven, memory and affection, and personality must survive; for who could conceive a Heaven without remembrance, and love, and personality of the Dear Ones gone before.

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Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the foremost workers in Psychological Research, writes: "A body of responsible investigators has even now landed on the treacherous, but promising shores of the new Continent, not through occultism, or mysticism, but through methods of science."

We wait and watch, and long to know if human endeavor working along the lines of science in Psychological Research, will succeed in laying bare, the secret God has kept for His very own since first He created man.

"I have a room where into no one enters,
Save I, myself, alone;
There sits a blessed memory on a throne;
There, my life centers."

And there I weave warm, tender memories around you and the past. In that room I feel your presence,—I hear your merry laugh as we recalled amusing incidents,—I hear your voice and bantering words as you try to defend yourself against my jealousy! Yes, my actual jealousy of your fondness for books! Oh those hours! What hours they were! And books, books, books, how you delighted in books! Of late years you reproached yourself for the desultory character of your reading, but it gave you a great fund of general information that was very interesting.

In that room I think of the keen enjoyment we took in just the simple, everyday things of everyday life that made the very joy of existence.

The pleasant intercourse with friends and relatives, and the interest, activities and distractions of the city of our choice and our adoption. The enjoyment that each season of the year brought in turn. The coming of spring, the wild flowers, and the blossoming fruit trees. The brightness of a summer day with fleecy clouds drifting over an azure sky. Murmuring brooks, and swift, rushing streams. The song of birds, green fields, waving grain and the shade of trees. Flowers blooming in the gardens and the rustle of dancing leaves overhead. The crescent moon, the planets and the silvery stars, and over and above all, the rich inheritance of being alive and together, to share in the beauty and wonder of it all. Oh, the World was very beautiful and wonderful to us! The warm, bright World, so full of life and of love!

In that room—dreaming in my waking hours—as boy and girl we walk beneath the blossoming orchard trees; or tread with lingering

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steps a path beside red clover fields, gathering sweet-briar roses from the bordering hedge, and stems of ripe, red strawberries from the grass beneath; while overhead the bobolinks fly and sing,—fly and sing.

In that room, I roam with you through many lands. We stand together on lofty mountain tops; we walk on the beautiful shore of a tideless sea; we thread the aisles of dim Cathedrals; we stroll in quaint market places, and on strange, crowded city streets. We hear again—

“The Alpine torrents roar,
The mule bells tinkling down the bridle paths of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.”

In that room, I render thanks to the Giver of all good, for permitting us to enjoy so much together, both at home and abroad. The masterpieces of painting and sculpture, of music and architecture, and the work of that greatest of all Masters!—Nature!

Someone has said that the only way to measure and estimate the worth and strength of a life, is by the afterglow it leaves behind, and so it is that as time passes, and I see the afterglow of your life, my Beloved, ever deepening, and glowing with brighter colors, I realize more and more, the worth and strength of your nature, your character, and your life.

Chance and fortune were never prodigal with you, but you took gratefully whatever little good they gave, and never allowed yourself to be disturbed by what you had missed. How often I have heard you quote the lines of Burns,

“Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”

You were so thankful to be independent! And only wished for means beyond independence, that you might give more freely to those who needed help. You felt such catholic sympathy for poor, unfortunate humanity!

“For the low, and the humble,
The weary, the broken in heart;”

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Handicapped through life by a delicate constitution, with attacks of illness, often of a painful and serious nature, yet always in answer to my sympathy and anxiety you would say, "It might be worse;" and when in the last few months your dear eyes failed, and the pleasure of reading was taken from you, how bravely and nobly you bore the affliction. Seeing my heart so torn with pity, in cheerful tones, you often said, "It might be worse; not every one so afflicted has a dear companion always ready to read or write, and so long as I can see your face I shall not complain."

Ah me! The memory of those precious, blessed months! The fear lest you should tax me too severely; your brave, philosophical spirit that rose to noble heights against a threatened affliction, that I had often heard you say, was the greatest that could befall mankind!

And here let me write down what I knew you to be; Singularly free from envy; never imputing unworthy motives, and always putting the best construction upon the actions of others; easily hurt yourself, and full of regret, if you thought that by hasty or passionate speech you had hurt another; true and loyal in friendship; generous and charitable in judgment; fair, and just, and upright, the very soul of honor in all your dealings with men, and affairs; sincere in purpose; conscientious in duty and allegiance; never following the temptations and by-ways of expediency; proud, sensitive, and self-respecting; dignified, direct, and serious, yet with a fine sense of humor; never striving after place, or position, or social influence; honest and courageous in conviction, with sympathy and toleration for all. Such, is my all too unworthy tribute to you, my Beloved! to you, from one who knew you as no other could, your faults and your virtues! To you, from one who feels that your friends might honestly and truthfully say of you, what Carlyle said of a friend: "I never knew a finer, tenderer, more sensitive, or more modest soul, among the sons of men."

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PART TWO

AND NOW, Dear Heart of mine, let us put aside for a while all sadness and sorrow, and go together over some of the scenes and experience of that happy past of long ago. How often you have laughed at what you called my "ever-ready pencil" with which I dotted down impressions and events whenever or wherever we strayed from our familiar surroundings. Now by the help of that ever-ready pencil and the magic of memory, the scenes and experience of that far away past become as fresh and vital as those of recent years, and I have, as it were, "collected the scattered embers that lie on the hearth of memory" and fanned them into life.

Hereditry, the pleasant experience of childhood, and an eager, active, observing mind, all combined to foster in you a strong desire for travel, and so it naturally followed that so soon as you had saved a little money, you should think of enlarging your horizon by journeying somewhere. The Hawaiian Islands were nearest and promised most, and one June day, on the Steamer Idaho, with Captain Floyd of pleasant memory in command, we sailed for Honolulu.

That voyage, the first of so many we were to make together, was over a smooth, summer sea, where schools of porpoises and flying fish interested us by day, and at night under the star-lit sky we would watch for hours the silvery wake made by our vessel through the phosphorescent water, and trace constellations with the valuable aid of our genial, friendly Captain.

On the morning of the twelfth day the picturesque mountains of the Island of Oahu came in sight. In good time we rounded Diamond Head and the Idaho was warped to her berth in a most primitive way by oxen and a windlass.

Wreaths of flowers—leis—were flung about the necks of all the passengers as they stepped on a wharf crowded with natives. You quickly rid yourself of *the foolishness* but I wore mine until we got into a carriage.

You were familiar with tropical countries, but for me what a fairy land of enchantment it was! The intense blue of sea and sky, the rich, luxuriant unknown vegetation, the strange fruits, the wealth of tropical flowers, the houses with broad verandas latticed and screened by flowering vines and shaded by flowering trees, the natives, handsome bare-footed men, bare-footed women and girls in loose, bright colored garments, with wreaths of flowers on their heads, and garlands of flowers around their shoulders—they were everywhere,

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full of animation, chattering and laughing like children, while others similarly bedecked were riding through the streets, sitting astride their horses, with the vivid hued, voluminous, picturesque saddle cloths streaming out behind, and riding with the dash and fearlessness of Hussars.

There were no hotels in Honolulu, and it was our good fortune to have been recommended to a boarding house where we were excellently well cared for, and where we met many charming people; not only those in residence there, but others who came to call, among the latter being the gracious, amiable, deservedly popular Queen Emma.

Our kindhearted landlady was zealous in her wish that we should taste and enjoy all the products of the country, and the variety put upon her table during our stay, particularly of fruits, could only be understood and appreciated by those who had themselves visited that favored land.

This good lady's family consisted of a daughter and a son, then in his early manhood, who later became a multi-millionaire, and has but recently passed over to the majority.

At the time of which I write, I doubt if there could anywhere have been found, in a small population, so many kindly disposed, warm-hearted, hospitable people as were numbered among the residents of Honolulu. Visitors were few, and those who were at all acceptable were made the excuse for every form of delightful entertainment. We had carried two letters of introduction to prominent families, and both letters brought us charming, cordial people with invitations to an eleven o'clock breakfast. These breakfasts were each served on a secluded veranda, embowered in vines and flowers, and were so perfect in every detail and appointment, and made so delightful by bright and interesting conversation, that the memory of them never faded quite away. In both cases the ready response to a letter introducing two young people without fortune or position was not only a kindness but a real compliment, particularly as the first invitation was followed by others, and during our entire stay these genial people made frequent calls, often bringing something especially fine in the way of fruits or flowers.

For an afternoon's entertainment croquet parties were much in favor, with refreshments after the exciting games were over, or perhaps partaken of during a sudden shower of rain. And there were dancing parties given in charming homes, where on verandas, and in the grounds Chinese lanterns glowing amid the bloom of brilliant flowers made a veritable fairyland. Indoors the rooms were festooned

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with flowers closely strung together, white, alternating with some vivid color, and as the ropes of white were composed of stephanotis, tuberoses, and double Cape jasmine the languorous air soon became overladen with perfume. Refreshments were enjoyed at will. Delicious, cooling drinks, fruit salads, ices, and a variety of dainty, delicate confections.

One glorious night when the moon was at the full, Captain Floyd gave a reception on the Idaho, proving himself an ideal host, and the staunch, little steamer (his castle for the time) with flags and bunting, lights and flowers, music and dancing was a place of enchantment.

Excursions of every kind were made on horseback, and for visits, ceremonious calls, and responding to invitations a light Victoria generally drawn by one horse was used. It was all very simple and delightfully pleasant; far removed from the Honolulu of today.

Passing away with the old order of things, there must have gone much of that whole hearted kindness and disposition to befriend the stranger that made our visit such a delight to remember. Every day we had some evidence of this kindness and disposition. From many instances I have selected one. A party of four ladies and two gentlemen were going from our house by invitation to visit friends who lived on their large sugar-cane plantation twenty miles away. To our great surprise it was suggested that we join the party.

At first we would not listen to it. It was impossible! Go to the home of strangers to spend a night with a party that already numbered six? But every one of the six declared there would be plenty of room and vouched for the welcome we would receive. Every objection we made was overruled, with the result that on the following day eight horses stood in front of the house, ready for a start, instead of six, and tied on the back of each saddle was a small waterproof roll, containing articles necessary for the night. Many of the party owned their horses; the others rode those reserved for their exclusive use. Of the two extra mounts, the one with the side-saddle intended for me was a handsome, spirited animal that you had been assured was perfectly safe.

We were scarcely beyond the outskirts of the town when I became aware of an occasional action or motion of my horse, such as I had never before experienced, that gave me a feeling of insecurity in the saddle and made me nervous and uncomfortable. I mentioned it to the lady riding beside me. At once came the suggestion that we change horses. She was riding her own gentle, reliable horse. She

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would consider it a favor as she envied me the mount I was on, and the change might mean for me the difference between enjoyment and discomfort all the long way. She soon discovered a suitable place and unobserved by those in advance, we made the exchange. We were riding rapidly to join the party and had almost reached them, when, like a flash, I saw my companion thrown into the air over her horse's head and lying motionless by the roadside; explaining later that for a time she did not know what had happened to her.

At my cry of distress every one turned back, and amid intense excitement, before any one could reach her, to the great relief of all, she sprang lightly up declaring she was not in the least hurt, nor was she. Being a fine rider, resting only her toe in the stirrup, she had a clean, clear throw from the back of a bucking horse. I, always riding with my foot thrust far in the stirrup might not have fared so well.

When you heard it was my horse that had made the trouble you were excited enough! You declared no life or limb should be endangered by riding the brute again! You would tie him to a tree to be sent for, ride back for a carriage to take me home, and the party must continue on their way.

While you talked and were argued with, *the Captain* of the party had put his saddle upon the buck—quietly nibbling grass by the roadside—the side-saddle upon his own horse, seated the lady who had been thrown, and springing to his saddle, announced, "*the cavalcade will now proceed.*" There was some fun at your expense, but you were well pleased with the result and again we were off.

We were now in the Nuuanu Valley. On both sides lovely vine and flower-covered homes, with gardens of bloom, under beautiful, flowering trees. As the road ascended vegetation became less luxuriant and homes fewer. Rocks and boulders appeared on the hill-sides and tiny rills fringed with ferns trickled down the banks.

More and more the valley narrowed, and sharper and higher became the points of rock until the Pali was reached and the wonderfully beautiful view opened before us. An enthusiast has called it, one of the grandest, most superbly spectacular views on earth. Back of us, and on either side, perpendicular rocks with domes and peaks and pinnacles towered hundreds of feet above us, and before us a sheer drop of one thousand feet to the broad plain below, where pretty toy looking homes stood in the midst of a beautiful verdure; sugar-cane, groves of bananas, shade and fruit trees. Along the coast a fringe of cocoanut palms, then a long line of white surf

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breaking over the coral reef and beyond, the blue waters of the Pacific.

We were told that our destination lay many miles away over the plain below and that the road to reach it, was down the face of the cliff on which we were standing. It was a frightfully steep trail with sharp turns and curves, and as we watched the first horse and rider begin the descent it did seem an extremely hazardous undertaking, and so it was. We were started one after another with a space of several feet between us, so that accident to one might not involve another. Gradually as the distance to the plain below diminished the feeling of danger wore off, but you and I, Dear Heart, freely and frankly admitted that we were thankful to stand in safety on the plain. Of the eight horses that went down the perilous trail that day none was so completely without any trace of nervousness, so sure of foot and certain of step, and did the trying work so patiently as the bucking horse. We took a long rest, and gave the horses a breathing spell with loosened girths and then rode on over the garden-like expanse.

When we were within a half mile or so of our destination two of the party increased their speed (you and I surmised to prepare the way for us) which was done with tact and thoughtfulness, for when we alighted from our horses, without any formal introduction, the host and hostess came to us in the most cordial and natural manner, called us by name, and said they were glad we had come.

The house was immense, low, rambling and picturesque. Inside, the passageways were labyrinths of twists and turns as they led to rooms built on when needed or as fancy dictated. Such was the room assigned to us, spacious and charming with windows on three sides well screened by vines that were masses of bloom.

It was a merry party and we felt very much at home within it. There were a number of young people in the house, members of the family and their friends, and in the evening on the broad veranda they sang the plaintive, rather monotonous Hawaiian music to the accompaniment of ukuleles.

The following morning we were all early astir. After breakfast we went to see the activities of the large plantation. Sugar-cane being cut, loaded on wagons and carried to the crushing mill. A large vegetable garden where we found peas, beans, asparagus, lettuce, sweet potatoes, melons, pineapples and strawberries, a luxury the Chinaman in charge said he could furnish every day in the year. Then came a long row of picturesque grass huts for the Natives

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employed, and farther on a grove of cocoanut trees of unusual size running from sixty to seventy feet in height, and to see the small Kanakas go up those tall trees with the ease of monkeys to bring down the nuts was an interesting sight to me. When they had reached the very top the amusing part of the performance took place. They would hang suspended by their hands for a moment and then by an upward twist of their lithe little bodies would bring their heels down upon the clusters of nuts, and kicking with all their might, down would come the cocoanuts in showers, brown and green, ripe and unripe.

After luncheon this delightful visit came to an end. Adieus were said and our little cavalcade started for home. The climb at the Pali was not so nerve racking as the descent had been, but it was trying enough to make two of the party glad when again the Nuuanu Valley was reached. The excursion had been delightful and we were grateful for the kindness that had made us sharers in it.

The bucking horse made many unsuccessful attempts to throw his rider, and was returned to his owner with a sharp reprimand.

At the time we were planning to visit the volcano we learned that the small steamer, by which we expected to reach Hilo was disabled, and laid up somewhere undergoing repairs. No one knew when she would again be in Honolulu.

A captain, who with his family made his home in the house where we were, and who owned, and sailed a seventy-ton schooner between ports of the different islands, hearing of our disappointment, told us that if we could put up with such accommodations as he could offer, he would gladly carry us to Hilo, adding that he would give us his cabin.

We accepted gladly and gratefully as to transportation, but demurred as to the cabin; however the Captain settled the matter saying the trip was short and he would find the means of making himself comfortable.

Two days later at an early hour, escorted by the Captain, with all the household assembled on the porch to wish us "bon voyage" we set off gaily for the "Fanny" named for the wife and daughter of the Captain.

We found the little deck swarming with natives, men, women, children and dogs. Many of the women wore wreaths and garlands of flowers and all had mats, calabashes of poi, dried fish and bananas.

The dear good Captain! He never knew how our hearts sank when we looked into the cabin! The cabin that we had so hesitated

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to rob him of and where the few necessary articles for our trip were already deposited. At the bottom of a short flight of steep steps was a mite of a room, made between the decks. A narrow table about six feet long with a bench upon one side took up nearly all the floor space. On both sides, slightly above the level of the table was a berth, and here it was that the Captain and mate ate and slept. There was no light or air except what came down the narrow stairway.

After a hurried inspection, we forgot the cabin in the interest and excitement of getting off, as helped by a brisk and favoring wind we went spinning over the blue, sparkling water.

In our honor the Captain had provisioned his larder with all sorts of delicacies, and with him, we had our lunch on deck, you and I, under umbrellas, to the great amusement of the natives who kept advancing upon us, in spite of the protests of the mate, and when we were fairly hemmed in, the Captain stood up and shouted at them, while the mate, and the cook, and the little cabin boy brandishing any article they could lay their hands on, drove them back near the rail. This little play proved a great diversion to our good-natured, chattering fellow passengers, and it was enacted many times while we were together on the deck of that little schooner.

"We are going to make a record trip," the Captain said gleefully, as we finished our lunch and he went about his duties. But alas! toward the close of the afternoon the sails began to droop and flap, and soon we lay "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" save for the horrible swell on which our little schooner lifted and sank, lifted and sank with sickening monotony. For thirty-six hours we lay becalmed upon that glassy sea; no life or movement in the air, and not a ripple on the water. I sought the seclusion of the little cabin, but the want of air drove me back to the open. Then the good Captain had the mattresses brought up and our beds made upon the deck, where I lay during those long hours, a prey to most helpless and persistent sea sickness, which neither your solicitude, nor the Captain's kindness could alleviate. A tarpaulin was brought, oh, the smell of it! raised in the middle and made into a kind of tent, as protection against the tropical sun, and the frequent tropical showers. At night when rain fell, under cover of the darkness that came with it, it took the Captain and all the crew, to keep the poor drenched natives from crawling under our shelter; but the showers though violent were of short duration, and when the sky cleared, and the tarpaulin was thrown back, it was an experience never to be forgotten, to lie on the little deck beneath that wonderful canopy—star gemmed

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and flooded with silvery moonlight, and around us in perfect calm the illimitable ocean! It was, you said, like being in touch with the very mysteries of the universe!

On the second day "the dawn wind that calls the sun" blew fresh and strong. At once all was bustle and activity, and soon the white sails of the "Fanny" were unfurled, fluttered, filled, and she was off like a bird. The tarpaulin was discarded, the mattresses sent below, and the Captain sent the cook to the galley to hurry up breakfast of which I was sorely in need; and what a jovial little party we were as we ate our morning meal, and watched the play of gorgeous reds and purples in that tropical sunrise. Then the Captain took his reckoning and found that while lying becalmed, we had steadily drifted in the direction for which we were bound, so that the time was not entirely lost.

The day was long and uneventful. We sat until midnight on the deck and then went below to the little cabin. The rapidity of our motion forced enough air for comfort down the stairway, and the poor little despised cabin became a welcome harbor of refuge, for the proximity of so many noisy Kanakas began to wear upon us.

The following day we hailed with delight a dark line on the horizon that the Captain told us was the island of Hawaii. For hours we sailed along the beautiful shores, so near that we could see a succession of white cascades gleaming amidst the dark, rich foliage, and toward the close of the day we were at anchor in the bay of Hilo, where we said good-by to our kind friend, the Captain. His craft was small, but his heart was large and his kindness as unbounded as the seas over which he sailed!

There was no hotel in Hilo, and no place where one could pay for accommodations, but the kindhearted, hospitable residents kept open house for all who came their way.

An acquaintance in Honolulu had given us the name of a friend, whom he felt sure would receive us kindly, but in spite of his assurance, and it being the custom of the country, it was with great trepidation that we presented ourselves. We were met by a gentleman who to our great relief gave us a warm welcome, and in reply to our apologies for intruding upon him, declared that the obligation was all on his side as he happened to be feeling particularly lonely and in need of company. His house was charming, with spacious rooms and broad flower-hung verandas. The extensive grounds were delightful. Near the wall bounding the grounds was a structure literally covered with vines and masses of gorgeous bloom, and from within came the

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pleasant sound of running water, so it was no surprise to find that this lovely structure was a spacious bath room, where through an immense tub a generous stream of pure, soft, tepid water was constantly flowing and great was the luxury of that bath after our experience on the little schooner.

Directly after we were seated at table for dinner we heard a flapping of wings, and a large parrot lighted on our host's shoulder. He stroked the bird affectionately and explained that Polly was his only companion since his family found life in Hilo dull, and spent most of their time in San Francisco. When the dinner was served the parrot slid, and flopped until he reached the table and began to eat from our host's plate, often helping himself to bits on the fork that Mr. ———— was in the act of conveying to his own mouth. Naturally the talk and interest for the time centered on Polly, who, feeling his importance, began to look around in a very animated manner, and then to your amusement, and my discomfiture, that dreadful bird, with a loud squawk, waddled towards me, and began gobbling from my plate. Our host was lost in amazement for never before had Polly made friends with a stranger. I did not relish Polly's familiarity and abandoned my plate to the voracious bird that soon disposed of all the food upon it. Then another dinner was given me and the Chinese cook carried Polly, screaming and swearing to some place of confinement. How you laughed when I told you of the concern I felt at the prospect of sharing my food with that household pet; but Polly was either fickle, or blamed me for the indignity he suffered when removed forcibly from the dinner table, for though he came regularly to all meals, he never again took any notice of me.

We had noticed great clusters of night-blooming cereus hanging on the garden wall; when night came the flowers opened, filling the air with most delicious perfume. We sat on the flower scented veranda until nearly midnight. I watched the smoke that curled up from your cigars, and the moonbeams that strayed through the network of vines and made dancing lights and shadows on the floor, while I listened to the interesting talk. Our host told of the life and industries of the Islands, and plied you with questions concerning the activities of that world from which he was so cut off.

The following morning Mr. ———— took us over his fine estate, where we saw great fields of sugar-cane, pineapples, plantain and bananas. Of the latter he was very proud, saying his plants were equalled nowhere on the Islands, a statement we could well believe, when we looked at those wonderful leaves. Glossy and shim-

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mering in the strong light, measuring ten and twelve feet, and perfect their entire length. There were many acres also of fruit bearing trees and shrubs; orange and lemon, bread-fruit, tamarind, mango, avocado, or alligator pear, and guava. There was an experimental patch of coffee trees that looked thrifty but Mr. ——— did not think they would do well on the lowland, adding that while coffee was the most profitable product of the Islands the area upon which it could be grown to advantage was very limited.

After our return to the house you disappeared, and when you joined us, said you had engaged horses and that we would start for the volcano in the afternoon. Our host advised and strongly urged, that we wait until the morrow, get off early, and make the entire trip in a day.

The distance was thirty miles. The elevation four thousand feet. There was a half way house and you argued it was better to rest there for the night. Mr. ——— had heard of such a house but had never known anyone to stop there and felt sure we would find it an uncomfortable place; then seeing that you were not to be persuaded, hurried our departure saying we would need all the time. We had the wisdom and confidence of youth and jested with him over needing all the afternoon of a long summer day to ride fifteen miles. Soon after luncheon we were in the saddle, our kind host urging us even then to wait until the morning. As we started he gave you the same warning the stableman had given you, to watch out for the cattle being driven down the mountain.

We galloped over the fertile plain in high spirits, and as we began the first gentle incline entered a tropical jungle of indescribable beauty. Tall forest trees arched overhead with vines climbing to the very top; interlaced and interwoven they formed a leafy canopy so compact that the fierce rays of a tropical sun were turned into subdued and tender light. From the branches of the trees tendrils and trailers and festoons with lovely flowers, including orchids in great variety, were gracefully swaying. At times a delightful perfume filled the air, and here and there the ground was thickly strewn with fallen flowers, as though gorgeous colored rugs had been thrown about. And the ferns, the beauty and variety of the ferns! Creeping ferns that carpetted the ground, climbing ferns that vined around the trunks of trees, golden ferns,—ferns in endless variety from the tiniest, to the tree ferns with their graceful feathery tops. What a very paradise of ferns it was!

This wonderful jungle was perhaps three miles in length. We entered it suddenly, and suddenly emerged from it. We had now

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reached the mountain side, and from the time we began the ascent on that smooth polished lava trail, until we reached our destination, the poor, nervous horses were slipping constantly, often falling on their knees, scrambling up only to fall again, and so, slipping and scrambling, on and up we went. Several times warned by the cries of the drivers, we drew our horses far as possible from the trail to let a band of wild cattle pass, as they came tearing down the mountain side like an avalanche. We had one terrifying experience when at an abrupt bend where the trail was narrow, we saw a band of these dreadful beasts bearing down upon us, and with scant time to reach a place of safety it seemed as though we must be swept away by them.

We met many natives. They always saluted us pleasantly while waiting beside the trail for us to pass, for those toiling up the mountain had the right of way.

We saw one group of Hawaiians that afternoon that we long remembered. An oldish man and three very pretty young girls. On their heads were wreaths made of some vine with small glossy leaves and red berries, and with loose garlands of the same around their shoulders the effect was charming. As we slowly passed them we saw three pairs of sparkling eyes, three pairs of rosy lips with gleaming white teeth between, and heard three musical voices give us the friendly greeting: "Aloha."

As the day wore toward its close, there was complete and oppressive solitude, with not a sound but that of our horses' iron shoes striking the lava trail as we went laboriously on. We were both tired. I very tired, and we longed to reach our resting place.

At half-past seven, seven and a quarter hours from the time we left Hilo, we came upon a bit of level ground, in the midst of which stood the half-way house. Our goal! The place we had been impatient to reach. The shabbiest and most dilapidated of grass huts! Before it, several men, a woman and a lot of unkempt children. As we drew up our horses one of the men came forward.

You asked if that was his place, and when he answered "Yes" told him we wanted supper, a night's lodging and good care for our horses. He said something to his wife in the native tongue, upon which she and the children armed themselves with sticks and began chasing a luckless fowl, while we went on a tour of inspection.

We found that the house consisted of two rooms. One had a table and some stools; presumably the dining room. The other room was long and narrow with a bank running the entire length, composed of ferns and grasses packed hard from long usage. It was

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about three feet in height held in place by rough boards. A coarse open meshed sacking was stretched over it, and upon it some gaudy colored coverlets—the sleeping room of the half-way house!

In less than half an hour our supper was ready. Some sour, soggy, fried cakes of what we took to be *poi*, and that unfortunate fowl. The skin had been torn from the poor thing. It had been cut in pieces without regard to joints. It lay in a watery gravy, a most unpalatable looking dish. The flesh was so firm and hard that a fork could not penetrate it, and our knives slipped from it as from glass. Ruefully we remembered how our Hilo host had urged us to carry something to eat at the half-way house. "Where there are hens there should be eggs" said my dear philosopher, and calling the landlord we soon had a half dozen boiled eggs upon which to make our supper.

Returning later from a stroll we came upon the family picking the bones of that ancient bird. It was now quite dark. We decided to retire, get what rest we could, and be ready for the following day's hard work. A bowl of cocoanut oil from which a lighted wick protruded had been put in a corner of the room. It gave a dim, murky light, and filled the place with smell and smoke. We chose our places against the wall at the farthest corner of the room. We talked of the charming guest room at Hilo and lay down. Almost at once you fell asleep, but the buzzing of insects and the fear that fleas, and possibly other troublesome things lurked in that strangely fashioned bed kept me awake, and soon a sensation as of something now and again falling upon me made the conditions impossible to endure.

I woke you reluctantly. You listened to my statement, said it could only be fancy, but when I persisted, you struck a match, and there, suspended directly over me was a newspaper bundle, over which dozens of large roaches were crawling and crowding, while those that had fallen, were scurrying away from the light in all directions. We were still the only occupants of the bed, and we changed our location to the other wall.

As the night wore on, I knew from the movements I heard that a row of human beings were stretched out upon that primitive bed. Deep breathing and snores filled the air. Soon as the gray dawn appeared, one by one our bed fellows arose, were silhouetted against the open spaces of the hut and went their way. When you awoke, we were the only occupants of the room and bed.

We breakfasted on eggs, fried *poi* and a concoction the landlord said was *tea*, but you could not persuade him to show the material of

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which it was made. You told of our experience of the night. He explained that the package attacked by the keen scented roaches contained food that a native walking across the country was carrying with him; also that the hanging of something on one of the hooks placed over the bed, pre-empted the space beneath; so, but for the falling of the big, black roaches, we should have trespassed on the rights of a fellow traveler.

Directly after breakfast we were under way. Our horses must have fared well for they were fresh and ready for work. The lava trail was steep and trying but there were frequent level, restful reaches, groves of cocoanut trees and meadows where the wild cattle fed. The morning was without incident or interest except that we passed through a forest of tree ferns of wonderful size and beauty. On their graceful stems the stately trees stood fully thirty feet in height. They were like palms but far more beautiful with their crowns of large delicate lace-like leaves.

The Volcano House was not only comfortable, but remarkably pretty and picturesque. The proprietor, owner, architect and builder was very proud of it, and told us there was not a nail used in its construction, the parts being bound together by strong fiber grasses that were everywhere plentiful. The plaiting of the grass that formed the sides of the house was a work of art, done, he said, by his wife, whom we did not have the pleasure of seeing. This ingenious man had planted on three sides, occasional bamboo trees, and while the tops waved gracefully above, the trunks served as a firm, solid support on which to anchor the grass thatched roof, and every other part of this unique habitation.

The edge of the crater was only a few yards away and directly after lunch, with a native guide, we made our way towards it, but when we looked down that three hundred feet of precipitous wall my heart quailed. There was an obscure path pointed out by the guide and we were soon following it. Stunted trees and shrubs were growing about the rim, and for some little distance below, and these served us well. When they gave out we clung to ferns, grass, vines, anything we could grasp so long as vegetation remained, and then to ridges and projections of lava until we stood upon the floor of the crater.

A hideous, desolate, vast area of black lava in hillocks of varying size. For three miles we followed a rough, undulating, uncanny trail that gave out an unpleasantly hollow sound beneath our feet, and made frequent detours to avoid places in the crust too thin to sustain

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a person's weight. On every side were fissures emitting sulphurous gasses, and looking into their depths we could see the gleam of angry fire. The guide carried a handful of sticks and one thrust down any of these chasms, and held there for a few seconds would always be brought up alight. The trail ended abruptly at a wall of lava, which was a rim, this crater within a crater had thrown around itself. We clambored up this rim and saw some fifty feet below the Lake of Fire; irregular in shape, a half mile across at the widest point. A seething, raging, surging, bubbling, restless, wrinkled, molten mass from which came clouds of sulphurous vapor, and at intervals fountains of liquid lava shot up into the air far above where we were standing. A weird, terrible, awe-inspiring, wonderful sight! In Hawaiian Mythology the abode of Pelé, the dreadful Goddess of Fire! Awful and terrifying as it was to look upon, there was a fascination in watching the movement upon the surface of this seething cauldron. The colors were dull and dark except where sunlight rested upon the constantly shifting mass, and brought out dim iridescent hues. We wanted very much to wait until darkness fell and turned the dark somber mass into garish colors, but we remembered the three miles of uncanny trail, and the three hundred feet of precipitous scramble from the floor of the quiescent crater, and turned reluctantly away. From our room in the hotel all through that night we saw clouds of blood red vapor, and intermittent jets of liquid blood red lava shooting up into the air from Pelé's House of Everlasting Fire.

The following morning we were off in good season. At the half-way house we stopped for a few moments' rest. We had promised ourselves to loiter through the lovely jungle, but we had not taken into consideration the wishes of our horses: They could not be coaxed or scolded into loitering, but instead, champed at their bits, danced and tossed their heads. We felt grateful to them, for they had given us without mishap, a wild ride down the mountain side and over the treacherous lava trail. You said that they slid down the steepest places, but however that may be, we drew rein at the now familiar house in Hilo at noon.

Dear Mr. ——— gave us the warmest and friendliest of welcomes and said he was just then speculating as to what hour he might begin to look for us.

It was indeed a dilapidated appearance that we presented. Our clothing had been often wet by tropical showers, and as often dried by the tropical sun. Our boots and gloves were destroyed from

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contact with rough lava and stones. We were lame and bruised from pounding in the saddle and the scramble up and down the steep crater side.

Our kind hearted host said that after such a trip we should try the Hawaiian remedy of lomi-lomi and asked our consent to send for an elderly native woman who knew the art to perfection. The treatment consists in vigorous manipulation of the muscles by kneading, pinching and pounding. We were ignorant of its almost universal use, and great efficacy, and the luxury of that abundant stream of water running through the bath tub within the grounds appealed to us more strongly; but lomi-lomi would probably have done for us in a few hours what nature took a long time to accomplish. Worse even than the lameness and stiffness was the painful sunburn our faces had suffered. We had each started from Hilo with an umbrella tied to the horn of the saddle, but both had been brushed off and lost in going through the dense growth of the jungle, and the pitiless sun had shown us no mercy.

You had often told me of tropical fruit so perishable that it could only be enjoyed where it was grown and it gave you great pleasure to find in Mr. ———'s grounds every variety with which as a boy you were familiar. Some cynic has said that fruit of this class is always in one of three conditions. Green—not quite ripe—or rotten, but in Hilo and in Honolulu we found it in the perfection of ripeness. Some was tasteless and insipid. Some perfectly delicious in flavor.

The morning after our return from the volcano, you spoke of setting out to make enquiries about getting back to Honolulu. Mr. ——— told you the Kilauea had resumed service, was in the Bay of Hilo and would sail that afternoon but he hoped we would stay on with him until her next sailing, ten days hence. That kind and tempting invitation we could not accept because of limited time.

Mr. ——— complained of the irony of fate; when he had guests that he wished to keep, they were always limited for time, whereas; he then told us of the subterfuges to which he and his friends had resorted to rid themselves of visitors who had unlimited time, and found Hilo an agreeable place in which to spend it.

When the time came to go, Mr. ——— went with us to the landing place. Keeping a hand of each in his clasp as the good-bys were said, he added: "Always hold fast to your beautiful companionship as the best thing life can give you." He would not listen to any

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word of thanks and appreciation from us, saying we could have no idea how much pleasure our little visit had given him. He waited until we had clambered from the row boat to the steamer's deck, waved a farewell, turned and walked away, all our hearts going out to him in gratitude, for the courtesy and friendly warm-hearted kindness given us.

As we left the Bay of Hilo we located the hospitable roof that had sheltered us, the jungle, the half-way house, the volcano with a black, heavy smoke cloud hanging over it, then up, and up, and up until our eyes rested on the two lofty snow crowned mountain tops, that made such a splendid background for the little town lying at their feet.

The Kilauea was a poor little tub of less than four hundred tons burden. Her deck swarmed with flower wreathed, flower garlanded Kanakas, their dogs and food supplies. It was the schooner "Fanny" over again, on a larger scale. You and I, and a young doctor from Honolulu whom we had met there, were the only white passengers, in a complement of two hundred. The majority were Hawaiians, with a goodly sprinkling of Chinese.

Dr. S——— came at once to speak to us, and asked if we had seen the saloon. He told us that we would find it impossible, and suggested that we allow him to arrange for our meals on deck, and our mattresses brought up when night came. By this time we were well under way and the sea disagreeably choppy. We went to look at the saloon. A poorly lighted, poorly ventilated room the width of the boat. A table with remnants of lunch still upon it. A double row of berths on each side, some open, others with curtains drawn. A number of sea sick passengers and a nauseating smell of food, and polluted air. Dear little cabin, all our own, on the "Fanny" what would we not have given for it then! We hurried back to the deck and gave Dr. S——— carte blanche to do for us what he could. In this way every one we met in the Islands, seemed to feel a personal responsibility for our well being, and a desire to show us every possible kindness. The Doctor reserved for us the best places, under a small strip of awning, that protected a portion of the deck. There, we ate our indifferent meals, and there when night fell, our beds were made and we lay down to rest, with our heads pillowed on the skylight. Surrounded by that motely crowd of deck passengers, alien in race and color, we were indeed glad to have the moral support and companionship of the helpful, cheerful young doctor.

It was a wretched trip! The Kilauea rolled and pitched and

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floundered where the sea was smooth, and in the channels between the islands where the sea was rough she behaved diabolically. When at the close of the day, brown and worn and torn, we were ashore in Honolulu and back in our comfortable quarters, where smiling faces and cheerful voices gave us greeting, we were glad and thankful. Glad and thankful to have seen the largest and greatest volcano in all the World. Glad and thankful that the hardships and discomforts attending it had all been overcome. We had long since ceased to wonder at the surprise expressed at our undertaking the trip, and also at the fact that of all the people we had met in Honolulu none, with one exception had seen the volcano, the exception being the young doctor of whom I have written.

Twenty-five years after our visit the Hawaiian Government began the construction of a road from Hilo to the volcano. The government also made a zig-zag bridle path on the precipitous wall of the crater and visitors could do their scrambling up and down on the back of a sure footed horse.

In recent years we often talked of re-visiting the Islands and the volcano. Had we gone, how different our experience would have been. We should have sailed into the lovely Hilo Bay on a large ocean liner, stepped ashore on a commodious wharf, and gone to one of the fine, fashionable hotels. Then from Hilo to the volcano an automobile would have carried us. We should have found the Volcano House a showy, tourist frequented caravansery numbering among its luxuries Turkish and sulphur baths fed from Nature's own laboratory. From the hotel we should have been taken by automobile quite around the quiescent crater to the Lake of Fire, the home of the Goddess Pelé—the only thing unchanged in all the intervening years!

The Native population interested us very much. How we enjoyed the incident when for the first time we saw the National, universal dish of "poi" eaten. A few blocks from our house, at a street crossing, a large tree stood at the corner of a vacant lot, and passing there one day at noon we saw under its shade a group of men, women and girls, seated tailor fashion, on the ground around a large calabash of "poi." They were talking and laughing and dipping the fingers of the right hand in the pasty mass which they dexterously conveyed to their mouths. It was such a novel sight that we could not refrain from stopping to look at them and were glad to find that our curiosity neither disturbed nor annoyed them. That nearby shade tree was a favorite lounging place with the Natives. There, one afternoon, we saw the first of the sociable

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smoking parties that later became a familiar sight. Several women with perhaps one or two young girls seated in a circle on the ground and smoking from one pipe, each in turn taking two or three whiffs and passing it to the one sitting next. When the pipe was empty it would quickly be refilled, relighted and continued on its journey around.

But it was the Nuuanu Valley and the Pali road, on Saturday afternoon, the gala day of the week, that the natives were seen at their best. Every man and woman who could get a horse by hook or by crook would be there. The men with flowers wreathed around the bands of their hats, and closely woven necklaces of flowers around their dusky throats; the women with freshly made wreaths and garlands of the brightest bloom. On they sped by hundreds. The waving motion of the long, wide orange or scarlet saddlecloths, the merry peals of laughter, the animated talk, the dash and abandon, taken altogether made a unique spectacle. It was the Natives' day and the Natives' road and few of the foreign residents cared to dispute it.

We were in the very hey day of our visit when Captain Floyd came on the Idaho, and in the mail was a business letter for you of such importance, that you wished to reach San Francisco as soon as possible. The Idaho would not sail for ten days, but a full-rigged, merchant sailing ship would go on the following day, and on her you engaged our passage. Great was my regret to miss the many things to which I had looked forward with pleasure. Queen Emma's garden party, croquet parties and an excursion to a beach to see surf bathing, something we missed altogether. We had a busy time packing, paying visits and writing notes. In the evening we went with a party to see the famous hulu dances for which we did not much care.

A large delegation went with us to the wharf to say farewell. The ship lay far off in the harbor. When we were seated in the row-boat our flowers were thrown after us, and fairly buried in their bloom, pleasant voices calling out affectionate good-bys, we rowed away. With as many flowers as we could carry, we climbed up the ship's ladder to the deck. We looked towards the wharf, but alas! the familiar forms and friendly faces were lost to view. The anchor was raised, the sails unfurled; all too soon the picturesque shore grew dim, and gradually Diamond Head, the Punchbowl and Tantalus Mountain faded away.

"Oh, Dear Heart," said I, "what a good time we did have." "Yes," you answered, "but the end had to come," and we talked of the warm-hearted, cultured, charming people who had been so kind

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to us; who lived such simple, beautiful, unostentatious lives under sunny skies, surrounded by Nature's most prodigal gifts. We hoped we were only saying *au revoir* and not good-by forever. Long after the highest peaks had vanished from our view, we heard in fancy, softly singing in our ears the Hawaiian farewell, called out to us from the wharf as we rowed away in the little boat, *Aloha-oe! Aloha-oe! Aloha-oe!*

Right here my "ever-ready pencil" signally failed. It made no record of the Captain's name, or of the ship's name. Only, that we carried a cargo of raw sugar; that the ship was infested with rats; that the motion under full sail was remarkably steady, and that the time made in returning was but a few hours more than that of the Idaho in going.

The eccentricities of memory who can understand! The incidents connected with *going* to the Islands and our stay there are clear-cut without any blurring of edges, but the *return* is almost a blank. In twelve days the Captain and his ship must have become familiar objects, yet I cannot conjure up the slightly memory of either, or any incident, with the one exception of the rodents.

We occupied the only cabin reserved for passengers and the first morning after sailing, I told you there were rats in the mattress of my berth. You laughed and said: "Nerves and fancies, dear, not rats."

"Will you let me have the upper berth tonight?" I asked.

You answered "No; but come to breakfast and forget the night."

I did not forget and when the steward went to our cabin I followed and told him my suspicions. "It may well be" he said, "since we have not carried a passenger for months," and taking a stout stick he rolled under the berth. Almost at once a large rat ran out, and then another. The steward followed and began threshing about with his stick.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Kill them, or they will always be finding their way back." "Please, steward," said I, "first let me get out of the way."

I jumped down from the chair on which I was standing and soon found you; told what was happening in our cabin and asked: "Now what do you say to nerves and fancies?" "Now I say rats," you answered. We laughed then, and we laughed many times thereafter over the incident.

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We had been away from San Francisco eight weeks. Upon our return, busy though you were, the prosaic, dusty, fog-laden, wind-swept streets were a trial to us both. We longed for the sun-warmed, flower-scented air and the shady streets; we missed our new-found friends and we missed the dusky maidens with flower-wreathed heads and bare-brown feet, in their bright-colored Mother Hubbard gowns. O dusky Hawaiian maidens! Aloha-oe! for only in our dreams were we ever again to behold thee!

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PART THREE

THE SPRING following our visit to the Hawaiian Islands you came home one day with your face all aglow, and that unmistakable air that I knew so well of having something unusual, or perhaps important to tell me. I knew, too, from experience, that the less curiosity I betrayed the sooner I should hear the cause, and it soon came in the question, "What would you think of our going to Europe for a year?"

"Going to Europe for a year?" I repeated, "it would take my breath away if I thought you were in earnest."

Then you told me that you were in earnest—that you had thought of it all through the winter but determined not to mention it to me until you had fully decided.

"But can we afford it?" I asked.

You said you thought so—you spoke of some investments you had made; that the Savings Banks were paying twelve per cent interest, and then laughingly you told me of a boy you had once known who sang a song about the Mississippi Boatmen—you had forgotten all but one line, and that ran,

"He spends his money and he works for more,"

and you had made up your mind that you would do the same thing.

Of course such specious argument could not fail to convince me that going to Europe for a year, on a very limited capital, was just the right and proper thing to do. In later years we realized what an ill-advised, imprudent, improvident act it was, because our point of view had changed. Then, we had the unbounded enthusiasm and hopefulness of youth. It was still for us

"The hour of splendor in the grass, of beauty in the flower,"

and the experience of that year in the Old World, with its happy, lasting memories, was forever after a part of our lives.

We were reading Washington Irving's *Alhambra*, and my first question, when I realized that we really were going abroad, was, "And shall we see the *Alhambra*?" You answered, "I hope so," and go to Rome? and Florence? and Paris? and London? I asked eagerly.

You were fully engrossed in business until early in June; then we crossed the continent by the recently completed Overland Road.

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An organ of five thousand pipes had just been finished for the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, and wishing to hear the organ, and see the famous place, you made arrangements for stopping over. We found a city with well kept, pleasantly shaded streets, very wide, the blocks tiresomely long, and the mountain views fine.

After dinner I went to put on my hat, for our usual stroll, and upon re-joining you, found you engaged in animated conversation with a gentlemen to whom you introduced me—Mr. Barnum—the gentleman laughingly adding to the introduction as he rose and bowed, “P. T. Barnum, the show-man.”

The cigars finished, we were starting for our walk; Mr. Barnum asked if he might join us, and a more genial, entertaining, interesting man could nowhere have been found. When we said good-night he told us he was going by appointment, the following morning to see Brigham Young and would we not like to go with him. We accepted, and on Sunday, at ten o'clock, were received by the Mormon leader. After a few preliminary and general remarks there was a lively conversation between the two men, both giants in their way, radiating physical power and mental vigor.

Then came a lull, broken by Mr. Young saying: “Mr. Barnum, I can tell what you are thinking about.”

“You might try,” said Mr. Barnum.

“You are thinking that if you could put me in a cage, and exhibit me over the country, what a fortune you might make.”

Quick as a flash came Mr. Barnum's answer: “With the biggest show on earth, of course I would make a fortune.”

In the midst of the laughter that followed, we took leave, going to the Tabernacle. We heard the organ, but did not hear Mr. Young speak. There we said good-by to Mr. Barnum and went to join our train.

We spent a delightful and happy summer in the midst of a large family circle in my old home in Central New York. Again we were boy and girl together, as we wandered over the old paths, visited the old haunts, and listened to the song of the birds. We studied guide books, French conversation and read prose and poetry that related to places and things we expected to see. In the warm, pleasant evenings, under the stars and the trees, we would watch the fireflies flitting by hundreds around us, and talk; sometimes the talk would be serious, sometimes full of merry jest and laughter; but you, Dear Heart of mine, were invariably the very life of it all.

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"THE DEAR OLD HOME"

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When the time came to go, we were full of regret, but the good-bys were said, and after a few days of preparation in New York, we sailed on the 12th of October, 1870, for Queenstown, on the steamer "Algeria" of the Cunard Line, returning in October of the following year on a sister ship, the "Abyssinia." These vessels were new, the "Algeria" having gone into service within the year, while the "Abyssinia" was not yet launched. They were steamers of 3300 tons burden, with a length of 363 feet, breadth 42 feet, and except the Great Eastern, were the largest steamers then afloat. They were adapted for the use of sails, but strong headwinds deprived the "Algeria" of any aid they might have given her, and with a rough sea we were ten days in crossing.

I proved a poor sailor. I had lunch with you in the dining saloon, while still in New York harbor but all other meals in my berth.

The last night of the voyage, about ten o'clock, you went for your usual walk, but soon came back to say that all the passengers were in the dining saloon celebrating the last night on board by eating "Welsh rabbit" and drinking ale—that much as you wanted some, you could not enjoy it without my company and would I join you if you had our supper brought to the cabin; and there the steward soon came with a tray for each of us, and surely no two passengers were as merry, and enjoyed their supper as much.

Queenstown, old and quaint and picturesque, delighted us, and the number of little donkeys surprised and amused us. What interesting, wise looking little creatures they were! There was much braying among them, and many were surely justified in complaining, carrying loads out of all proportion to their size. To my eyes the funniest looking loads carried by these mites, were large, burly men whose feet dangled on the ground. They never sat in the middle of the donkey's back, but so far in the rear that it was a mystery how they held on.

In the afternoon we took a train for Cork. The small compartments of the cars seemed very cramped at first. The road followed closely the river Lee and the scenery was charming, with a peculiar softness over everything. Villas, wooded pleasure grounds, walls and ruins of castles covered with ivy, and lovely lawns, green as in the freshness of early spring.

In Cork, the many bridges, the shops, the people—everything we saw was full of interest. Most of the women wore the Irish cloak, made of black or dark blue cloth—long, full and with a hood.

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It was a day when rain and sunshine followed one upon the other in quick succession, and during a sudden shower we stepped under the awning of a small fruit and vegetable stand. The owner came forward thinking we wanted to buy something, and you explained that we were taking shelter under his roof from the rain. With a kindly smile he gave the delightful reply, "An 'twere a palace ye'd be welcome to it."

Sunday, October 23, we awoke to the sweet chiming of Shandon church bells of which Father Prout sang,

"The bells of Shandon, they sound so grand on,
The pleasant water, of the river Lee."

That afternoon we drove to Blarney Castle in a jaunting-car, and what a merry, jolly ride we had. It seemed such a funny little vehicle to us, and how many names we gave it as we went along; you giving one and I the next. It was the jolting-car, the jerking-car, the jarring-car, the jesting-car, the jumping-car, the jingling-car,—then my turn came and I could think of no other word beginning with "j" and called it the John Bull car.

Upon this, the driver, who had been laughing most of the time, said: "Beggin' yer pardon, lady, it's no a John Bull car."

And that driver, a type of all we came in contact with—drivers, guides, boatmen and waiters—with their rich brogue, what a coaxing, wheedling lot they were; the young ones wanting to marry soon as they could save a little money—the middle aged and elderly always had large families, and to each one, an extra shilling, or even a saxon-pence would be *such a help!*

Our road followed the winding river and the five mile drive was delightful. We found Blarney Castle a picturesque, ivy covered ruin, standing in the midst of a fine grove and near by, a pretty lake. We climbed the turret of the Castle and I was leaning over to kiss the "blarney stone" some feet below. In the effort, I lost my balance and but for the firm hold you had on my skirts—which I had resented as unnecessary—I would have gone head first to the ground. I squirmed and wriggled, and you pulled and at last I was on my feet. I laughed, but you were very serious, and said it was not a laughing matter.

In going from Cork to Killarney, we had some pretty bits of scenery and then over miles and miles of hideous country. Vast tracts of peat and bog-land from which the peat had been removed,

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leaving no green in that part of the "Emerald Isle." Dotted thickly over this dreary region were squalid huts—not fit for human habitation—where men, women and children in large numbers were moving about.

At Killarney we made our first real acquaintance with Irish beggars. We had met a few in Queenstown and in Cork, but in Killarney they swarmed. And such clothing! If rags and tatters could be called clothing! You recalled what Foote said, when returning from a visit to Ireland he was asked what he thought of the Irish peasantry. He did not know that he had an answer to that question, but he had solved a problem that had been a constant plague to him, and he now knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes.

In the two mile drive from Killarney to the Lakes fully twenty beggars followed our carriage. And how they could run! You gave them all the coppers you had, but refused to buy any of the rubbishy things many had for sale; but when near our destination, at my request, you bought a shillalah of a girl who had run beside us, easily keeping up with the carriage when the horses were on a brisk trot. She was about eighteen years of age, of fine physique and beautiful complexion. Her tattered skirts ended at the knees, and from there her legs and feet were bare. Poor girl, and so pretty! I always saw her bright, rosy face when I looked at my shillalah, and felt sorry, when in some way, flitting from place to place, I lost it.

Those Irish beggars! What a healthy, wholesome looking lot they were! Of the *submerged tenth*, the first that we had ever seen!

The lakes of Killarney encircled by soft, purple mountains and dotted with islands were beautiful, and the vegetation a delight. Majestic yews and such lovely holly and arbutus trees. As we were passing Innisfallen Island the boatman said: "There's the biggest holly tree in all the wurruld so people say," and we had no reason to doubt. Over forty feet in height, perfectly symmetrical, with a spread of branch that gave a great circumference, and loaded with large clusters of bright, red berries it was a thing of beauty. And the arbutus trees were equally beautiful! On Arbutus Island where they stood in graceful clumps, nothing could have been lovelier than the crimson, exquisitely-frosted, strawberry-like fruit hanging in bunches beneath the shining, green leaves.

The echoes for which the Lakes are famous were delightful. At the "Eagle's Nest," a cliff that rose many hundred feet above the

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water we lingered long and musingly, for of that spot it was that Tennyson wrote his,

“Blow bugles, blow; set the wild echoes flying.”

Our boatman had a horn with which he awoke the slumbering echoes in a most melodious way. Often repeated, loud at first, then dying away to exquisite fairy like softness.

We went to Muckcross Abbey and were deeply impressed by the partly restored ruins of church and abbey, and the crumbling walls of a beautiful cloister. We walked across the park to see a pretty waterfall, and in so doing passed near Muckcross Mansion, a dignified abode of the Elizabethan period.

It was all so new and strange; so impressive and beautiful! The ruins of church and abbey and cloister, and this “stately home of England” standing in a great expanse of park and on a velvety sward under majestic trees a herd of deer.

Coming away full of appreciation, and a subdued happiness, we gave expression to the hope that each of us might long retain that sensation of enthusiastic delight which animates the spirit when looking for the first time upon objects of beauty and interest; and I am thankful to remember, Dear Heart of mine, that during all the years of our happy life together, much of the freshness of feeling and enthusiastic appreciation of younger days remained with us.

At the Gap of Dunloe, a narrow cleft between high mountain crags we were besieged by fully a dozen ragged men and boys that seemed to have sprung from out the ground or the rocks, so suddenly did they appear. Each had an old musket and each wanted saxpence for firing it off that we might hear the echoes. They were rough and clamorous and unruly. Our guide made a pretence of trying to control them but we suspected later that he himself had notified them of our coming. We were to walk through the Gap, between three and four miles, to the Upper Lake, where a boat would meet us. There was only a bridle path, on one side of which, far below, was a rapid stream. On the other side crags and peaks towering above us, from two to three thousand feet. Before us and behind us an obstreperous crowd each with a tale of woe that only a saxpence could alleviate. Realizing at what a disadvantage we were, and that our time was limited, you thought of a compromise. You would pay two of the party saxpence each for discharging their guns. Two and no more; and the two should be the oldest and youngest of the crowd,

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and to each of the others you would give two-pence if they would stop behaving like highwaymen. After a little parley the terms were accepted and then they began quarreling among themselves as to their respective ages. At last that too was settled, but to our surprise, those in front began to walk on, and when you asked why they did not fire off their guns, you were told "*This is not the place! the place is a mile furtherer.*" We did want to be rid of them, for being in the midst of a dozen ragamuffins stumbling over a rough path, each with a loaded gun swung carelessly over his shoulder was suggestive of unpleasant possibilities.

At last we reached *the place*—a bend in the Gap favorable to echoes. Here, two guns were discharged following closely upon each other. The reverberations were almost deafening and very remarkable. The stipulated sums were paid, one old man claiming as he held out his hand, that he was as old as the man that got saxpence. He looked it and his claim was recognized. We parted good friends, every rascal of them taking off his cap and saying, "I wish yees well," the young ones calling out after us that they were going to America. Poor fellows; they were neither degraded nor depraved, only desperately poor, and deep down in the groove and we could only hope that some helping hand might further their wish to go to America, where, you remarked, probably every city and town had its quota of prosperous Irishmen.

From Killarney we went to Dublin. We looked at the fine buildings of the Irish capital, then took a jaunting car for a ride in Phoenix Park, but a drizzling rain set in and we returned to the Shelburne House where we found a cheerful fire burning in the drawing-room. We sat before it until we were warm, and our clothing dry, then out again. We went to St. Patrick's Cathedral where we saw the tombs of Dean Swift and "poor Stella," then under dripping umbrellas we stood before the shop windows perfectly fascinated by the cheapness of clothing—particularly gloves. I bought several pairs at thirty-five cents a pair that looked well and wore well, and you tried a pair at fifty cents.

When we reached London we went to the Westminster Palace Hotel in the immediate vicinity of Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and many other objects of interest. We had been in our room but a short time when a clock began to strike the hour—loud, clear and with great deliberation. "Dear Heart," said I, "that is surely Big Ben," and going to the window, there, very near, was the beautiful illuminated clock tower of Parliament House. Arm in arm

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we stood at the window until the last stroke of midnight had sounded. I was too happy to sleep, and few were the hours and quarters of hours recorded by "Big Ben" that night, as the old thief Time carried them away, that I did not hear.

The next morning while at breakfast we saw from the window the passing omnibusses bearing names of streets and localities which from books we had been long familiar, and now we were going to see for ourselves these streets and these localities. How like a dream it all seemed!

Our sight-seeing began with Westminster Abbey which we entered with mingled feelings of mystery and reverence. The vastness of the edifice, the long row of monuments on either side, the richness of color, the softened light from the great rose window all combined to make a profound impression upon us. To you, with your love of poetry, the "Poet's Corner" was a sanctified spot, and long we lingered there, where grave, and bust, and tablet bore names familiar as household words.

We saw the beautiful Chapel of Henry Seventh, and the Coronation Chair of which my irreverent pencil wrote, "and a very ugly old chair it is."

Leaving the Abbey we walked over Westminster Bridge, you quoting the line from Wordsworth suggested by the view, "Earth has not anything to show more fair."

They were busy, happy, active weeks, those sight-seeing weeks in London. Picture galleries, museums, public buildings, parks, markets and shops; but first and foremost the pictures.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, now one of the great picture galleries of the World, was then in its infancy, but it had a nucleus of fine pictures that stimulated the craving we both felt for the expression of art in its different forms, and now for the first time we had the opportunity of gratifying that craving, and no words could be too extravagant to express the delight the pictures gave us; but it was fatiguing, exhausting work and after a few days of excess we limited the time we gave to pictures.

"What is the best way to see London, Dr. Johnson?" asked a new arrival at the Metropolis.

"The best way to see London, Sir, is from the top of a penny bus." And that is the way we became acquainted with the great city—from the vantage ground of a penny bus. We rode in all directions

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and it was not long before you, with the advantage of a good bump of locality knew London streets as well as those of New York or San Francisco.

If upon reaching the top of the bus we could not secure the seats we coveted near the driver, we had but to wait and soon the opportunity would come. And what drivers they were! We always marvelled at the skill with which they threaded their way, steering the clumsy, ponderous vehicle through the congested traffic of the narrow streets. Their wages were low and a tip was gratefully received, while their quaint Cockney dialect was an entertainment in itself. Many were intelligent, some telling interesting things of the streets through which they drove, others were stolid, not knowing or caring to know. One elderly man had a fund of information that was surprising. He pointed out to us in Cheapside the site of the Mermaid Tavern where Shakespeare, Ben Johnson and that brilliant circle of friends were wont to meet. Where Milton was born. Where Sir Thomas More was born and where to find the Mitre Tavern frequented by Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and Boswell.

There is a saying, that "London is the only city in the world, where a well dressed person can eat a penny bun in the streets without being stared at" and in the vicinity of the Bank of England, where all traffic seemed to converge, it surely would be true. The Bank of England! That soot begrimed granite structure! Not a window in its outer walls! Immense and gloomy without, and lighted within from many courts and skylights; and how impressed we were by the head doorkeeper, that pompous personage, in imposing scarlet livery with a glittering chain of heavy links around his neck and a staff of authority in his hand!

Near by was the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and Guildhall. We went in and out of buildings, in and out of queer alleys and courts and crooked lanes, with odd sounding names; we hunted up places where great men were born, where they had lived and worked, where they had died and where they had been laid to rest. We followed the streets where Dickens beguiled the hours of night when he could not sleep, and hunted up the places identified with his works.

Tabard Inn was still standing from where Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims set out. Temple Bar was there, with the same endless tide of humanity surging through its gates as when Dr. Johnson wrote, "It is my practise when in want of amusement to place myself for an hour at Temple Bar, and examine one by one the looks of the

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passengers." In a small court off Fleet Street we found the Cheshire Cheese Tavern and looked out from the window, from which Johnson, Goldsmith and Boswell looked, when they dined there and Boswell "made notes of the conversation," after which Dr. Johnson would walk on his beloved Fleet Street touching all the lamp posts that he passed.

Often we turned from the crowds on Fleet Street to "The Temple"—that most interesting group of buildings. We sat in the pleasant Temple Gardens on the Thames, or rested in the quaint, round Church often looking at the monuments of the Crusaders—recumbent marble figures in full armor, that you said always recalled the lines of Coleridge,

"The Knight's bones are dust
And his sword is rust;
His soul is with the Saints, I trust."

We went to the Tower and saw an endless array of interesting things—trophies won by British valor, equestrian figures in armor, the great Kohinoor diamond, crown jewels and all the insignia of the Kingdom—a splendid glittering mass of untold wealth, guarded by old soldiers in quaint attire, with whose pictures we were familiar. The Beefeaters of Old England, officially called the Yeomen of the Guard.

We looked at the statues and monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral, then went to the crypt, where we saw the magnificent tombs of Nelson and Wellington. There too we saw the graves of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Turner, Opie and others. A part of the grave of Lawrence was directly beneath one of the furnaces that heated the Cathedral, and over the graves of the other artists, soot begrimed men and boys, laughing and jesting, were trundling wheelbarrows of coal. The inscriptions upon the stones were badly worn and in a few years would be entirely effaced.

We went to the British Museum many times, and went away as often discouraged by the hopelessness of making any headway in the vast and wonderful collection. Plodding wearily along one day, with the heavy catalogue in my hand, I said, "Why it would take a lifetime to see all the things here," and you—

"That is what Holmes thought, when talking with a young American who boasted that *he* was going to see it all. Holmes advised him 'take lodgings next door, pass all your days in the Museum, and if you live to be three score and ten, you will have some faint conception of its contents.'"

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We enjoyed the South Kensington Museum, and took a lively interest in the beautiful Albert Memorial not yet completed. We heard Mr. Spurgeon preach. Fervent rather than eloquent, my pencil recorded.

We enjoyed Hyde Park—the equestrians in Rotten Row and the driving. Sometimes we saw Queen Victoria, frequently the Prince of Wales, and nearly always, Alexandra, the lovely Princess of Wales. The Sunday morning church parade entertained us very much.

We visited Mme. Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition interested in costumes of the past and faces of famous persons, until we came to Lincoln and Grant—they were such caricatures that we lost faith in likenesses.

We did our sightseeing under trying conditions. The weather was "beastly"—drizzling rain almost continuous; but fatigue and weather did not count.

Covent Garden Market saw us often as early morning visitors, admiring the tempting and beautiful hot-house fruits and flowers, and that night, we would be at Covent Garden Opera House, where Titiens, Trebelli Bettini, Sessi and Cotogni were singing to delighted audiences. Adelaide Neilson, that bright particular star, was shining in the dramatic firmament and all London was at her feet. Her pictures were everywhere, and Drury Lane Theater was packed from pit to dome whenever she appeared. We went to see and hear the beautiful, gifted being with every change of bill. We went to the Haymarket and other theaters and saw all the actors and actresses of reputation in London at that time.

One night we went to the then famous Cremorne Gardens—a gathering place of the demi-monde. The gardens were extremely pretty and the lighting of them, charming; the light coming through some transparent substance fashioned to represent different flowers. The entertainment we thought little of. The principal feature being a bevy of pretty, young girls wearing the evening dress of men. Crowds followed them everywhere and laughed at their unbecoming antics.

One feature of London life that surprised us, was the amount of intemperance we saw in both sexes. It shocked us to see through open doors, women standing beside men at a public bar, and drinking. We saw them in cheap bar rooms, and in saloons adorned with mirrors, and bright with gilding—we saw women and children going in and coming out of these places with bottles and jugs and it

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was not an unusual thing to see a woman staggering along the streets, or in charge of a policeman, screaming and ranting as she was made to *move on*.

We had looked forward with interest to the "Lord Mayor's Show" when with pomp and ceremony the newly elected official would be escorted through the streets of the *City* to take the oath of office. On that day London awoke blanketed in what the Londoners call, a *pea soup fog*—greenish-yellow and thick. We could feel it, and smell it, and taste it, and see it, but not see through it. Everybody blinked and wheezed and coughed. Cabs and busses were lighted, policemen carried lanterns and constantly blew their whistles of warning. Museums and all public buildings were closed—reading and writing were impossible—there was absolutely nothing to do.

In the afternoon the fog lifted a little, and as the ceremony could not be postponed, we took a hansom and went to the banking house of Bowles Brothers. Our driver carried a lantern in one hand and led the horse with the other. "What a bilious looking community," you said, as at a snail's pace we made our way; and how we did laugh at what we called *the hobgoblins*—men and women with respirators tied over their noses and mouths.

It was all weird and unnatural! The heavy pall of fog and smoke seemed to rest, a solid mass, on the tops of the houses. At three o'clock a band of music passed, followed by the gorgeous State Carriage, in which the Lord Mayor sat, drawn by four horses with showy trappings; then another band of music, some handsome banners, a small detachment of soldiers, and the procession was over. After it, came a hatless crowd of men and boys, hooting and yelling and knocking off every hat they could lay their hands on. This pastime the London roughs could enjoy without fear of the police, for two hours after the procession on Lord Mayor's Day.

We took short walks in the parks, wintry though they were, and ah, what delightful strolls we had on Piccadilly and Pall Mall, and how we enjoyed the shop windows! New Bond Street with the great jewelry establishments, Regent Street with emporiums of clothing, and the poulterers' stands with their wonderful display of game birds, partridge, grouse, pheasant, woodcock, plover, snipe and smaller birds—also a variety of ducks. Game that year was plentiful and moderate in price, and you felt rebellious at the almost prohibitory prices charged at the hotel. We had been in London two weeks, when turning one day from a poulterer of whom you had inquired prices, you suggested that we might enjoy lodgings, and do our own

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marketing. I accepted the suggestion eagerly, having a reason of my own.

At an adjoining table in the dining room of our hotel, sat an old gentleman and lady with their daughter, and a son who was a member of Parliament. We put the old gentleman down as being very crusty and crabbed, particularly at breakfast time when he was always finding fault with the waiter. It was either his tea, or his toast, or his fish, or his bacon, or his newspaper, *the Times*—that was never right—never sufficiently warmed and dried, and often the waiter was sent away with it, and when he brought it back crackling with heat, the old gentleman would say, "Now, that is something like." After a day or two of breakfasting and dining beside this little family, they became very sociable, taking a keen interest in what we were seeing and doing from day to day, and making many kind and helpful suggestions. One attitude of the old gentleman that I felt strongly inclined to resent, while you were amused by it, consisted in his frequent expressions of surprise at the extent of your knowledge concerning London, his favorite remark being, "Why bless my heart, *and do you know about that?*" The mother and daughter, and all the English ladies came to dinner in full dress—decollete, and sweeping gracefully along in trailing gowns, and after a time I became decidedly uncomfortable. I longed to be, where after a hard day's work, I could sit down to dinner in my street dress and be at peace with myself and the World.

One morning after chatting through breakfast, you told our neighbors we must say good-by as we were leaving the hotel that day. They were surprised and full of regret. When you said you had taken *lodgings*, the old gentleman followed with, "So you are going into *apartments*," emphasizing *apartments*, and giving us to understand that *lodgings* was not the proper word to use.

We had secured *apartments* with an agreeable woman who in answer to your question if she had any experience in cooking game birds, answered that a gentleman who had occupied her drawing room floor for three years, and was still with her, and who was himself a sportsman, said there was not a chef in London who could send a bird to table more perfectly cooked than she. As that was what you particularly wanted, terms were soon arranged, and the following day we were in possession. We had two good sized rooms, somewhat dingy from the London atmosphere, but not shabby, and scrupulously clean. There were several pieces of old fashioned furniture, the bed being the most remarkable. That, Mrs. W. said, was very old and

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had come from the house of a great family. It was of solid mahogany, with four richly carved posts and so high that on each side stood a step-ladder of five or six short steps by which access to it was gained. The table on which we dined was of the same wood and matched the bed in richness of carving. What a find, those two pieces of furniture would have been for a collector!

You did the marketing and each day as we were finishing dinner Mrs. W. would come to ask if everything had been "to our liking," and on Sunday when she appeared in a black satin gown, so rich in texture that "it would stand alone" with a bit of real lace at her throat and wrists she was a strikingly handsome woman.

That first evening in our new quarters, what a delight it was! After an excellent dinner, including a brace of young birds, done to a turn, we sat before a brightly burning fire, comfortable, contented, supremely happy and thankful to be away from the brilliant dining room of the hotel, together, and alone! Then it was that I told you why I had been so glad to change from the hotel to quiet quarters.

How heartily you laughed, and said, "the old gentleman wore a dinner coat and the son a dress coat, but that did not make me uncomfortable," to which I answered, "of course not, because you are just a man, and cannot understand such things," and then I have a memory of an endearing name, as you accused me of being "sly," adding "and all the time I fancied that your only thought was of me."

Memories, memories! what dear, dear memories they are!

We were waited upon at table by a young girl in a black dress with snowy cap and apron. She was one of that large class, that add so much to the comfort of sojourners in the lodgings and modest apartments of London. Slaveys, poor slaveys! This one of ours was a type of all! She put a high polish on your shoes, brushed our clothes, ran on errands and was willing and ready at all times for any extra service, while her extra tips were such a source of undisguised delight that the giving of them was a pleasure to remember. Poor little slavey, with her funny bobbing curtsies and her smile that went nearly from ear to ear! Reaching home sometimes at an unusual hour, we would come upon her scrubbing the floors, wearing a nondescript kind of garment and looking as though she had crawled through a coal bin, but there was always the smile and the curtsy, as she jumped up and stood aside waiting for us to pass.

During our stay of a month with Mrs. W. only one thing occurred that we would have liked different. From our first strolls about the

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London streets, the hot-house melons at the fruit stands had attracted your attention. They ranged in price from four to six shillings, and when I urged you to buy one, and satisfy your curiosity, you always answered, "there is no melon worth a dollar and a half to me, nor even a dollar," but one morning when the supply was unusually large and fine, you sent home, with other things, a five shilling melon. When our dinner was served, the little maid brought something in a large vegetable dish that looked like summer squash. To our inquiry she said she did not know what it was. She was sent down stairs to ask, and also to bring up the melon. Of course the dreadful suspicion had flashed through both our minds, which the little maid soon confirmed. The hot-house melon had been boiled and served as a vegetable. Poor Mrs. W., she was much distressed, and relieved when the matter was passed over lightly.

In San Francisco we had drawn up our plan of travel and expected to go from London to Paris; but that summer the Franco-Prussian war had come, and when we were ready to go to the Continent, Paris was besieged and a victorious German army was lying at her gates; so instead of Dover, Calais and Paris, it was Dover, Calais and Brussels.

In Calais we realized that we were in a foreign land, and that Great Britain had surrounded us with a kind of home atmosphere that was very pleasant.

The narrow channel crossed and what a difference in everything. Such a difference in architecture! Instead of houses that looked like homes, we saw great structures where people lived, with a gateway and central court by which they reached their abodes.

Such a difference in the language that we heard on every side, and saw on signs over the doors of shops.

Such a difference in people, particularly of the working class. We had seen the English workmen, serious, and clad in garments that told of toil and privation—here were the cheerful, bustling Frenchmen in neat, blue working blouses. We had seen the poor English women dressed in castoff finery, their hats trimmed with faded, crumpled flowers and ribbons—here were the French women in trim, black dresses, without hats and, their hair neatly arranged. Oh, those coiffures, how admirable they were and are!

The streets were full of soldiers and we saw many priests, with three-cornered hats, long frock coats and knee breeches.

Soon after we had taken our places in the train for Brussels, three Frenchmen entered the compartment engaged in animated

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conversation. Two were army officers and the other a civilian. Their talk was rapid and excited and frequently all were speaking at the same time. You and I were all ears, and listened eagerly. Yes, we listened, and listened, and listened, looked at one another and smiled, for each knew of what the other was thinking.

After a while you asked, "Can you understand what they are saying?"

"Scarcely a word," I answered, and a disagreeable fact forced itself upon us.

From school days, both of us had been able to read French, and when we had decided upon spending a year in Europe, we had engaged a French teacher, a splendid old fellow, who had a system by which the art of conversation was readily acquired. We could hold animated talks with him, and amusing talks with each other "à la Ollendorf," and it never dawned upon us that if we could understand our teacher and one another, we should have any difficulty in understanding any one else, but here we were in France, listening to a French conversation, and the system had broken down completely. Now and then we could catch the familiar name of a well known General—we knew they were talking about the war, and abusing the Germans, but we knew that, from intuition; so we gave up listening and sadder and wiser turned our attention to the country, through which we were passing.

We found Brussels a charmingly attractive city with splendid, well built boulevards, grand trees, handsome houses, and clean, well paved streets. We enjoyed the Museum of Fine Arts, and the noble Cathedral, but most of all the Old Square where, for the first time, we saw specimens of that glorious Medieval architecture so common in Belgium. That wonderful architecture, much of which during this cruel, senseless World War has been wickedly and ruthlessly destroyed by the Germans. There were many attractive and quaint buildings in the Old Square but the Hotel de Ville, with its 364 feet of beautiful Gothic spire (up which we climbed), and the Maison de Roi, were the two that we most delighted in. That lovely Old Square with its flowers and quaint architecture! I pray the German army of invasion in Belgium may leave it as they found it!

Going out from the Hotel de l'Europe we found that Jack Frost had been busy during the night. The ground was frozen hard, plants killed and icicles hung from the rims of fountains.

We left Brussels the following morning. From Liege on, the

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scenery was wild and picturesque, but winter had come. The trees were leafless and the country a vast bed of snow.

We reached Cologne at four o'clock, and there, at the Hotel Disch, made acquaintance with many customs strange to us. At the table d'hôte dinner the first thing a German did, after sitting down, was to take something from his pocket and slip it around the back of his neck. It was either a chain or strip of ribbon on which was embroidered a motto, or initials; to these by clasps at the ends, the napkin was attached and spread out at full size under the chin. As the dinner progressed everybody was wreathed in smoke, as smoking seemed to be as much a part of the entertainment as eating.

There, too, at the Hotel Disch, we made acquaintance with the uncomfortable German bed. Always single and very narrow; the upper sheet turned over a heavy, bright-colored blanket and fastened all around by buttons and buttonholes; being only a trifle larger than the mattress, there was no margin for turning under or tucking in. Two immense, fluffy pillows the width of the bed, and square; a very hard, wedge-shaped bolster with a steep incline; a small eiderdown quilt just the width of the bed, and square; (a dwarf could not have curled up into a small enough compass to have covered both his shoulders and his feet). What funny, ridiculous beds, and how heartily we did laugh at sight of them!

At night when we went to our room, we found that a maid had turned down the blanket and left the pillows and bolster undisturbed so we knew that the beds were ready to be occupied. I suggested re-arranging them but you said you were going to try yours as it was—that you were tired and could sleep anywhere, and that we were not sure but that the German idea of a bed might be a good one although it differed from our own.

As I got into my little bed I determined that I too would make the best of it; but I tried in vain. I told you it was impossible—that I could not sleep sitting up in bed. You answered drowsily, "You will never be a good traveler until you learn to adapt yourself to circumstances."

A short pause and I said, "Of one thing I am sure—no German can truthfully say, *Now I lay me down to sleep*," but you were already in the land of Nod, and I got no answer. A little later I threw the pillows and bolster on the floor. I was not comfortable, but I could at least lie down. The next morning you were loud in denunciation of the German bed—your neck was stiff—you had been miserably cold and had spent most of the night in changing the posi-

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tion of the little eiderdown quilt, warming your feet and shoulders in turn. Thereafter we always remade German beds before getting into them.

Directly after breakfast next morning we went to the Cathedral. The majestic imposing Cathedral! High overhead were pinnacles, spires, arches and buttresses; and there were grotesque gargoyles and carved figures; and the interior was vast and grand with stately columns, statues and glorious windows of old stained glass. Oh, those windows! The sun shining through them brought out the exquisite colors, that lay like bits of rainbow on floor and pillars! The main front of the Cathedral was covered with scaffolding and it was ten years later, that the beautiful facade with its superb portals and massive towers, from which spring the graceful spires, was unveiled before a large assemblage that included the German Emperor. We looked at the fine, old pictures in the Museum and bought two bottles of Eau de Cologne, one of which later gave us trouble.

An old German in my Father's employ, who came from Cologne told us of the storks building their nests on the chimneys of tall buildings, and after finishing with the sights put down in our guide-book, we went on a little expedition of our own. We soon located a number of storks' nests, but you were not content with that, so you set about interviewing the people who harbored them. As we suspected, the storks had migrated to warmer climes, but were sure to return to their old homes in the spring.

We learned that they were cherished guests because of the superstition that a stork's nest built upon property ensures its good luck, and a pleasant, buxom, friendly woman, who spoke English quite well, told us that she and her husband and many of their friends gladly paid a somewhat higher rent to be located in a building to which a stork had attached its nest. These good people had a good sized cutlery shop, and gave every evidence of being prosperous.

You enquired about some frame like objects that we frequently saw upon high chimneys or gables, and learned they were structures erected in the hope that storks would build nests there, but that the birds never changed their habitations, patching them up from year to year, and that unless the colony was enlarged by new comers, no new nests were ever built. We were still pursuing our inquiries about the storks, when a furious snow storm set in that sent us scampering back to the hotel.

Whenever during the winter, in going from one place to another, we found that the time required was over ten or twelve hours we

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traveled at night. We thought that better than breaking the journey and spending the night in the cold, uncomfortable rooms of an hotel for which a good price must be paid. High, porcelain stoves were the only means of warming the rooms, and it was only after fire had been burning for hours, that any degree of warmth was perceptible, and when morning came, it was either to get up and dress in a bitterly cold room, or ring for a servant to light the fire, and waste precious hours in bed waiting for the room to be warmed.

There were then no comfortable—Schlaf-wagens—and no means of warming the cars except by frequently renewed long, flat, metal cylinders of hot water. The weather was very cold and at every station the guard would throw open a door, letting in a wintry blast. We wrapped ourselves in our steamer rugs, and sat each in our corner getting what rest and sleep we could. Now and then you would emerge like a crysalis from your shell to see if you could do anything to add to my comfort, and occasionally the stop at a station would be long enough to enable you to bring two steaming cups of hot coffee, but we always welcomed the morning light that ushered in the sociable day, and gave us some idea of the country through which we were passing.

The trains were slow. We traveled by the *Schnellzug*—express train—and were fifteen hours in going from Cologne to Berlin, a distance of 360 miles, and study time tables—for which there was always a charge—as you would, you never found that any train made better time than that by which we made our first night journey. Here for the first time we saw fourth-class cars, with wooden benches around the sides, in which market men and women rode, and carried their baskets.

In 1870 Prussia was but a German state and Berlin far from the new and splendid city it has become, since being the capital of a great empire. Now, there are miles and miles of streets lined with magnificent structures, Government and public buildings in which gilding and elaborate decoration freely appear. There are splendid theaters and music halls, and gorgeous hotels, and there are perfectly paved streets so thoroughly washed and mopped and sponged each day that the streets of no city in all the world compare with them in cleanliness.

In the Berlin that we first knew there were miles and miles of quaint little houses built on narrow streets, where the sidewalks were shabby and the roadways paved with cobblestones. There were only open sewers, and surface drains, and the water for drinking

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and all other purposes came from pumps scattered plentifully about. In fact the Berlin that we first knew was said to be the most unsanitary city in Europe.

But ah me! How we did enjoy our stay! How we did revel in music, Dear Heart of mine! Going every evening to opera or concert. The prices were low and the music delightful.

At the attractive Royal Opera House we heard the Meistersinger and the *Fliegende Hollander*. The only singer known to fame, was Nieman, with a beautiful tenor voice; but there was an even excellence in the entire cast, that, with a fine orchestra and chorus, made a finished and delightful performance.

Scattered plentifully over the house were women busily engaged in knitting—they were wonderfully expert, only looking at their work when placing a needle in a new position. It was a plainly dressed audience, and in marked contrast to the brilliant spectacle presented by an audience at Covent Garden Opera House.

At that time *chignons* were the fashion. At home women were wearing them of moderate size. English women of exaggerated size, and the heads of the German women did look odd, with their hair closely braided and pinned down flat as possible.

The opera began at six or six-thirty and ended at ten or ten-thirty.

When we did not go to the opera, we went to a Bilse concert. The concerts were given in a large, handsome hall by a fine band of seventy musicians. People sat crowded around tables. All the women were industrious; the middle-aged knitting, the young embroidering, while the men smoked and drank beer. At intervals something to eat would be ordered; then the ladies would put down their work and every one in the party would have beer—glasses for the ladies, steins for the men. The first part of the concert was devoted to classical music, beautifully rendered. We always remained to the end, enjoying the popular music of the second part, and the student songs, and marvelled at the capacity of the German stomach as we saw steins of beer without number poured into it.

In addition to opera and concert, there was the martial music—the splendid military bands, and troops marching to the sound of fife and drum. Indeed we could truthfully say that our days began with music, for every morning in the gray dawn of the short winter day there marched past the Hotel de Rome, a regiment of infantry with one of those incomparable bands.

We heard the strains of music faintly at first, then increasing

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until with a great volume of sound, the regiment passed, and gradually the music died away in the distance. I often got up and went to a window to see and admire the perfect, rhythmic marching of the men, and soon knew the kind of music that brought out the *goose-step* which I was always on hand to see; you remarking more than once, that never before had you known me to be good natured over anything that deprived me of my morning nap. We knew of course that it all meant war, but even so, we realized that when we said good-by to Berlin we should miss the well built officers in full uniform, with spurs on their heels, and swords that clanked on the sidewalks as they strode along with bumptious gait, and the strains of martial music that so frequently filled the air.

There were many statues and monuments in the streets commemorating heroes and victories, We found some good pictures in the Museum of Art and in the New Museum a series of pictures just completed by Kaulbach, then past seventy years of age. The pictures delighted us so much that we wanted, if possible, to see the artist, and one day we stood before a studio door that bore upon it the name—Wilhelm von Kaulbach. Mr. Kaulbach, who spoke English fluently, received us kindly and spoke beautifully of art and the pleasure his work had given him through his long life. He asked many questions about "far off San Francisco." Indeed all the people we met during that year in Europe, with whom New York was a familiar word and Chicago not unheard of, spoke of San Francisco as being at the uttermost boundary of the earth, and were much interested to hear of the railroad that spanned the Continent—marvelled at the short time—then a week—required for the journey, and marvelled still more to hear of the comfortable sleeping cars.

As we came away Mr. Kaulbach asked if we had noticed a small picture of his, called *Dorothea at the Well*, suggested to him by some lines in Goethe's *Herman and Dorothea*. Yes, we had seen the picture and admired it. Then Mr. Kaulbach turned to you and said: "Your wife reminds me of the young friend who posed for that picture, now, many years ago. If you chance to see it again, look for the likeness."

We went to see the Royal Palace! We presented ourselves at a door that had been pointed out, and an armed sentry came from his box and conducted us to a room where about a dozen people were already waiting. When twenty had assembled, that being the regulation number, a guide in Court livery, carrying a big bunch of keys, appeared. We followed him up a long, winding, inclined way to a

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large room, where from a chest he counted out twenty pairs of enormous, white, woolen slippers, which every one of us understood were to be put on that we might not mar or scratch the highly polished inlaid floors. As you and others were stepping into the slippers, I whispered to you that *I* would *not* put any on—that I had no nails in my shoes, and that I rather not see the old palace. I was all rebellion, and indignation. You answered that I must find my way out, take a cab and go to the hotel.

The guide meanwhile had thrown open a door and I soon found myself alone with him—he jingled his keys and glowered at me, so I jumped in the one remaining pair of scows and found that I could shuffle with the best. I soon caught up with you and put my hand on your shoulder. You turned your dear face toward me, smiled, and simply said:

“Glad to see you. I thought you would come.”

But what a ridiculous, comical looking crowd we were, shuffling and sliding and slipping and scuffling along, the men not so laughable as the women, with one big white foot after another, appearing and disappearing from beneath their dark skirts.

There were between seven and eight hundred rooms in the palace, most of them large, and many immense. How many hundred we shuffled through we never knew. We carried away in our minds a confused mass of what we had seen: Tapestries, statues, pictures, mirrors, frescoes and precious stones; colored marbles and crystal chandeliers; bronze balconies and floors paved with mosaics; and a throne room glittering with gold and silver. Sensible old Emperor William! who preferred to live in the plain, modest edifice that was built for him upon his marriage, and where as Crown Prince he took his bride over forty years ago.

The Thiergarten, that vast park, with winding paths and fine forest trees, was a pleasant place even in winter and we enjoyed many a brisk walk there. In sunny, sheltered places, nursemaids in charge of chubby German children, gathered. These girls came from little hamlets on the river Spree, and wore short scarlet skirts that stood out like balloons, and quaint three-cornered white head dresses.

We went to Potsdam and on to San Sonci. While there, wandering through the Orangery a sudden darkness fell over everything and down came such a storm of rain and sleet that Frederick the Great and Voltaire and all the associations that linked them with the place were forgotten. The storm continued and the wind blew

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icy cold. In the partial shelter of a cab we drove to the railroad station and reached Berlin half frozen.

The famous "Unter den Linden" disappointed us very much. The trees were small and scraggy and the great width of the street dwarfed all the buildings upon it; but the lively character of that mile long thoroughfare—from the Brandenburg Gate, to the circle of fine structures at the other end—made it always interesting and attractive.

Over the Brandenburg Gate in a chariot with four horses sat the Goddess of Victory. We thought of that Goddess, when six months later we read of the triumphal march through the portals of the Gate. At the head of the great procession rode, not the King of Prussia, but the Emperor of a united Germany, with the Crown Prince Frederick, Bismarck, Von Moltke and a veteran army flushed with victory, and welcomed with tumultuous joy; while France, poor misguided France was the poorer by five thousand millions of francs indemnity, and the rich, beautiful provinces of Alsace and Lorraine!

From Berlin to Dresden in five hours. We traveled for the first time in a second class compartment and found it so comfortable and well appointed that we were sorry not to have made the discovery sooner.

Reaching Dresden, we had the novel and pleasant experience of going from the station to the Hotel de Saxe in a sleigh, with strings of bells on the harness of the horses. All the population seemed to be out sleigh-riding. It was a pretty sight, and the merry jingling of the bells was a musical sound.

That evening we were fortunate in hearing a delightful symphony concert by an orchestra from the Court Theater. The following morning we joined a party going to the Green Vaults. We saw many lovely things; works of art, in gold, silver and ivory, and a dazzling lot of jewels valued at—our guide book said—20,000,000 dollars.

Then to the Royal Picture Gallery in the New Museum, a structure of immense size and great architectural beauty. And the pictures, the glorious pictures of that large and rare collection; what a treat they were! At one end of the gallery, in a spacious, handsome room, we saw Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Long and patiently we waited for an opportunity to rest on one of the sofas in front of the picture, where enthusiastic groups of people sat by the hour.

We were to leave Dresden for Vienna at midnight, and to while

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away the time we went to hear the Opera of Zar and Zimmerman; poorly sung and so provokingly short that at nine o'clock we found ourselves with three hours of time that we did not know what to do with.

At three the next morning, the wind blowing a gale, we reached the Austrian border, where baggage was examined and we changed cars. We rode through a wintry, uninteresting country and at four in the afternoon were in Vienna.

We stopped at the Grand Hotel, famous for the excellence of its cuisine. It was our first experience at such an expensive hotel and we gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of it. Our room was luxurious, and the dinners! Well, the dinners were a revelation; delightful in variety and perfect in every way. The delicate soups, the fish, the game, and the delicious ices all made in the shape of the fruit with which they were flavored. Fortunate it was, you said, for your purse and your constitution, that our stay was to be short.

And in the morning there were the rolls and the coffee! That unequalled Vienna coffee, and those unequalled Vienna rolls, what a treat they were! with the sweet, unsalted butter! and when all the rolls had vanished and you told the waiter to bring more, he looked surprised and embarrassed, and did not seem to understand.

It had not taken us long to discover, how completely European thrift entered into even the smallest transaction, and thinking that probably an extra roll or two could not be included in our portions, you told the waiter to bring another order of coffee and rolls, whereupon he looked even more surprised, but bowed solemnly and slowly walked away to fill the order.

We were quite captivated by Vienna and the architectural beauty of its many new streets, although on the Ring Strasse—created by demolishing the fortifications—now lined with imposing structures, there stood in 1870 only the Grand Opera House, and a motley collection of ill assorted buildings. Inside this circle was the charming "Old Vienna," bits of which are always shown at International Expositions—queer, quaint, little buildings huddled together in the most picturesque manner; and in the very heart of "Old Vienna" that fine, massive example of Medieval architecture, St. Stephens Cathedral, with its tall, graceful, tapering spire. Within the Cathedral the soft light that filled all the vast space, from windows of old stained glass, the beauty of the slender columns, the sculpture, the monuments, the smell of incense, and more than all else perhaps, the warmth of the place, so gratified and satisfied me, that I was loth to

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follow when you whispered, *We must go*. As we were leaving, a group of peasants, men and women, in the picturesque costume of their province came slowly in, and knelt, a long devotional row, before their especial shrine.

In the Belvedere and Hofburg Palaces, and in private galleries, we saw large collections of beautiful pictures, antique bronzes, and varied works of art.

We drove in the fine, large park, the Prater, and climbed to the top of St. Stephen's Cathedral. The last 50 feet of the climb was something to remember—the winding stairway was on the outside of the spire, with only a slight hand-rail fastened to it. To be 450 feet from the ground, with a high wind blowing, and nothing to anchor to was not pleasant. We saw the city beneath us, the country around and the winding Danube, but when we reached the ground again, we asked ourselves and each other whether it was really worth while.

We had admired the splendid exterior of the Grand Opera House, and on the occasion of the Beethoven Festival we saw the elegant interior to great advantage. The Opera was *Fidelio*, the audience a brilliant one, and the music—as at Berlin—was rendered with even excellence, and prices were moderate. Two evenings we heard a Strauss orchestra play the bright, sparkling Strauss music. The concerts were given in a beautiful hall, and refreshments were served in an adjoining room. There was always a large number of handsome, beautifully gowned women.

We went to a Renz Circus, then a permanent institution in Vienna. There was none of the American clown business, but good music, remarkable horsemanship and clever, amusing acrobatic feats.

In Vienna, as at Berlin, we were advised to drink mineral water, as the city supply came from surface wells.

No romantic girl of sixteen ever arrived in Venice with a keener sensation of expectant delight than I felt that December night, when leaving the railroad station, we stepped into a gondola.

We made our way through devious narrow waterways, and when suddenly we emerged upon the Grand Canal, flooded by glorious silvery moonlight, I could no longer keep my enthusiasm to myself, and laying my hand on your arm I said, "Oh, Dear Heart, isn't this perfectly delightful?"

Even I felt a drop in the temperature when you answered, "It might be for an Eskimo."

I accused you of being destitute of all romantic feeling, but had

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to admit that it was cold, and next morning we saw all the roofs in Venice white with frost.

From the Hotel Danieli, immediately breakfast was over, we hurried to the Piazzì of St. Mark.

During the previous summer, in our old home, we had read Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." From our notes we knew where to look for the most delicate traceries and most elaborately sculptured columns in the Ducal Palace. Those exquisite columns with fruit and flowers, and angels and birds and childrens' heads peeping out from beneath the leaves and tendrils; and the arches and clover-leaf openings against the blue of the sky, how beautiful it was!

From Ruskin too we knew where to find the richest intermingling of color in the facade of St. Mark's Cathedral made by those exquisite mosaics on their background of gold. That splendid, brilliant facade with glittering domes and minarets, columns of porphyry and verd-antique, and over the door the four famous horses of gilded bronze. Those spirited, wonderful horses that had graced the triumphal arch of Nero! that had been carried by Constantine to Constantinople where for six centuries they adorned the Arch of that great Emperor! that for another six centuries had dignified and beautified the facade of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice! that had been captured by Napoleon and taken to gleam and glitter on the Arc de Triumph in Paris! and for two years of the World War—to protect them from air bombs of Austrian vandals—had lain in Rome buried deep in the caves of the Castle of St. Angelo.

The Piazzì of St. Mark! What a fascinating place it was! The beautiful Campanile crowned by an Angel of gold; the two granite columns, one holding aloft the patron Saint of Venice, the other the winged lion of St. Mark; the clock tower and the two bronze giants that struck the hour; the pigeons, the plump, sociable pigeons; and the arcades before the marble structures that faced the square, where shop windows displayed such beautiful things of Venetian manufacture.

We were looking at the shop windows when the bronze figures struck the hour of three. We had completely forgotten our lunch. We went to Florian's, drank coffee and ate cake. We were tired, cold and hungry. The short winter day was practically over and we returned to the hotel. We found in the long saloon a half dozen braziers of live coals, over which we were glad to warm our hands. Through the night there was a light fall of snow and next morning, not only roofs, but the ground was white.

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That day we saw the magnificent interior of St. Mark's Cathedral. The "famous golden altar piece with its blaze of gems and gold," the mosaics, the sculptured marbles, and all the marvelous richness and opulence that have won for it the name—"The Church of Gold." Then to the courtyard of the Ducal Palace with the beautiful, chiselled bronze well curbs and mosaic pavement,—the splendid marble stair case and the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune,—then through room after room glowing with color from the wealth of exquisite frescoes and paintings—walls and ceilings covered with the work of that famous group of Venetian painters and set artistically in frames of gold. Such lovely forms and faces and such beauty of color!

From the Palace, across the Bridge of Sighs, to the prison, where we groped down the steps to the dark, stifling cells. Howells has called the Bridge of Sighs a "pathetic swindle" and we were glad to let it go at that, and not recall the horrible things we had read of prisoners in those dreadful cells.

We went to the Academy of Art and saw some fine pictures, and to several churches that had famous pictures, but the churches were so bitterly cold that one glance at a picture no matter how famous or how beautiful sufficed for me.

In going about we became greatly interested in the people we saw in the streets. The women and girls of all sizes and ages were a pinched, forlorn looking lot. All dressed alike in black skirts, and grey woolen shawls folded in three corners and worn over the head and shoulders, only the face being exposed. Poor things! It was the only way they had of protecting themselves from the winter cold. We would see groups of them gathered at a well for water, or crowded in a little shop, and several times in sunny door steps we came upon two or three old women sitting side by side with one scaldino of burning charcoal between them; one holding it on her lap with her hands clasped over it for a time, and then passing it to her companion. Comparing the faces we saw, with the lovely ones that had looked at us from frames of gold in the Doge's Palace that morning, we concluded that Titian and Tintoretto and Veronese got the exquisite types they put upon their canvasses altogether from the Particians.

Early on the third, and last morning of our stay, we were off in a gondola gliding along the Grand Canal. We had as yet but a vague idea of those two lines of palaces that adorned the graceful winding of that wide water-way. Marble palaces rising from the

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water with broad flights of marble steps, and tall Venetian posts; that in times long past bore the colors of the family, and to which their gondolas were moored. Even the plainest of the palaces had a dignified air, while many, adorned with statuary, columns, balconies and open stone work were indescribably beautiful.

We slipped softly under the white marble arch of the Rialto bridge, and picked out the palaces in which Byron, Rogers, the Brownings, Wagner, George Eliot and others had lived and worked. We talked of the patricians, "the intelligent magnificent lords" who had spent their money so lavishly, and whose names were inscribed in the Book of Gold; and of the beautiful women in sumptuous attire, whose faces had been immortalized by the artist's cunning hands!

We went to Florence, rested for the night, then on to Rome and the Hotel de l'Europe.

The next morning, in a drizzling rain, we got a number of addresses from Cook's agency and went in search of apartments. In response to our first application, the door at which we knocked was opened by an untidy Italian woman—around her and clinging to her skirts, a large brood of untidy children. A glance told us the place was impossible and we turned away.

Then up five flights of stairs where you pulled a red cord, that tinkled a little bell. A slide was drawn from a small opening in the door. We were surveyed and the door opened by a tidy, pleasant-faced, elderly English woman, with whom we soon arranged terms. To our delight Mrs. B. had the cockneyest of cockney dialects. In the use of the letter "H" she was recklessly extravagant, but during the month we were with her, she never once put it where it belonged.

Mrs. B. had the sixth *piano* of an old palace and our two good sized rooms were pleasant. Our front windows faced the South and would get the sun if ever it shone again. The neighborhood was good and only three short blocks from the Corso, where fashionable driving, promenading and fine shop windows would always give us something to see and enjoy.

In the afternoon, with our light luggage, we went from the hotel to our newly acquired apartments and had our trunks sent there from the railroad station.

The hall porter of the hotel where we had spent the night advised us to go to the Sistine Chapel for the services held there on Christmas eve.

We had heard the cannon boom from the Castle of St. Angelo

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to give notice that the Holy Season had begun and soon after we took a cab and went to the Vatican. We waited patiently with a great crowd until the doors were opened. Inside, we soon came to a barrier beyond which we were not permitted to go. This was disconcerting and disappointing. You made inquiry of some gentleman and were told that they were refused admittance beyond the barrier because they were not in evening dress; that the formality of evening dress for gentlemen, and black for ladies, with black lace over the head must be observed.

As we were turning away a cardinal appeared, his long scarlet train carried by two Priests in purple—then another, and another, until a long procession of gorgeous Cardinals and Priests passed beyond the barrier and in the distance we saw them take their seats upon a raised platform.

We came away from the Sistine Chapel and went up the broad flight of marble steps that leads to St. Peters, put aside a heavy leather curtain, and stood within. We did not speak or walk about. The light was dim, there were but few people there, and never again were we so impressed by the vastness of that great church.

Through many months in San Francisco we had thought, and planned, and talked of the places that we were to see in Europe; we had always hoped and expected that at Christmas time we should be in Rome. Now Christmas Day had come, and *we were in Rome*. Settled for a month in a little nest, all our own, with guide books and maps, and our necessary belongings about us, and two happier, more contented mortals could nowhere have been found.

Well was it for us that we had sunshine within ourselves for Nature was giving us but little. We were awakened on Christmas morning by a storm of thunder, lightning, pelting rain and hail-stones against the window panes. We had buffeted cold and damp since the days of our stay in London. To my shivering complaints you would cheerfully say, "Never mind, dear, we shall soon be in sunny Italy." Sunny Italy indeed! with snow in Venice and hail in Rome!

The winter happened to be one of unusual severity. Some time during the month of January—the exact date my *pencil* failed to record—trains between Rome and Florence were stalled in snow for twelve hours; and through the narrow streets of Rome *the tramontana* often blew its icy blasts from snow covered mountains.

After breakfast we drove to St. Peters for the Christmas Mass. It was a beautiful ceremonial, with fine music. The Mass over, we

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wandered from one splendid chapel to another; everywhere marble and bronze and gilding and magnificent monuments. We stood beneath the great dome full of wonder at the beauty and grandeur of it. We looked at the bronze statue of St. Peter and the many who reverently kissed the great toe of an extended foot. That poor toe, it will never be kissed away, but must grow stubbier and stubbier year by year from the rubbing people give it before they kiss it.

When we were thoroughly tired we left the church and from the steps hailed a cab, and oh, the luxury of those Roman cabs! so cheap and so comfortable, that would carry us a mile or two for a sum no larger than what we paid to ride a few blocks in a street car in San Francisco, and the small gratuity with which the driver was content added but little to the cost of the ride.

We had read and been told of the extortion practised by all European hotel keepers in the matter of candles, and that two or three "bougies" appeared each day in the items of the bill rendered. They were fine large bougies, and gave a good light, as it was proper they should, since they were the chief means of lighting the rooms, and cost twenty cents each. The extortion was, that although you may have only burned an inch or two of your tall bougies one night, the next night you found two fresh ones, that you must either light, or go to bed in the dark; so you grumbled at the swindle and lighted the bougies, which when going away it was the habit of tourists to carry with them. Several times you had seen me slyly transferring bougies from my hand bag to the large grip that was carried with us in the cars, and you had remonstrated and told me not to do it, but I continued to carry away the bougies, only being more careful that you should not catch me in the act, and not having the remotest idea of how, or when, they could be used; but when I awoke on Christmas morning the first thing that flashed through my mind were the bougies, and the use to which they could be put. After breakfast I told Mrs. B. about them and that I wanted a grand illumination for our Christmas dinner. She, good soul, entered into the spirit of it at once and through the day pressed into service everything that could be made to hold a candle. While you were in the bedroom looking for something in your trunk, we carried the candles and lighted them in the sitting room,—a row on the mantle,—a row on a shelf under a mirror, and the rest scattered about singly or in groups. On the table set for our dinner were the flowers you had brought me, and a handsome brass lamp (in which olive oil was burning) gave a soft, clear light. Holly wreaths with

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shining red berries hung in the windows and a cheerful fire glowed in the grate. When you came into the room and saw the *grand illumination*, your eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Well! how do you like it?" I asked.

With a ringing laugh you answered, "How do I like it? Why, my dear, it is fine, and worth all the trouble you have taken."

Then Mrs. B. served the dinner, and an excellent dinner it was! When we got down to the plum pudding you declared you had never eaten of one so good and that had so many plums in it! After the dinner was cleared away we sat before our cheerful fire "over the walnuts and the wine," happy, oh, so blissfully happy, with the gladness of children in our hearts!

And so ended our Christmas Day in Rome!

Our dinners came from a *rotisserie* and were nicely served by Mrs. B. They were brought in metal pans fitting closely into each other, and beneath was a lighted lamp. Soup, fish, an entree, poultry or birds of some kind, and vegetables. Over the pan, that was in compartments and held the vegetables, was a cover that cut off the heat, and left the salad that came next, crisp and cool. Then a tart or pudding or ice cream and cake. To these you supplemented rolls and butter; cheese and olives; chianti wine in pretty flasks, nuts and raisins and after dinner coffee.

Awaiting you at Cook's was a large package of your favorite Souchong tea ordered from London, and with eggs, jam, marmalade, a little flask of cream and plenty of good rolls and sweet butter, our breakfasts were as perfect as our dinners. Our lunches we got wherever it was most convenient, Mrs. B. preparing them when we remained at home.

There had been a stipulated price agreed upon that was to cover everything, including Mrs. B's services, and when at the end of our first week she came in with a bill, she said there were a few things she had forgotten and hoped you would not object to paying the small additional charge. You looked at the bill and said, "Not at all," and I saw that instead of being vexed, you were very much amused. After Mrs. B. left the room you handed me the bill, at the end of which I read:

Brick dust for scouring carving knife and fork, 1 penny.

Soap for washing dish towels, 2 pence.

Polish for silver ware, 2 pence.

Dear old soul! She put those items on the bill every week and

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always apologized for not having remembered them at the proper time.

The rain was persistent. We went to see galleries of pictures but the light was too poor to enjoy them.

On the morning of the 28th, Mrs. B. came tapping at our door very early to say that if we would look from a window in the front room, we would see water in the Corso. The embankment had not yet been built and the "yellow Tiber" frequently left its bed, but seldom went so far afield as on this occasion. You dressed hurriedly and went out. You found eight feet of water in the Corso and boats going up and down, carrying food to some houses, and rescuing people from others. That night when we closed our window blinds the water had reached within twenty feet of our house and we, too, expected to be marooned, but the following morning the rain had ceased and the water had receded to the Corso. There was much suffering. The area of flooded territory was large and many blocks of houses submerged. Benefits were given, subscription lists opened and day after day a couple of nuns, priests, or members of a committee climbed the stairs to our rooms for aid. They never went away empty-handed, but we did wish they would not always come at our dinner hour.

A friend among the Catholic Clergy of San Francisco had given you a letter of introduction to Cardinal Antonelli, and one day near the end of the year we went to the Vatican to present it. A member of the Swiss Guard took the letter and your visiting card to the Cardinal and we were soon admitted. Cardinal Antonelli received us kindly. There were many books and works of art in the large room where he sat, but oh, so miserably cold! During our stay he had his hands constantly stretched over a brazier of burning charcoal. I noticed that the brazier was one of great beauty, also that the thin hand he extended was icy cold. The Cardinal spoke in French. The weather and inundation were discussed and questions about San Francisco and your mutual friend asked and answered. Then the Cardinal asked if he could do anything for you. You answered, "My wife wants very much to see the Pope." I hurried to add, "And to be present at a Mass where the Pope officiates."

The Cardinal looked at me intently with his piercing eyes. "Do you wish it very much?" he asked.

"Very much indeed, Cardinal Antonelli," I answered.

The Cardinal asked for your address, which he wrote upon your visiting card, then giving you admission cards for a week to the gal-

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leries and library of the Vatican, he asked if we would like to see the Vatican gardens. Hearing that we would, he raised his hand and an attendant came forward, to whom he gave instructions in Italian. The Cardinal rose and the interview was at an end. He gave us each in turn that cold, thin hand and hoped we would enjoy our stay in Rome.

We followed the attendant to another functionary with whom we went up a flight of steps and through a door opening on a terrace that commanded an extensive view. The gardens were formal but very charming. Sheltered from the wind, flowers were blooming in profusion. There were many fountains and statues, and long avenues of beautiful trees.

As we drove away from the Vatican we talked of the Cardinal. "Howells says that 'Cardinal Antonelli has the wickedest face in the world.' It may be wily, but I would not call it wicked," you remarked.

"But his eyes, Dear Heart," said I, "did you ever see such eyes? They pierce one through and through."

We speculated whether anything would come of the interview. The Cardinal had been kind and polite but we both noticed that he had promised nothing.

We had been invited by Mr. and Mrs. T. Buchanan Read to attend a reception they were giving that evening to Gen. Sheridan. It was a delightful occasion! Mr. Read read his spirited poem, "Sheridan's Ride," unveiled his equally spirited picture of Gen. Sheridan on horseback, and his admirable bust of Sheridan, all work of a high order.

The American artists settled in Rome were there, Story, Rogers, Ives, Miss Hosmer and others. All the American colony were there. The Stars and Stripes were draped gracefully about the rooms, patriotic airs were sung and everybody fraternized with every other body. It was like a company of old friends rather than the gathering of many birds of passage from widely separated haunts. As host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Read were charming, putting every one at their ease, and Gen. Sheridan was the personification of cordial geniality. He was *so glad* to meet someone from San Francisco—he asked question after question about the City, and spoke with great enthusiasm of the State. In our final little chat with the General as we said good-by, his last words were: "I shall never be entirely happy and contented until I see California again."

On the way home, you remarked, "This has been a red-letter day

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for celebrities—Cardinal Antonelli in the morning and General Sheridan in the evening.”

Rome was annexed to the Kingdom of Italy only three months before our visit to the “Eternal City” and Victor Emmanuel still lingered at Florence, out of deference to the Pope’s feelings, it was said; and although it had been decided that Rome should be the capital of Italy it was not until the following July that the King took up his residence at the Quirinal Palace and made it so.

For several days the newspapers had been full of notices that the King would soon visit Rome. December 31 they announced that he would arrive at two o’clock that day.

We took a cab in the Corso, turned off in a side street and waited for the procession to pass. King Victor Emmanuel had an escort of some twenty gentlemen. He was splendidly mounted, looked handsome and kingly and received an ovation that must have touched his heart. Hats were thrown in the air, flags and handkerchiefs waved, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Cheers, and Viva il Re, Viva il Re, and Viva l’Italia were heard on every side. We followed the procession to the Quirinal Palace within which the King had disappeared. He came out upon a balcony and again the crowd went wild with vivas. Even Nature had smiled a welcome on the King; but while we loitered in the Palace square admiring the fine bronze horses and their tamers, the sun suddenly disappeared and down came the rain.

Although the New Year did not bring warmer air, it brought clearer skies and busy weeks for us. Our first expedition was to the Capitoline Hill. Up the broad staircase, with lions at the bottom, and the colossal horse taming group at the top, to the square of the Capitol, and the noble bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius; then down to the forum; on and on; our way lined on both sides with broken shafts and capitals, remnants of columns, lines of broken wall and arches, to that “ruin of ruins” the Coliseum. We walked about in the vast area, explored the galleries beneath, and climbed the steep flights of steps to the uppermost story from where we viewed the City and distant snow-crowned mountains.

By the time we reached Italy we were familiar with great pictures by the old Masters, but the antique sculpture of the Vatican and Capitol Museum was a revelation to us in the realm of art!

Works of the imagination, ideal in their beauty or strikingly powerful, and the wonderful portrait statues and busts of the old Greeks and Romans. How well they knew the secrets of the chisel,

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those splendid old sculptors! who put into those forms of stone such beauty, animation, dignity and expression! and what drapery! folds of marble looking soft and pliable as a tissue of silk!

We saw the pictures of Raphael in the Vatican, and the work of Michael Angelo on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. We went to the Lateran Museum to see the Statue of Sophocles; to the Palace of the Conservatori to look at the bronze Capitoline Wolf with Romulus and Remus; to San Pietro in Vincoli to see Michael Angelo's statue of Moses.

We studied the Triumphal Arches, and the forums of the different Emperors. We went to the Ghetto "that May-fair of rags, and high carnival of old clothes,"—to the top of Monte Testaccio for the view, and drank wine from the cellars beneath. We drove over the bridges; went through the Castle of St. Angelo; looked at the columns in the piazzas and at the Egyptian obelisks. We went to the Capitoline church to see the "presepe," a life size representation of the Nativity with the miraculous Bambino as the Holy Child. We looked at the Tarpeian Rock, and took a short ramble in one of the Catacombs. We went to the Protestant Cemetery.

We saw men and women going reverently up the Scala Santa on their knees. We drove on the Appian way to see the ruined tombs and the beautiful, unimpaired tomb of Cecilia Metella. We looked at the line of arches of the great aqueducts stretching away on the dreary Campagna, where buffaloes and gray oxen with wonderful long horns were roaming, and peasants were making their mid-day meal on onions and brown bread. We saw the terraces and towers and gates of the old Roman walls. We saw the baths and palaces and theaters; only ruin strewn ground and crumbling walls of masonry, but magnificent in their proportions.

The season was winter and the wind high and cold but the fountains were always a delight. The clear, sparkling water so abundant in volume. Water rushing from mossy grottoes; water blown from the mouths of dolphins, and from the shells of Tritons; water splashing and murmuring and shooting up from basins in columns of spray. How beautiful they were, those glorious fountains of Rome!

We loitered at the Spanish Stairs where models basked in the sun and girls and women in picturesque Roman costume sold flowers; sometimes we climbed the stairs—no elevators then—to the church of Trinta de Monti to hear the nuns sing at the Vesper hour.

An interesting feature of the street life of Rome during the

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Holy Season, and beginning of the New Year had been the peasants that came from the country around. Poor creatures that lived in the ruined tombs on the Appian Way; and handsome men and women from Trastevere. The men with black velvet jackets thrown over one shoulder, and broad crimson sashes,—the women in black velvet bodices laced with gold cord, scarlet aprons, and long ear-rings. Tall, majestic women, with brilliant black eyes and their abundant jet black hair covered with soft colored silk nets, held in place by large silver pins.

Then there were the pifferari from the mountains who came to Rome to play and sing before the shrines of the Madonna scattered over the city. How picturesque they were! Their high hats adorned with a peacock's feather, bright colored jackets, skin sandals, leggings laced to the knees and over all, a long, dark blue cloak. There were always two, often father and son, and the music was very weird,—bagpipe and pastoral pipe. In turn each would sing. The singing was seldom good, but the two instruments played together made a singularly touching kind of music.

Others of the pifferari wore loose sheep skin garments with the wool left on, their tall hats trimmed with bright ribbons and long streamers that fluttered in the wind. They too went playing from shrine to shrine but their pipes were harsh and discordant.

Beggars came in swarms, and for two weeks were allowed to beg unmolested; then banished from Rome, Southward from whence they came. Poor, wretched, maimed, crippled, mutilated human beings!

One Saturday we went to see the lottery drawing that took place on the large balcony of an old palace. The balcony was festooned with flags; on it were a half dozen officials in clerical dress, and a glass barrel. At noon there was the blast of a trumpet and a little boy appeared dressed in white. The barrel was whirled, the boy drew out a number and an official called it out in a loud voice. The trumpet sounded, and the drawing went on. The square in front of the palace was crowded with poor, anxious men and women holding charms and repeating prayers over the little slips of paper on which their numbers were. We saw no one draw a winning number.

Going out one morning we noticed that the mane and tail of every horse was braided, and decked profusely with bright colored ribbons. You questioned a Roman gentleman who explained that it was the festival of Saint Antonio, the patron saint of all four-footed animals, and that every horse in Rome would be driven to the

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Church for a sprinkling of Holy Water that it might go in safety through the coming year.

You hailed a cab and told the driver to take us to the Church of Saint Antonio. He was a happy, talkative old cabby and very proud to tell us that he owned all his equipage—and so shabby, so very shabby it was! Frequently he would exclaim “Si, tutto mio, tutto mio” and give his whip such a resounding crack that the old horse would jump as though he had been struck. In answer to the question, “No his horse had not yet been blessed—he had been waiting to carry someone to the Church, and he was glad (turning to bow) that the Signore and Signora would see the *benedizione*.”

It was a long procession. Animals of all conditions carrying people of all conditions. Donkeys with streamers of colored paper, and handsome carriage horses with bows of ribbon. A priest stood at the church door with a long pole, on the end of which was tied a bunch of something, from which he shook a few drops of water on the head of every animal as it passed.

Our month with Mrs. B. had been one of comfort and complete satisfaction with two exceptions, both beyond good Mrs. B's control.

On returning from St. Peters on Christmas Eve, we had found the hallways in total darkness. You spoke to Mrs. B. about it. She said she was sorry, but the landlord refused to furnish any more lamps—that several times during the three years she had been there he had tried, but if the lamps were not all stolen the first night, they were sure to disappear on the second or third—that the landlord had tried lamps with chains attached and fastened to the woodwork, but lamps and chains disappeared and then it had been completely given up.

Mrs. B. then showed you what people used as a substitute for lighted halls and stairways. It was a taper about a foot long, somewhat larger than a lead pencil, made of soft wax, and coiled to fit neatly in a small covered box, and you at once purchased, for the merest trifle, one Mrs. B. had on hand. There was no *concierge* and the entrance door stood open day and night, and for a long time I was in dread of some wicked Italian lurking in the dark corners with a knife or dirk, and lying in wait for us. Occasionally we would meet a lodger from one of the other *pianos* and if he was not carrying a light my heart would jump to my throat, until we were greeted by a pleasant “Buona Sera.” Sometimes we passed a toiler going up, and sometimes we were passed, always with a salutation, and the little tapers would give the momentary glimpse of a form, that would

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quickly be lost in the darkness. You could never quite laugh away my fears, and although no disturbing incident occurred, I was always glad when the door of our room closed between us and the blackness of the halls.

The other complaint, was being watched and spied upon by people opposite. The street was narrow and their windows on a level with ours and at those windows, a mother and three daughters spent all their time looking into our room, one among them often through an opera glass. I was indignant and angry but got no sympathy from you. You were not in Rome to notice trifles and if I did not look across the street I would not know we were being watched.

From Mrs. B. I got, at least sympathy. She said the people opposite belonged to the poor nobility; that they owned the *palace* in which they lived and rented all the lower *pianos*, that they kept a carriage and went out in style every pleasant day, adding, "I 'ave 'eard that the poor nobility of Rome will 'ave a carriage, heven if they dooent 'ave henough to heat."

We had been kept in all day by rain but about four o'clock the sky cleared and we went for a walk. As we reached the street, there sure enough, as Mrs. B. had said, a small, stylish carriage with coachman and footman in livery stood at the door opposite, and our neighbors were starting for their drive. After that we often noticed them on the Pincian Hill or crowded Corso at the fashionable hour. On Sundays a thin, pale, meek looking man would be of the party and one of the girls absent; and so ended my acquaintance with the poor nobility of Rome.

Nothing in the narrow streets of Rome interested us more than meeting a Cardinal in his splendid carriage with gorgeous coachman and footman and three laqueys in scarlet livery standing behind; or seeing the miraculous Bambino driven rapidly and in great state to a house where some one was very ill.

On most pleasant afternoons we finished our sight seeing on the Pincian Hill; then no matter how tired we were we followed the universal custom of taking "a turn on the Corso" before going home. The narrow roadway would be blocked with carriages, and the narrow sidewalks jammed with people. The *élite* of Rome were there; and we—two wayfarers from a distant land enjoying the brilliant, crowded hour.

The newspapers had announced the arrival from Turin of Prince Humbert and the Princess, and the afternoon before we left for Naples we were taking a farewell stroll on the Corso, when we

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noticed unusual excitement, and heard much cheering. Soon the hat of every man near us was taken off, and in an approaching carriage we saw Prince Humbert, and the Princess Margherita, the Pearl of Savoy, a lovely, charming woman.

January 24, 1871, we went to Naples—to the Pension Anglo-Americaine on the Villa Reale, a long narrow park on the sea shore, and a favorite promenade.

In Naples we seemed almost to have found another World! The sky was blue and unclouded and the air soft and warm. The Judas trees were masses of purple bloom, almond trees in blossom, flowers in the gardens, and yellow fruit hung on the thrifty orange and lemon trees. On the streets we were offered large bunches of camelias, pink, red or white for half a franc.

The shop windows were captivating. Beads and ornaments of lovely pink coral, amber and tortoise shell in artistic articles, and gloves so cheap that I would have gone into the first shop and spent all my allowance but for your restraining voice. But the beggars and street venders, what a nuisance they were! Often to free ourselves from them we would get into one of the small, cheap, rickety cabs that were always hovering about, drawn by ponies that had no bit in their mouths; only a metal ring on the nose to which the reins were attached. The shabby driver would ask "Dove?" where? and you would answer, "Avunque" anywhere. Then I would compliment you on your mastery of Italian and we would laugh. Ah me! Dear Heart of mine, how easily and merrily we laughed in those happy, happy days!

A loud cracking of the driver's whip and we were off. Everything new and strange and interesting. Tall houses clinging to the sides of hills and reached by steep flights of stairs; on narrow streets block after block of houses six and seven stories high, with rows of balconies over which housewives were leaning and buying their supplies from street venders below.

And what a din! prices bawled out and bargaining, then dangling from a long rope down went baskets and tin pails with the money agreed upon and often when the basket or pail came back, angry words and long, loud altercation,—and clothing fresh from the tub was pulled by womens' vigorous arms across the street, to dry on lines stretched between the windows or balconies.

In our rambles we often came upon a public letter writer at work. Seated in a shady nook or under an umbrella in a sunny square a man wearing a very high hat and many quills stuck above each ear

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and beside him, dictating, a man, woman or pretty young girl,—and we saw small portable kitchens dragged along the streets selling soup, fried fish and vegetables in portions as small as the fraction of one cent,—and the afternoon milking of the herds of goats, driven from house to house and through street after street. From the lower floors, someone would come with bowl or pitcher,—from the upper floors the people whose rooms fronted the street would let down a bottle tied to a string, and when all had been served, the goatherd would whistle, and he and one or two of the goats would disappear within a house and climb the long flights of stairs, to serve the people with milk who lived in the rear.

But the Santa Lucia quarter, that was the place above all others to see Neapolitan life! In the fishing boats drawn up on the shore men and women were mending nets, children and dogs rolled and tumbled in the roadway, *lazzaroni* slept undisturbed in the sun, and all the streets leading from the mole were alive with people. Every bit of domestic work seemed to be done out of doors,—washing, cooking, eating and mending all going on with talk and laughter, quarreling and gesticulation. Girls were dressing one another's hair, young men standing by, and all engaged in lively talk,—mothers were combing the heads of their offspring for purposes that caused us to give them a wide berth. It was all well worth seeing, for once at least.

If we were on the streets early in the morning we would see diminutive donkeys carrying to the City markets, panniers loaded with flowers, fruit and vegetables, and walking beside them, a dark-eyed, sun-burned girl. In the afternoons the girls rode the little donkeys home, in groups that were very pretty to look upon.

We went to the Convent of San Martino at an elevation of 500 feet. We started in one of the rattling little cabs that always made us wonder how they held together and when about half way up, the half starved little horse gave out. The driver declared his "*cavallo*" was "*pigro*" which we took to mean lazy, and rather than see the poor beast lashed with the whip, and hear the driver's loud, angry abuse, you paid the sum agreed upon, and we walked the rest of the way. Up and up through thickly populated, narrow, dirty streets, one set of steps above another until the Convent was reached,—then down a long gallery at the end of which a room opening on a balcony. It was managed in rather a spectacular way. A dimly-lighted room,—a door opened by a pale, dark-eyed monk and that wonderful view flashed upon the eye.

We had read many descriptions of that view, but no words could

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describe its exquisite beauty! The *matchless Bay of Naples!* The blue sea sparkling and dancing in the sunlight, its bosom dotted with hundreds of small, white sails; the lovely islands, Mt. Vesuvius with a column of smoke rolling in little rings from its summit, the city spread out like a map, and immediately beneath, the Convent gardens overhanging the cliff, with olive trees, trellises of vines and flowers and long shady avenues through which brown garbed monks with sandals on their stockingless feet were walking, book in hand, and over it all the intense blue of the sky of Italy.

We drove through the Grotto of Posilippo and went to Virgil's tomb. Standing there you spoke of the legend that St. Paul on his way to Rome to appeal to Caesar, visited Virgil's tomb.

In the museum we saw the wonderful collection from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Antique statues and busts in marble and bronze, beautiful jewelry, silver plate, cut glass, vases, lamps and pitchers, money, and medicine chests, bankers' vouchers on unrolled papyri, frescoes with pictures of everyday life, musical instruments and slates and pencils of the poor little children whose school days were cut so short.

At Pompeii we saw what was left of forum, theaters, temples and baths—homes, and signs and inscriptions on walls.

One night we went to the San Carlos Theater, a large, old-fashioned looking house with six rows of boxes. We heard "The Jewess" well sung and after it saw the superb ballet of Esmerelda.

Going away we saw the "trovatore"—men and boys with lanterns, a weird looking lot, picking up cigar and cigarette stumps and any article they could use. We always enjoyed the streets at night and the strolling musicians with mandolins and guitars singing Neapolitan songs or airs from Operas.

We often took the most respectable looking cab we could find and joined the carriage folk in their afternoon drive through their lovely park—the Chiaia—following the sea shore for miles, with pretty villas on one side, and the sparkling blue water on the other; and on Saturday afternoons we loitered many an hour on the Toledo, a narrow street with quite a grade, only a mile in length and the main artery of traffic, on which, for the most peculiar of whims, the wealthy Neapolitans made it a practise—long since discontinued—of a carriage promenade for about two hours every Saturday afternoon. It was very animated and very interesting. The jam of carriages going over the short course, back and forth, again and again, ladies meeting and remeeting, and exchanging lively talk.

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In the churches of Naples nearly all the statues of the Virgins were showily dressed, quite like fashionable ladies, in bright colored silks with bows of ribbon, hair elaborately done and often wearing costly ornaments,—a beautiful necklace and bracelets, and frequently the infant they held would be clothed in an unusual way.

It was in Naples that we first fell in with the superstition of “jettaturo,” *the evil eye* that brought bad luck to whoever encountered it, and the beggars would hold out one hand for alms, and with the other behind them, secretly make the sign that would avert the consequences of the *evil eye* that all foreigners were supposed to possess. The wretched, superstitious beggars! the men, women and children; the street gamins barefooted, barelegged, the upper parts of their bodies clothed in rags tied and held in place by strings; all declaring they were dying of hunger “morte di fame, morte di fame” but we had heard that cry so often in Naples that it fell on calloused ears.

On our last afternoon we went to the Castle of St. Elmo 1500 feet above the sea for the view. We engaged a cab to go and return. The driver was a handsome young fellow with a soft voice and a charming smile and he was so kind to his horse, walking up the steepest places that he quite won our hearts. We stopped at the Palace of Capodimonte to see the pictures and the beautiful specimens of Capodimonte porcelain from the Royal factory, then continued on and up to St. Elmo.

As we left the cab the driver said neither he nor his horse had had anything to eat since early morning and if the Signore would pay the fare up he would be grateful—he was sorry to ask but he had no money. Of course the Signore paid the fare and gave the delightful youth a fee. At parting he told us not to hurry—that we would find him waiting for us in front of the Castle.

From the battlements the view was glorious, sublime! We might never see it again. We had a cab, and I begged to wait until the sun went down, and what a sunset it was! sea and sky and all the land bathed in softest and most exquisite shades of violet and amethyst. When Vesuvius and all the high peaks began to purple and turn dark we knew it was time to go.

We went but alas! we found no waiting cab. Our Adonis with the soft voice and the lambent eyes had left us in the lurch. Feeling disappointed and very much aggrieved we began the long, weary homeward tramp. Flights of steep stairs and lanes between high walls, down and down we went. When we reached the street level and stepped out from a narrow lane hoping to see a cab, we saw

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three, all dashing furiously toward us. Those fiendish men! if we tried to get into a cab the other two drove their horses upon us and forced us back. We tried to walk, but they circled round us and prevented that. The demons held us up for fully half an hour in that lonely street.

Daylight was fast disappearing and seeing that you were becoming angry and excited, I suggested that you pay each of the rascals the fare to our house, and so get away from them; but you fairly shouted to me, "*No never—not if I stay here all night.*"

Just then two workmen came along. You called to them and pointed to the cabmen. They took in the situation at once. They argued with the cabmen, frequently using the words *governo civile*, and after a considerable parley succeeded in bringing them to terms. Our friends selected the cab we were to use, took with thanks the money you gave them, and with bows, and all the gratitude we knew how to express we drove away. The two other cabs followed, often halting our progress by driving across the street directly in front of us, and the three cabmen keeping up a constant interchange of abusive talk, and hissing at each other.

We went from Naples to the Island of Capri; then in a rowboat we slipped under the low entrance into the beautiful Blue Grotto. The dim light enhanced the effect of the immense room where floor and walls and lofty, arched ceiling were all of the most intense blue. Boys dived for coins thrown into the water, their naked little bodies taking on a sheen like silver.

From the Grotto back to the steamer, then on, to Sorrento and the Hotel Tramontana standing in the midst of a large grove of orange and lemon trees. The fruit looked beautiful but the oranges were very sour.

We looked at the pretty inlaid woodwork in the shops then walked along the cliffs overhanging the sea. It seemed like tempting Fate to live in some of the pretty villas resting as they did on the very verge of precipitous cliffs—such a one was the house in which Tasso was born—but how charming it all was! Every villa had its lovely view, its little grove of orange trees, its blooming garden, and zig-zag path to a boathouse and bathing place below. Towards the close of day we walked to the harbor where the fishing boats were coming in and saw the red-capped, red-sashed fishermen putting their catch in flat willow baskets which they carried away on their heads.

The next day in a comfortable carriage drawn by three horses abreast, decked with plumes, colored trappings and jingling bells, we

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made the delightful drive from Sorrento to Castellamare. We soon learned why three horses were necessary. It was a high-lying, beautiful country but furrowed by ravines that must be crossed. From the table land above, our reckless driver would let his horses run like wild, down almost to the level of the sea, where we would cross a bridge and then with shouts and cracking of the whip up we would go to the other side. Our road ran sometimes along cliffs overhanging the sea, sometimes through vineyards or orchards of olive, orange and fig, but we were never out of sight of the glorious views. We passed gay villas with flower-covered pergolas and groups of umbrella pines, and at the entrance to Castellamare we drove through a lovely ravine; perpendicular walls of reddish rock overhung by long tresses of flowering vines, and singing beside our road a tiny stream. What a joyous, happy ride it was!

From Castellamare to Naples by train, and to the Hotel Washington. Sitting after dinner in the hotel lobby you suggested a walk. I was tired and hesitated. In that moment of indecision six young people appeared dressed in picturesque costume,—three young men and three young women. Two were the musicians; the instruments a mandolin and guitar and soon the entertainment began. To the soft music, two couples danced the tarantella gracefully and beautifully. After the tarantella two girls danced alone and as they passed around the room each threw a handkerchief upon the lap of a gentleman, expecting when they returned to pick it up they would find a piece of money tied, in at least one corner. They did not stop dancing until they had exacted tribute from every gentleman present, and as they were both very pretty they probably untied from the corners of their handkerchiefs quite a sum of money. The next performance was very amusing. While the girls were dancing, one of the young men had dressed himself in the most grotesque manner, and from the place (where according to the Darwinian theory was once a caudle appendage) there hung a tail about a yard long made of vari-colored tissue paper, braided with points standing out and at the end the strips of paper hung loose, forming a tassel. The other three members of the dancing troupe held lighted candles, and the play was, to set fire to the tail. Soon as the music began the fun began, and such contortions, such jumping and bounding and whirling around! That tail acted like a thing alive as it responded to every motion of the man who wore it. For half an hour an audience convulsed with laughter watched that ludicrous performance, and then the man with his tail not even scorched, bounded away.

We drove to Baiai, once a fashionable watering place for the

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Roman aristocracy. On all sides ruins of theaters, villas and baths; now only a country overrun by beggars, their scant clothing tied to their bodies. They stood on the carriage step and clutched the harness of the horse. To escape them we took refuge at an Inn where we lunched "al fresco" on bread and cheese and oysters, with a bottle of Lachryma Cristi wine made from grapes grown on the slope of Mt. Vesuvius. We should have been perfectly happy if two elderly women had not insisted on dancing the tarantella for us while we ate.

We went from Naples to Rome on the "accelerata." Distance 155 miles; time nine hours. We found many letters awaiting us at Cooks but no word from Cardinal Antonelli.

One pleasant day we made the ascent of the dome of St. Peters. As we stood in front of the great structure measuring with our eyes the distance we had to climb, you asked if I expected to go into the ball, over the dome.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that little ball that looks like a small orange?" to which you replied,

"If you had read your guide book carefully you would know that little ball is eight feet in diameter, and will hold over a dozen people."

"Then if ever I reach it, I shall go inside it," said I.

We commenced the ascent on a broad staircase with low steps, up which mules were carrying loads. Soon, the way narrowed and became winding and steep,—after a time we reached a gallery within the dome. We were now near the mosaic pictures that lined the dome, and looked so lovely from below. Close by, the work was coarse, the figures colossal and unattractive. Up we climbed by an outside gallery until we came to the gilded ball, 430 feet from the ground, attached to the dome by a slender stem, within which was a steep iron ladder.

The view of the surrounding country was beautiful and extended, and from a small inner gallery we looked down upon the floor of the church, where the people moving about had the appearance of tiny insects. We went up the ladder and within the ball. The place was oppressively hot and our curiosity soon satisfied. We were about to leave when a head appeared above the ladder and the opening leading to the ball was obstructed by the shoulders of a large man. We waited for the way to be clear, but the man neither advanced nor retreated, and we soon realized that he was actually so wedged in that he could do neither. It would have been laughable but for his distress. His face became purple in his efforts to free

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himself. He was probably not there more than two or three minutes but it seemed an hour before we saw that red face disappear down the ladder and we had a chance to escape.

We were much interested in the colony of guards and workmen who lived on the roof permanently. Each had his snug little home, and the positions descended from father to son, generation after generation. The high parapet quite shut them out from the World. Men were at work at a forge and others in a carpenter shop, and from a large basin a pretty fountain was playing.

When we reached the ground we went inside the Church. We were looking at the splendid monuments of the Popes, when a Cardinal appeared followed by priests and choiristers. At the High Altar they knelt for a moment, then went on to a chapel, we and all others in the vicinity following. It was the Vesper service. The soft tones of the organ, the beautiful voices, the delicious smell of incense and the charming intermingling of color, was soothing and restful after our fatiguing work.

We went to the Villa Pamphili-Doria on the Janiculum hill and so completed the Seven Hills of Rome. The Villa grounds were like fairyland. Statuary and temples, cascades and fountains, groves and avenues of splendid trees, wild flowers in the fields, birds singing and lovely views in all directions; near the Villa was the Aqua Paola fountain, a stream of water flowing between granite columns with the rush and roar of swift rivers, and below the fountain the church and terrace from where we had the most famous of all views of Rome.

The ten day Carnival had commenced with drizzling rain; after that, revelry reigned in the Corso every afternoon and the glimpse of a mask or decorated carriage filled me with excitement and curiosity. Once venturing too near the battle line confetti was thrown at us and some found its way to one of your eyes. Smarting with pain from what you called "horse play" you said in a tone that made it an ultimatum, "I do not propose to spend much time or much money on the Carnival, but if you will promise not to drag me to the Corso every afternoon, you may have your choice of a balcony for two afternoons, or a carriage for the afternoon and evening of Shrove Tuesday when the Carnival ends with the putting out of lighted tapers." I chose the carriage but accused you of driving a hard bargain.

One week after our return to Rome, upon going to Cooks for our mail, we found a large envelope and within it a small card from Cardinal Antonelli appointing February 1, 10:30 A. M., for an

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audience with the Pope, and a large card being a "permisso" to a Mass in the Sistine Chapel, two days later at the same hour of the morning.

The card admitting us to the Sistine Chapel was a work of art, with crests and seals and Latin wording. Holding it in my hand and looking at it admiringly, I said,

"Oh, how I should like to keep this card as a souvenir."

You replied, there would be no trouble about my keeping it, if I really wanted to, and when I eagerly asked, "how?" you said, "by staying away and not presenting it."

Then I accused you of lack of enthusiasm and you admitted that you did not like, what you called "the fol-de-rol nonsense of the dress coat." However, you fell gracefully into it on both occasions.

Several moments before the time appointed we reached the Vatican, and presenting Cardinal Antonelli's card, were conducted by one of the Swiss Guard through a succession of large splendid rooms. When we reached a smaller room, where two ladies were already waiting, our conductor left us.

A few moments later a door was thrown open disclosing several members of the Swiss Guard, who presented arms, and the Pope appeared, followed by two ecclesiastics. We were nearest the door and the Pope came directly toward us. Dressed in white, with snowy hair falling from under his cap, and wearing a long string of large white beads. The only color about him, his dark luminous eyes, a superb cross of amethyst suspended from his necklace of beads, the Papal ring upon his finger, and the red shoes upon his feet. A saintly looking man, with a charming smile, and a clear, musical voice. He spoke in French, asked us from where we came, and when told, said,

"Ah, yes I remember. San Fran-cis-co, San Fran-cis-co" dwelling upon each syllabel, "a long, long way from Rome. What a journey you have made."

He then asked how long we had been in Rome, and smiled when we told him of our long visit and the pleasure Rome had given us,—said,

"Then you will surely come again. I wish you a safe journey back to San Fran-cis-co."

I held a number of rosaries in my hand which he touched lightly and then raising his hand to give us his blessing, it seemed the most natural thing to do, and I knelt to receive mine. The Pope then

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passed on to the two ladies, and we, through the door by which the Pope had entered, between a double line of the Swiss Guard, and a long corridor to the exit.

Two days later we went to the Sistine Chapel where the Pope officiated at Mass. It was a beautiful and impressive spectacle! Nobles in ruffs and cloaks of velvet, wearing gold chains of enormous size, Cardinals brilliant with color, Bishops in magnificent stoles embroidered with pearls and thread of gold, Priests in purple, Canons, Acolytes and others in large numbers, and always a background of the Swiss Guard in their white plumed helmets and striped doublets of red, yellow and black.

In about the middle of the long, splendid procession came the Pope, all in white, upon his head a mitre of gold and precious stones, walking under a white silk canopy carried by six dignitaries, whose capes hanging from the shoulders towards the audience, gleamed and glittered in the soft light of the Chapel. As the Mass progressed, it was a veritable feast for the senses. The intermingling of lovely harmonious colors, the numberless twinkling tapers, the delicious incense from swinging censers, the glorious music, gloriously sung by the Pope's choir, and now and then the Pope's own voice in clear, resonant tones.

We wrote our thanks to Cardinal Antonelli in English and hoped the translation would convey to him some idea of the pleasure his kindness had given us.

At last Shrove Tuesday came, and in the afternoon when we left the Hotel de l'Universe, our carriage well filled with small bunches of flowers and bags of confetti, I was bubbling over with excitement. As we neared the Corso we put on our wire masks and slowly made our way along the crowded street, and what a striking sight it was! From every balcony hung draperies of brilliant color. Flags and streamers fluttered from windows and housetops, and on every balcony and at every open window were ladies and girls in every kind of quaint and picturesque dress. The street was packed, the roadway with carriages, the sidewalks with maskers on foot. The costumes were beautiful, grotesque or ludicrous. Many of the carriages were attractively decorated, the horses with showy trappings, brightened by knots of ribbon. Some of the coachmen were very amusing wearing long ringlets and flower-trimmed bonnets, others with elaborate coiffures without either hat or bonnet.

Back and forth the length of the Corso went the fantastic crowd, while flying through the air were flowers, bon-bons and confetti.

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Everybody pelting and being pelted, by maskers on foot, by occupants of carriages, and from the windows and balconies above.

At sunset a canon boomed, a trumpet sounded, and a mounted dragoon appeared, ordering all carriages from the street; we left the carriage and stood on the sidewalk with the thousands and thousands that lined the Corso on both sides. Next, a troop of cavalry rode slowly down the street; returning they rode somewhat quicker, and the third time at full speed and following like a rushing wind came six wild horses—riderless, without bit or bridle, their manes shining with ornaments, and tied to their backs, tinkling bells, and little balls with sharp points that pricked and goaded them as they dashed furiously along, the cheers and shouts of the multitude adding to their fright and terror.

The race over, back into the Corso streamed the carriages, and as the daylight vanished twinkling tapers appeared, and the weirdly animated play of "Mocoletti" began, increasing in intensity as the darkness fell. We had provided ourselves with tapers and standing up in the carriage were soon in the thickest of the fight. The play consisted in keeping your own taper alight, and putting out the light of others. On every side were shouts of laughter and the mocking words "*senza mocolo, senza mocolo*"—without light—and when once your light was out, there was a struggle to keep you from relighting it. Sometimes when "*senza mocolo*" applied to us both, we would make no attempt to relight our tapers preferring to watch for awhile the fun on the balconies above, and in the splendid palaces where the play of "mocoletti" was being carried on with the same enthusiasm that prevailed upon the street.

When the frolic and strife, the laughter and cries of "*senza mocolo, senza mocolo*" were at their very height, the church bells rung the Angelus and like a flash all was over—every taper extinguished as if by magic and the Carnival was at an end.

We had pleasant visits with Story and Rogers in their studios; at the Argentina Theater heard the "Secret Marriage" well sung, and saw the pretty ballet of *Ivanhoe*; saw the Coliseum by moonlight and again by Bengal lights; picked wild flowers among the ruins, and lilies, violets and anemones in the Borghese grounds.

And now the time had come when we must say farewell to Rome. To the "Eternal City" that we had so much enjoyed. The Rome of beauty and ruins and interest without end. The Rome of dirty, narrow streets. The Rome of shocking indecencies committed by Roman citizens faultlessly attired, who belonged without doubt to the

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classes of rank and influence, every one of whom considered himself a "gentiluomo" and by the Romans was so considered. To the Rome of the pifferari, the beggars and the cheap cabs. To the Rome that had held captive our imagination in the past, and that in the future would always have a warm place in our hearts. We went to St. Peters to look again upon "that radiant dome with mosaics of gold;" upon the High Altar with the ever burning lamps, and the splendid Monuments of the Popes. We saw again our favorite statues of Marcus Aurelius and Augustus, our favorite pictures and fountains, and on the last night we drank from the fountain of Trevi, and threw small coins in its basin, hoping with all our hearts that the superstition would come true, and we return to drink again.

On the last day of February we went from Rome to Florence. We talked of Pope Pius IX and Cardinal Antonelli's dark, disquieting eyes, and did not turn our faces to the North until the great church of St. Peter had vanished from our sight, you quoting Hawthorne's words, "The grandest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky."

We had three weeks of strenuous sightseeing. The weather conditions were perfect, and all the lovely surrounding country abloom with flowers and blossoming fruit trees; and we varied the time delightfully, between churches, art galleries, museums, and the hills,—where from summits we looked down upon the domes, spires, towers and red roofs of the City; then wandered down their villa dotted slopes, under the gray green foliage of olive trees, gathering lilies, anemones, cyclamen and all the variety of brilliant wild flowers that grew in great profusion, and made the Spring landscape "Fair as a garden of the Lord."

The main facade of the Duomo was then only a mass of rough, heavy, unsightly brick work and detracted much from the appearance of the splendid group as it exists today, but the colossal proportions, the great dome, the three finished sides encrusted with vari-colored marbles, the mosaics, the lovely lunettes above the bronze doors, the interior, well filled with sculpture, and delightful old stained glass windows gave us enough to admire.

And the glorious Campanile! that shining brilliant tower of exquisite workmanship, gleaming in the upper air against a background of clear blue sky! Adorned with sculpture, reliefs, bands of mosaics, and graceful windows, while the marbles with which it was built, the black and white, the blue and yellow, the red and green all blended in an indescribable harmony of color and tone!

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The famous, wonderfully chiselled bronze gates of the Baptistery, were a delight. The execution of the large panels representing Bible stories, the artistic grouping of the figures, the graceful, flowing drapery, and the exquisite framework around each panel, of birds and vines and foliage made a fascinating study.

The dark interior with columns and tombs, the signs of the zodiac in black and white marbles on the floor and the old baptismal font was an interesting place. Here for centuries children have been brought for baptism. Here Dante was baptized, and here every child born in Florence, whether that of the Grand Duke, or the poorest peasant, receives its baptismal name; one only exception being made for the poor, nameless, abandoned waifs left at the door of the Foundling Hospital, which institution is permitted its own baptismal font.

We made repeated visits to the galleries of those immense palaces, the Uffizi and Pitti (connected by a passageway above the quaint, little jewelers' shops on the Ponte Vecchio—that dear old bridge that crosses the Arno) where treasures of Art are measured by miles, and oh, the gems, the masterpieces of those wonderful collections!

What glorious pictures! what delightful statuary and what a debt of gratitude posterity owes to the patrons of art wherever in the World they were, who got together such noble collections. We took great interest in the portraits of Florentine society; the princes and bankers, and the lovely women who "preserved from oblivion by a painter's hand live on in enduring grace and youth."

For the massive, medieval palaces we felt great enthusiasm. The Pitti and Uffizi, the Strozzi with wrought iron lanterns and rings on the facades where flags fluttered and torches flared on triumphal and festive occasions; the Palazzo Vecchio with overhanging battlements and quaint, picturesque tower, a landmark that often guided our wandering steps; and the Palazzo del Podesta, known as "*il Bargello*," for centuries the residence of the Podesta, chief magistrate of Florence. The Podesta, always an alien noble, holding office for only six months, came by invitation with assistants and retinue, to try cases and settle disputes between the ever warring factions of the Commonwealth.

The court and stairway of *il Bargello* with statues and armorial bearings and the open loggia above was a joy to look upon.

Another of the joys of Florence that we made many a detour for sight of, was the exquisite Loggia dei Lanzi, on pillared arches,

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open to the air and sunshine and holding splendid sculptures in marble and bronze.

We went to the Foundling Hospital (with admirable niceness of feeling called by the Florentines, the Hospital of the Innocents) where, above the columns and arches of the facade, was Della Robbias delightful frieze of adorable, swathed babies. The most appealing works of Art! those lovely medallions of blue and white porcelain depicting the helplessness of infancy. We noticed them over many doors throughout the City, and you learned upon inquiry that all houses so adorned were the property of the Institution.

On that first visit to Florence we often saw in the streets, members of the Brotherhood of the Misericordia carrying on their shoulders a litter on which an outlined form could be plainly seen. At first it was a decided shock to meet them, garbed as they were from head to foot in black, with hoods fitting closely over their heads, their gleaming eyes shining through holes in the black veil that hung before their faces. A Brotherhood that included in its membership men from every rank of life, the titled aristocrat, and the man who gained his bread by the sweat of his brow. Called together by the tolling of the Campanile bell at any hour of the day or night they would hurry to the Church to learn where their services were needed; and "the Grand Duke has been seen, at sound of the Tower bell to rise from his seat at table, and quietly withdraw from his assembled guests to attend the summons."

They furnished the destitute with food, supplied medicines to the indigent sick, watched through the night at their bedsides, carried them to hospitals, and to their last resting places those whose sufferings were over; this mission was performed at night, and once we met in a narrow street a little procession, each carrying a lighted torch and chanting a weird requiem as they marched. Learning that all their revenue came from begging, we always put something in the little box when it was held before us by a black robed Brother.

In the church of San Lorenzo we saw Michael Angelo's splendid monumental tombs of the Medici and the burial chapter richly decorated with armorial bearings in marble and precious stones.

By the merest chance we saw in the cloisters of the church a strange sight. From proceeds of a charity dating far back, homeless cats were fed at noon. The meal was scanty and when it was over the half-starved cats crawled away, and looking after them you exclaimed, "How I should like to give them all a square meal with plenty of cream."

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All the churches had rich, interesting interiors,—monuments, chapels, frescoes and tombs. In Santa Croce “the shrine of Italian genius” we saw the resting places of Michael Angelo, Galileo, Machiavelli and Rossini.

Or San Michel (once a granary) was the church of the powerful guilds. Niches, in the exterior held their patron Saints, and whenever a Saints Day was celebrated, every statue held a fluttering flag and the old church took on a gay and festive look.

One glorious day we went to Fiesole three miles away. Outside the city, in all the open spaces, children and grown up people were gathering wild flowers, and thickly dotted over the radiant country were lovely villas, with terraces, balustrades adorned with statues, blooming gardens, fountains, and clumps of tall, picturesque cypress trees. When we reached the country road we found it full of animation; peasants walking in both directions, and country carts carrying the products of small places to the city markets; and we passed little shrines with bunches of wild flowers lying before the image of the Virgin; and you found the Villa where Boccaccio laid the scene of his Decameron,—the place where the seven *discreet, nobly born ladies* with three escorts and servants took refuge when fleeing from the plague-stricken city; and we came upon the small sheet of water of which Walter Savage Landor wrote,

“Here by the Lake, Boccaccio’s fair brigade,
Beguiled the hours, and tale for tale repaid.”

We lingered long in the lovely, poet-haunted spot, then went on and up to Fiesole, the old Etruscan town.

Another day we hunted up “the star tower of Galileo.” A delightful walk by a winding path through vineyards, with here and there a peach tree in blossom, led to the summit of a steep hill, where, at a corner of a charming villa, stood the tower from which Galileo made his observations, discovered new stars, and studied the mountains of the moon; and there “Milton, a fair haired boy,” visited the great Astronomer.

The Cascine—once a dairy farm, cascina—the beautiful park of Florence was ideal. A park of sunny, flower-gemmed meadows, woodland, and charming avenues of trees running along the Arno for its entire two miles of length. There, whenever we found time to go, we saw the wealth and fashion of Florence promenading, or driving and always among the number, Victor Emmanuel who still remained in Florence at the Pitti Palace. To the charming Boboli

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gardens—the King's gardens—belonging to, and adjoining the Pitti Palace we could only have access on Sundays when they were always crowded.

At the hotel we had met Mr. and Mrs. Washburn from Boston. Mr. Washburn was a lawyer of large practise and ripe experience; being in poor health he was traveling for rest and recreation. They were delightful people, cultured and genial, much older than we were, and when we met at dinner and gave them the spoils of our day's sightseeing they were often incredulous. They had been in Florence two months and had done leisurely what we were doing with a rush, and our activities in getting on the tops of hills and high buildings for views, and seeing things generally were a constant source of surprise and pleasure to them.

They never went for a days sightseeing with us, but we had many delightful hours together; we strolled about the streets enjoying the attractive shop windows; we went to Mr. Power's studio and had a pleasant visit with that genial artist; we walked time and again over the old bridge looking at the pretty trinkets in the jewelers' windows, and lingered long at the open space left vacant by a single house, to enjoy the charming outlook up and down the Arno; towards the close of day we often drove to San Miniato al Monte—a noble old church—and waited on the terrace to see the sunset light fall upon the "fair city of Florence."

Once we went into the Campo Santo, back of the church where we all saw for the first time what was common in Northern Italy, portrait statues of the departed erected over the places where they lay at rest. The men were not bad, but the women attired in garments of the prevailing style, lace trimmed, with ruffles and flounces, and wearing many ornaments were sad to contemplate. Where there were no statues, likenesses of the deceased were inserted in the tombstones.

With Mr. and Mrs. Washburn we went from Florence to Pisa. We crossed the Arno to the famous group of buildings removed from the busy streets and standing quite alone. The Duomo, Baptistery and Campanile all built with rows of short white marble columns and arches rising one above another, and ornamented with bands of black marble, presented a unique appearance. Within, we found lovely, old, stained glass windows, marble and bronze statues and monuments and a richly gilded vaulting. In the Baptistery, a pulpit and baptismal font of exquisite workmanship.

We sat down on the Cathedral steps, opposite the Campanile, or

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Leaning Tower, and speculated as all the World has done for centuries, whether the incline of fifteen feet from the perpendicular was accident or design. You and Mr. Washburn thought it intentional, basing your opinions upon the fact that there were two leaning towers at Bologna, one at Saragossa, and others in unfrequented towns in Italy and all built at about the same time. Then you and I went to the platform on the upper gallery of the tower and had a glorious view.

From Pisa we went to Spezia. Early the next morning we were off for Sestri Levante, forty-five miles away. In sharp turns our road ascended until we reached an elevation of 2,000 feet. The views were glorious. A shore line dotted with villages and Spezia nestled amid the gray-green olive trees. Looking down upon the sparkling water we talked of Shelly—his brilliant mind, his virtues, his defects and his sad fate,—how returning to Spezia from Leghorn where he had gone to see Leigh Hunt and Byron, he perished at thirty years of age, in a storm that lashed to fury the waters of this placid, peaceful looking Bay. Our road was full of interest—only a meager population in little hamlets poorly housed, with a few cattle and many goats grazing in the green places; but we saw ruins of castles and towers and had lovely views of inland valleys.

Under a group of trees, near a spring of deliciously cold water with a view in the blue distance of the pointed snow white summits of the Carara Mountains, we spent a happy hour over the excellent lunch put up for us at the hotel; to the driver's few lettuce leaves and chunk of black bread we added delicacies from our basket and made him happy, while near by, the horses crunched, and tossed their nose-bags of oats, quite members of our little party.

After our road left the ridge we made the descent to a small bay, between hillsides pink with heather, and in the sweet dusk of the Spring evening were put down at the railroad station of Sestri Levante.

Genoa was twenty-six miles away. In time a train came that carried us there in two and a half hours. Oh, those tedious Italian trains!

From the Hotel d'Italia the following morning, with Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, we went out into the streets of Genoa "La Superba."

The first thing that attracted our attention was the old National costume, still in vogue in Genoa, of women and girls wearing long flowing white veils pinned to the hair and falling over the shoulders. They made the young, pretty girls look perfectly bewitching—the

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middle aged, the faded and the old, would have looked better without them.

We visited the most famous and imposing palaces of the Genoese nobility, admiring their Courtyards paved with marble, surrounded by colonnades of marble pillars, with orange trees and blooming shrubs, and in the center an ornamental fountain; broad marble staircases with bannisters of gilded bronze led to spacious rooms, hung with rare and beautiful pictures.

At noon our friends returned to the hotel and we went on with sightseeing. Handsome churches with rich interiors, the Columbus Monument, lofty places for views, brass signs of business houses fastened to the walls by padlocks; and enjoying on all sides the street scenes; the women and girls with streaming white veils; the steps leading to streets above, up which people, and donkeys with loaded panniers were toiling; the clothes fluttering from lines over the narrow alleys, and oh, those alleys, misnamed streets;—just passage-ways between houses six and seven stories high, such you thought, as Heine wrote of “where the people sat and talked in their doorways and touched knees with the people sitting and talking in the doorways of the opposite side.”

At dinner we told what we had seen and done. Our friends had been looking over their guide to Genoa and reading of the church dome 370 feet in height that commanded a wonderful view, felt sure that we would have that view—and we did.

We spent the evening on the crowded streets admiring in the shop windows articles of Genoese manufacture; gold and silver filigree work, silks, velvets and candied fruits.

The next morning we went to the Old Mole. We walked along the arcaded street facing the busy harbor and saw many entertaining things; the little shops that supplied the sailors with their wants—tobacco and pipes, ear-rings, pea jackets, rubber boots and clothing of every kind.

Little eating places with blue smoke pouring from doors and windows, where fish and meat and vegetables were sizzling in boiling oil, and frowsy women and girls, standing in doorways called out the menu in loud voices, and the price at which it would be served.

And the ships from ports of countries all over the World, with their flags flying from mastheads, and clothes of the crew fluttering and drying on the decks,—and the men that came from the ships were a study as they rolled along the busy street singly or in groups. Most of them were “old salts” with tanned, seamed, weather-beaten

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faces, hoops of gold in their ears and red kerchiefs loosely knotted around their open throats. In color they were white, yellow and black. And the small carts being loaded with all kinds of provisions and merchandise,—before each cart four or five mules or donkeys harnessed tandem; they all had strings of bells around their necks, and when they clattered away over the stony pavement, the bells jingling, the drivers cracking their whips, and a donkey or two braying, we laughed heartily.

Later in the day we went to the Pallavicini Villa. The grounds were extensive and abloom with a perfect glory of flowers; such masses of gorgeous rhododendrons and azaleas, and from large trees men were cutting camelias, red, white and shell pink and packing them in boxes for shipment. Sunny glades, shaded paths, lakes, cascades, avenues of splendid trees and a background of rugged hills with lovely views—no wonder the gardens were celebrated.

As we neared the exit we heard screams, shouts of laughter and angry words from a large party in advance of us. We asked our guide what had happened. He answered he would show us later. We soon came to a grass plot with beds of flowers surrounded by many small arbors, where he told us to wait and going forward turned on a cross-fire of water in spray and fine jets. Caught in this cross-fire of water if refuge was taken in an arbor, it was only to find that water was everywhere spurting up from the ground. It was probably the dignified appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Washburn that saved our little party from the experience.

That evening we parted from our friends. It was not good-by, only *au revoir*, for we had planned to meet in Paris. The war was over and treaties ratified. The Commune had been proclaimed, but we had faith that the Government would soon suppress it. Spain was our objective point and we wanted to reach there while still the freshness of Spring was over the land.

At nine o'clock we sailed in a small coasting steamer for Nice. Going from the harbor was a wonderful sight. The lighthouse with its powerful revolving light,—ship lights twinkling in the forest of masts,—frowning forts,—the curving lights from handsome homes rising terrace above terrace, and in the remote background, the dark, sheltering, everlasting hills.

Going on deck at half-past six next morning we found that we were opposite the town of Monaco, picturesquely situated on the level summit of a rocky headland. Monaco! of all the World's

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principalities the smallest and with its possession of Monte Carlo, the wickedest!

Nine miles farther on we came to anchor in the small, picturesque harbor of Nice.

During our stay of a few hours Nice did not show us her pleasant side. True, the sun was shining—shining with so intense a warmth that the shade was grateful, but a high wind was blowing, and clouds of white dust filled the air.

We walked on the promenade along the seashore, and at noon took the train for Marseilles. As we came in sight of the sea, you said,

“Well—do you realize that we are on the Riviera?”

“Riviera,” I repeated, “what a pretty musical name it is.”

“Yes,” you answered, “Riviera di Ponente, the West, and by poetic license the Westerly wind and the setting sun; and Sestri-Levante is the East and by the same license the rising sun.”

Then we talked of the lovely scenes through which we were passing, little dreaming how familiar they would be in happy winters of the years to come.

Lofty hills crowned by ruins; orange, lemon and fig trees; delicious villas embowered in flowers; vineyards, and old, old olive trees with trunks twisted and gnarled by father Time; and the bold indented picturesque shore, with rocks and cliffs and dear little semi-circular bays filled with the blue waters of the Mediterranean; so lovely, so vivid, so varying in color, that Tennyson described it perfectly when he likened it to “the peacock’s neck in hue.” Over it all brilliant sunshine and an azure sky. Ah, Dear Heart of mine, what a delightful ride that was, and how we did enjoy it!

As we neared Marseilles the country lost its attractive appearance. In driving from the station we noticed evidences of excitement everywhere,—guards of soldiers and bands of agitated men. When we reached the Hotel du Louvre we learned that on the preceding day the Red Republicans had taken possession of the City Hall, cut all the telegraph wires, and that the City was practically in the hands of the insurgents.

Our after dinner stroll was of short duration. A cold wind was blowing and the streets were deserted except by loud-talking, angry men, and groups of soldiers. The following day it rained steadily and as Marseilles was not a pleasant place to loiter in just then, we left by the night train at ten o’clock.

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At seven the next morning we reached Cette; after Marseilles the principal commercial port on the South coast of France. We rode through a pleasant country intersected by many canals and at two in the afternoon were at Toulouse.

A neighbor who often called at our old home in Central New York raised a variety of fancy poultry and the geese whose ancestors came from this old French province were his especial pride, and fine birds they surely were. When he bid us farewell, he said, "If in your travels you reach Toulouse and see any of their famous geese you must let me know if they are finer than mine." We had reached Toulouse but felt there was little chance of seeing any geese.

Trains packed with troops were a common sight in France at that time. Soldiers going to Paris to help in putting down the commune. Others that had been wounded, and prisoners of war returning from Germany to their homes. In a long train side-tracked near the town we saw many pale-faced boys who looked pathetically ill.

Soon after leaving Toulouse, I was studying the guide book to be ready for the sights of Pau, when you said,

"Oh—look out of the window."

I looked, and there were the geese that I had wished so much to see, and a very pretty sight they were. In the space of a mile or two, we saw fully a dozen flocks. Each flock, numbering about twenty-five, plump, snow-white geese was in charge of either a young girl or boy in picturesque peasant costume, with a long wand.

"Just as I have seen them in pictures," I said.

We reached Pau ten o'clock at night. A tedious journey of twenty-four hours from Marseilles, and were glad to rest at the comfortable Hotel la Paix.

The following morning we were out early for a view of the Pyrenees from the famous "Terrace at Pau" and a glorious view it was! For nearly one hundred miles we saw the splendid snow-capped range, with here and there a glittering peak rising above its fellows.

The town was divided in two, by a small, swift stream, the Gave de Pau, flowing in a deep ravine. Crossed by many bridges it added greatly to the picturesqueness of the place. "Gave" (meaning a mountain stream or torrent) soon became a familiar word to us. The little "Gaves" fed by mountain snows, taking the name of every town through which they passed.

In the Place Royale we admired the statue of the "White

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Plumed Knight" and walked in the fine Boulevard des Pyrenees to the Castle gardens. Indeed Pau with handsome hotels an elegant casino, the old castle, and delightful walks and views captivated us completely.

With a crowd of tourists we were shown through the State apartments of the Castle, and the room in which Henry IV first saw the light, the cradle in which he was rocked, made from an immense tortoise shell, and a wonderfully carved old bed.

Toward the end of the day we left Pau and four hours later were in Bayonne, an interesting, medieval city, divided by two rivers and united by many bridges, with narrow animated streets, roadways paved with cobblestones and old houses with long rows of arcades. Under the arcades were dark, little shops in and out of which men and boys, women and girls were bustling. The girls were pretty and wore small, bright colored handkerchiefs pinned over their abundant hair.

We were only three miles from the sea and by climbing the Citadel Hill might have looked upon the Bay of Biscay but we were growing wise and did not do it. We found a delightful promenade next morning along a river bank, but deserted at that early hour. We strayed into a suburb of pretty homes with small orchards of blossoming peach and apricot trees; and saw in a long avenue two very old men making rope, with the hemp stretched from tree to tree.

At noon we drove from the Hotel du Commerce to the station. There we saw a party of Basques from an adjoining province, and how picturesque they were in their jaunty costumes! A dark blue woolen cap,—a velvet jacket so short that the wide crimson sash was seen all around,—dark knee breeches,—long woolen stockings and leather sandals or wooden shoes. Of their queer uncouth language we could not understand a word.

Two hours after leaving Bayonne we crossed the Bidassoa river and were in Spain, and a mile or two farther on came to Irun, the first frontier town, where we changed cars, and baggage was examined. We had each a large valise. The entire contents of the two were thrown upon the ground, and each article was carefully examined before being returned to its place. Your valise gave no trouble, but in mine they found a bottle of cologne wrapped round and round with underclothing to prevent its being broken. The bottle was only half full but one after another official was called in to express an opinion. We thought it was going to be confiscated when an officer in elaborate uniform walking among the contents of many trunks

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and bags on a round of general inspection reached us. He was handed the bottle. He looked at the label, cast a withering look on the deputies awaiting his verdict, turned to me with a bow and a smile and gave me my eau de Cologne with the air of a Grandee.

Before the daylight died away we had many lovely views, as our train began its climb to cross the Pyrenees, where, in Spain the great range had lost its mighty proportions. We had a first class compartment entirely to ourselves and a comfortable night. When the morning dawned we were in a bleak, arid, unattractive region. Soon we passed the Escorial, that vast, gloomy pile, built by Philip Second for his lonely home, and for centuries the burial place of Spanish Kings. Over 3,000 feet above sea level, the sullen-looking Palace and Church with dome and towers looked a dismal and forbidding place.

Reaching Madrid we went to the Fonda de los Embajadores. The second, substantial breakfast was not yet served and we had to content ourselves with indifferent coffee, tasteless Spanish bread and poor Spanish butter.

We were not on, but near, the famous Puerta del Sol—the Gateway of the Sun—and there, we first turned our steps. A large plaza with a fountain in the center—dusty, treeless, and built around with Government and business buildings, hotels, clubs, theaters and cafés. Ten important streets poured into it, and took from it, at all hours of the day and night a constant stream of humanity. There were private carriages, cabs, tramcars drawn by mules, donkeys with loaded panniers, men and boys with loud voices selling newspapers, lottery tickets, matches, toys, books, songs and things without end, girls selling flowers, beggars licensed and numbered, men in long cloaks and broad brimmed hats standing in the sun like statues, girls under bright colored parasols hurrying across the plaza in care of a duenna, water carriers calling out in loud voices, “Aqua, aqua quien quiere, aqua?” the plaza ground being sprinkled (as all the streets of Madrid were sprinkled) by two men, each holding a section of hose, throwing jets of water high in the air, where they met and fell on the dusty places beneath, boys carrying small, metal saucers with long handles, holding live coals, at which men for a grano—a fifth of a cent—lighted their cigarettes, and so forth; and so forth.

The Royal Picture Gallery, in the Museo del Prado—one of the greatest collections in the World—was a joy to see, and a joy to remember. We had seen many fine examples of Velasquez and Murillo, but the versatility of these two great painters was a revela-

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tion. Velasquez portraits of peasants and beggars,—of men, women and children, especially of those Royal children, how wonderful they were! They might grow up to be cruel and merciless, but what delightful little personages on the canvas of the artist, particularly the girls with their frizzled hair standing out far from their heads, their bizarre dress with immense hoop petticoats, and the Court dwarfs beside them; and the glorious compositions of Murillo; and Ribera, powerful but dreadfully realistic; and pictures of Zurbaran—fine gray-gowned figures of cowed and corded Monks and of a later period Goya, with portraits and lively, interesting pictures of Spanish life; and in addition to Spanish painters, there were the best and most brilliant creations of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German and French Masters.

After four hours in the Gallery, you said,

"It is a wonderful collection and Philip Second did some good in the World when he added to its treasures,—but I am famishing and must have something to eat."

We went to a street crossing hoping to find a cab. Instead of a cab, in a cloud of dust, along came a lumbering omnibus drawn by three mules abreast. When you paid the fare you told the conductor we wanted to go to a good restaurant. He answered "Si Señor," and soon put us down at a "Restaurante" which he assured us was "bueno, muy bueno." It was a very Spanish looking place, with a strong smell of garlic. There was no menu, and you asked the waiter what they had, to which he answered, "hay de todo Señor—todo loque vd quireo," at which you smiled, and said to me, they have got everything, but probably not a thing that we can eat. Then you asked if we could have olla podrido, "certeza Señor," answered the waiter. When he went to fill the order, you said,

"Now—you will have the opportunity of trying the national dish of Spain."

"What is it made of?" I queried.

"As I remember it, a little of everything," you answered.

As the waiter set before us a deep platter full of a steaming mixture, he said "*Puchero* Señor."

"Olla podrido," you insisted, and with a shrug of the shoulders, the waiter answered, "todo uno Señor."

We were fairly ravenous and the national dish of Spain was good,—it was more than good, it was excellent. After the pangs of hunger were allayed, you asked me if I could tell what the dish was

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made of, and then together we made a list of the contents, which my "ever ready pencil" proceeded to make a note of. Beef, chicken, sausage, ham, rice, tomatoes, hearts of artichokes, gumbo, peas, plenty of green peppers, small red beans and garlic. [On that first visit to Spain, the national dish was served at all the hotels for the second breakfast, or dinner, and often for both,—on subsequent visits many years after, it was unusual, and on our last visit we went to a Spanish restaurant in Madrid for a taste of it.]

You had ordered, as the proper thing to take with the national dish, a flask of val de peñas, the best red wine made in Spain. With smiles and "here's to you dear" we clinked our full glasses together and tasted our wine.

My face askew, I asked, "*What is it?*" Nothing made from grapes could taste so vile."

You answered, "I suppose it is wine brought to market in a goat skin, and has probably been stored in the skin a long time."

Clapping your hands, (the only means of summoning the waiter) he admitted that the flask had been filled direct from the skin, and said their customers liked it that way.

You ordered coffee—with the coffee the waiter brought two glasses of water with half a dozen wafers in a saucer; these wafers, called "azucarillos" were always served with coffee and chocolate; they dissolved readily and gave a pleasant, refreshing taste to the water, with the flavor of a mild lemonade.

We had little experience with restaurants during our stay in Spain as all the hotels were conducted on what we called, the American plan, a fixed price, three dollars a day each, including rooms, meals, light and attendance, and the distances were never so great that returning to the hotel for luncheon was an inconvenience.

Leaving the restaurant we took a mule drawn omnibus and returned to the Prado, which had now assumed a lively appearance. The center of this famous promenade, called the *Saloon del Prado*, reserved for pedestrians was wide, dusty, pleasantly shaded by four rows of trees, with small iron chairs on either side, and adorned with statues and fine marble fountains. On both sides was a carriage drive, and an equestrian way, all of which gradually became one of the gayest, brightest, most brilliant and interesting spectacles imaginable. Elegant carriages with crests on the panels, footmen and coachmen in rich livery, and handsome horses with shining metal glittering in the harness,—occasionally a four-in-hand, or a team

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driven tandem before a stylish cart, and we saw several carriages bearing crests, drawn by fine, glossy, mouse-colored mules.

Officers were riding back and forth on the equestrian way,—ladies and gentlemen were leaving their carriages for a little stroll and to meet and chat with friends.

The animation was all carried on between two handsome fountains—Cybele and Neptune—the short distance being packed with people, and after the little walk, the coquetting, the constant opening and closing of fans, the talk and laughter, carriages would be re-entered for a drive in the park.

These most attractive Madrileños were adorned with jewelry and sparkling gems, gowned in rich fabrics of different colors—those in black, looking by far, the most distinguished—made in the latest fashion, their trailing skirts raising little clouds of dust as they went along. A high comb held the thick braids of dark hair in place, and from it hung the becoming black lace mantilla that fell gracefully over the shoulders. Always a fan in the hand that was never at rest,—always a rose or red carnation pinned to the hair on one side. They were fine looking women, some of quite heroic size, very vivacious, with lustrous, flashing dark eyes, gleaming white teeth and good features. Those hovering about the magical age of twenty were perfectly beautiful! We had been greatly entertained and delighted by such an unusual sight and not until the animation was over did we turn away.

In the evening we went to a theater to see a variety entertainment. Nothing good but the Audalusian dances by a troupe of eight pretty young girls in charming costume. To the music of several guitars they danced the cachuca and bolero, gracefully and delightfully. All through the evening an usher came at intervals to look at the stub of your ticket; you asked for an explanation, and learned, that those who did not care for the entire performance might pay for what they wanted to see, and leave the rest unseen and unpaid for.

Coming out on the "Saloon del Prado" from the Picture Gallery next morning, we found it in possession of nursemaids in brilliant attire and children. Lovely Spanish children just like the cherubs Murillo painted! They made a pretty picture playing about the beautiful old fountain of Neptune.

The Royal Palace—said to be the most beautiful Royal Palace in Europe—we admired immensely. Of great proportions, built of fine white granite, it stood, a stately, magnificent, glittering pile above the Manzaneres river. In front of the Palace, mounted and on foot

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were the Royal Guard, in uniform of red, black and white, with spears in their hands. Their plumed hats were remarkable,—white plumes showing in front, and black plumes at the back. From the terrace we had a fine view of the Sierra Guadarrama Mountains, their sharp peaks still covered with a thick mantle of snow.

In the Royal Armeria, within the Palace grounds we saw an interesting collection of ancient armor, and arms,—the armor worn by Charles V and Philip II and the swords they carried,—also the swords of Cortez and Pizarro.

The streets of Madrid were a source of never ending interest. In the early mornings donkeys were being everywhere unloaded, and all the sidewalks were market places, with piles of oranges, lemons, vegetables and bunches of flowers. A frequent sight was a man carrying toys, candies and cakes—all of the cheapest kind—and a *wheel of fortune*, in which little boys and girls, for a small coin, the fraction of a cent, would try their chances at gambling, and it was curious to see the eagerness with which the small faces would watch the turning of the wheel. Looking one day at one of these peripatetic shops and lotteries, a mite of a boy, badly crippled, cried so bitterly upon losing, that you gave him enough money for a dozen chances, and we left him with his little pinched face full of the pleasure of hope.

We often stopped to look at the women, washing and beating clothes in the scanty stream of the River bed, scooping out the white sand to make a pool of water for their work; and the high, two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen with long red fringe between their horns; and the water carriers, in their short jackets, knee breeches and pointed hats, carrying water in porous jars of clay, a little basket holding two or three glasses, a lemon, an orange, and a saucer of azucarillos. They seemed a part of all the life of the streets, and even when they were out of sight we would hear the cry, "Aqua, aqua fresca."

And the mounted police carrying lances and wearing cloaks that almost covered their horses; and men roasting coffee on the sidewalks all over the City, turning a cylinder over a charcoal fire. When the beans were roasted a bell would be rung and to homes, hotels and cafés the fresh roasted coffee would be carried, and the cylinder re-filled from a bag of green coffee beans.

Nearly every day we went to the Picture Gallery, timing our visit so that we should see the fashionable crowd in the Saloon del Prado. Going there on Sunday we found it given over to the

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populacé, so we took a cab and joined the élite in a drive over the dusty roads of El Retiro park—the least attractive of city parks we had seen in Europe.

One evening we went to the Opera House to hear Tamberlich sing selections from Opera. He sang well but during the entire evening all over the house people were talking in loud tones. The fashionable world was not there, to our regret.

The reputation of Madrid for climate has always been bad. Situated on a wind-swept plain, at an altitude of 2,400 feet, the intense heat of summer, and the biting cold of winter, have given rise to several proverbs. "Three months of winter, and nine months of the infernal regions"—"A wind that will not put out the flame of a candle, but will put out the life of a man"—"Do not lay aside your cloak until the fortieth day of May." The men, young and old, were being guided by the latter proverb, and were all enveloped in their long cloaks. Graceful garments those cloaks! with rich, vivid colored linings that the wearers always managed to show effectively, and often observing an aggravated case, I would exclaim.

"And *men* talk about the vanity of *women*!"

We had but one day without high wind and clouds of dust. Bright sunshine and the bluest of skies, but an air so keen that we felt warm wraps a necessity, yet the women of Madrid looked serene, smiling and happy under their becoming lace mantillas. "Clothed with vanity as by a garment," was your verdict.

To quote verbatim from my *pencil*, Today, April 3, occurred the opening of the Cortes. Flags streamed from windows and house-tops, and the streets were thronged with people. The splendid procession passed our hotel. A band of music, and soldiers,—a Royal Guard in shining helmets and gleaming sabres,—the King in a gorgeous carriage drawn by four, white Andalusian horses, with outriders in liveries of scarlet and gold,—a long line of state carriages carrying high dignitaries, their coachmen and footmen in brilliant livery. We wanted to see the opening of the Cortes, but Gen. Sickles, our Minister to Spain is in the South, and his representative was all at sea, not knowing how to obtain the favor for which we had asked; and it is no balm to my wounded feelings to be told, that, the procession was probably the best part of it.

At that time the King of Spain was Amedeo, son of Victor Emmanuel. Poor young fellow not yet twenty-six years of age he had been reluctant to accept the invitation given him by the Cortes. He had yielded at the solicitation of his Father and the earnest wish

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of the Italian Cabinet, and in the preceding November had been, by the Cortes proclaimed King of Spain.

Amadeo and the young Queen had done everything possible to win the people. They had given immense sums in charity but the Spanish heart did not warm towards them. We often saw the Royal pair bowing right and left as they drove along but they never received even the deference to which their position entitled them.

On our last afternoon in Madrid we went to the post office to mail letters and found to our surprise that we could not buy postage stamps there, but must get them at a tobacco shop. The strange custom prevailed in Spain wherever we went, but knowing it, there was no inconvenience since tobacco shops were everywhere numerous.

That night we lingered late in the Puerta del Sol. After midnight the *serenos* began to move about, crossing the plaza, and going to their respective beats, their big bunches of gigantic keys rattling as they walked along. Queer, quaint looking men these *serenos*, with their long dark cloaks, wide brimmed soft hats, lanterns, and staffs tipped by axes.

The *serenos* no longer called out the hours, but still rendered valuable service, for by another strange custom, the men of Madrid never carried latch keys. When they reached their homes late at night, or early in the morning they clapped their hands, calling loudly, "*sereno, sereno*" and then waited until the watchman came with his key, and by the light of his lantern, opened the door that admitted the owner to his abode.

Of the Fonda de los Embajadores we had but one complaint. Men acted as chambermaids and our pleasant room always smelled of tobacco smoke.

As in Germany smoking at table was universal. In Germany it was cigars, in Spain cigarettes. Men hurried through one course of their dinner to smoke as many cigarettes as possible before the next course was served. After dinner several ladies smoked one or two cigarettes.

We left Madrid at seven in the morning and after riding three and a half hours through a bleak, treeless, verdureless country, reached Toledo.

At the station, awaiting the train we found a rickety old omnibus drawn by five mules, three near the wheels, and two as leaders. We clambered to the top and set off for the Medieval city, having from our vantage ground a delightful view of its spires and towers, its domes and turrets.

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Standing on a rugged height above the river Tagus, Toledo was verily "a city built upon a rock." We rattled over the old Alcantara bridge, getting glimpses right and left of the river, flowing swiftly between deep rocky banks, that encircled the city on three sides, then up through narrow, winding streets, and in front of the Fonda de Lino we scrambled down and enquired for something to eat. The second breakfast was just being served, which we thought fortunate until we had finished, when I said,

"Dear Heart, I never had as mean a breakfast, except the one at Chinese Camp after our all night ride in a stage coach through the mountains of California."

Outside the hotel a crowd of beggars were lying in wait for us, and heading the procession we went to the Cathedral, its beautiful facade so built around by shabby houses that it was practically hidden from view. The interior was splendid indeed! The towering columns, the glorious windows that for six centuries had glowed and gleamed like precious stones; the wonderful wood carving of the choir stalls representing scenes in the Conquest of Granada with spirited horses under high-peaked saddles, their life-like riders carrying the arms, and clad in the armor of their period. Over this work of art an alabaster canopy upheld by columns of jasper. There were beautifully decorated chapels, bronze tombs, alabaster monuments, paintings by the great Masters of Spain on backgrounds of gold, and two immense organs. A splendid old Cathedral! that Cathedral in Toledo!

With the beggars we went to the Puerta del Sol; in Toledo not only a name but a noble structure with massive turrets and a graceful horseshoe archway. The famous Alcazar was undergoing repairs, and closed.

We were curious to see the quaint old town, of which we had often read, with its white-washed walls, and tall, white-washed houses built on narrow streets. Narrow streets indeed they were! some actually so narrow that with your arms outstretched you could touch with your finger tips both sides at once.

In those narrow, crooked streets the beggars had every advantage. They would tweak at our coat sleeves, at the skirt of your coat and at my dress. A horrid lot, believing in the evil eye, the—mal de ojo—and making the sign of the corni, to avert the evil consequences, that a glance from either of us might give them. They surrounded us, and completely destroyed our comfort and pleasure. How we did want to look at those wonderful old houses undisturbed! the huge doors thickly studded with nail heads, knockers of the most

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grotesque and varied design; the endless array of bolts and chains, and the few windows in the tall, dark, gloomy facades protected by gratings of heavy iron bars. Above the doors were medallions, or Angels, or a group of Saints, or chiselled escutcheons centuries past the pride of the families that dwelt within.

We stopped at a shop window to look at the famous Toledo blades, but persistent, repulsive beggars thrust themselves between us and what we wanted to see.

"I wish I had the evil eye they fear, I would annihilate every one of them," said I savagely.

We gave up trying to see anything more and walked rapidly down the hill. One by one the wretched beggars dropped off, and before we reached the long Alcantara bridge we were free. We were enjoying the beautiful view that Toledo presents from below, when about midway on the bridge we came upon a scrap of a boy seated on the parapet and looking towards the town. He had large, dreamy, lustrous, hazel eyes heavily fringed with long lashes, and dark curling hair fell beneath his badly worn straw hat.

"What a lovely child!" said I, as we were passing.

Then you stopped, and I stopped, you saying,

"Good Morning to you, little man," raising your hat.

"Good Morning to you, Señor," said the little man taking off his hat and holding it in his hand.

"What is your name?"

"Benito Lopez, Señor."

"How old are you?"

"I have seven years, Señor."

"Do you know what is the largest city in all the World?"

"Si Señor, Toledo."

"And what is the largest river in all the World?"

"El Tagus, Señor."

Then you told him to hold out his hand. The beggars had all the copper coins and you put a piece of silver in his palm.

"Now who is the richest boy in Toledo?"

When he saw the money his lovely eyes danced with joy and with a charming smile he answered,

"Benito Lopez, Señor."

He looked again at the silver piece, closed his hand firmly upon it, jumped down from the parapet and ran towards the city as fast as

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his little brown, bare legs could carry him. When he reached the end of the bridge, he turned, looked at us, then scampered away again, and once in the winding streets was soon lost to sight. How we did speculate as to the reason for that boy's conduct. Did he remember tales he had heard of the *evil eye*? Was he afraid the money would be taken from him? Did he want to carry it to his mother? or show it to his companions? or buy something at a shop? We could only guess, and keep guessing but that boy was always a living memory, more vivid than anything we saw in the desolate city where he lived.

The short walk from the bridge to the railroad station was dusty and disagreeable. We met two of the remarkable looking carts we had seen on the highway. Built very high with two clumsy wheels made from simple discs of wood, without a tire of any kind, drawn by small brown oxen, the yoke fastened to their horns, and drawn over their heads sheep or goat skins. And the noise those carts made! They creaked and groaned and shrieked as so many living things! making their way slowly along, enveloped in a cloud of dust. There was no picturesqueness in the drivers; they and the oxen belonged to the soil, and the unromantic side of life!

Aranjuez, well watered by the river Tagus was an oasis in a barren plateau. For centuries it was the summer residence of the Spanish Court. There were miles of Royal Park, with grand, old Cedars of Lebanon, gardens and fountains; but Royalty had abandoned Aranjuez, and the fountains were without water, and the gardens uncared for. There were three Palaces, and as we had time to waste, we looked through each. In the smallest, the Casa del Labrador—the laborer's house—we found most of interest. We counted fifty clocks in the Palace, often a half dozen in one room. As you had a passion for clocks, you enjoyed the collection immensely. Many were musical clocks that played tunes and airs from Operas, and there were exquisitely made mechanical birds that sang in a most natural and wonderful way.

The best and fastest trains in Spain were invariably run at night, and we were to take a train at midnight on the main line of railway between Madrid and the South.

A Spanish gentleman whom we met in Madrid told us if we wanted a good dinner at Aranjuez, to go to the Fonda de Paris, and there we went. A large, handsome house, and a waiter all smiles took us in charge. All through the dinner the waiter was constantly suggesting something.

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"Had the Señor ever tasted the ham of Aranjuez? it was so excellent.

"Yes, the Señor would try some.

"And the cherries of Aranjuez that were so famous! Could he not bring some to the Señor and Señora?

"Yes we would try the cherries of Aranjuez.

Encouraged, he soon began to bring things he had not even suggested, that the Señor might merely taste them.

At last the dinner was finished and the waiter made out the bill. It was a long one and at the bottom were the figures "43 pesetas." Eight dollars and sixty cents.

You told the waiter to send you the *propietario*.

"Certeza Señor," and he started off with such alacrity that you called him back saying to me, "better settle with one rascal than two."

Then with the waiter you went over the bill. The dinner you had ordered including the wine was three dollars. The ham and the cherries were charged one dollar each, leaving three dollars and a half for the sweet things—dulces—that the Spaniards are so fond of.

You paid the bill, putting aside a small fee for the waiter, who said,

"Oh, Señor, after such a good dinner!"

You added something to it, saying in English, "You are an extortionate rascal!" and he,

"I do not understand the Señor—if the Señor would be kind enough to tell me in Spanish—the Señor speaks so well the Spanish.

With a "Vaya usted con Dios" to the Señor and the Señora, and the same bland smiles with which we had been welcomed, he bowed us out.

As we walked to the station you said, "What a rascal that waiter was! Will the Señor try this? and may I bring the Señor some of that? Just to taste it Señor!"

"And the Señora often warned you," said I.

"Yes, and I should have taken her advice," you answered, "but it was a good dinner."

Soon your annoyance vanished and we were laughing over the experience, *I* saying we would save the amount in some other way; *you* that we would put it down to the loss account and forget it.

The train came along so crowded that the Guard had difficulty

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in finding two seats in the same compartment. An hour or so later you asked, "Are you awake?" When I answered, "Very much so," you said, "We are crossing the plain of La Mancha." Peering out we saw a wind-swept desolate-looking region, and the gaunt arms of an occasional windmill such as the "doughty Knight" Don Quixote was wont to tilt against.

It was a most uncomfortable night, and we were glad when morning dawned,—we were just then going over the summit of the Sierra Morena Mountains, and until we reached Cordova at two in the afternoon, we had a succession of charming views embracing the fertile plain below. Green fields, attractive homes, feathery branches of palms, olive and orange groves,—a pretty feature being the orchards surrounded by hedges of cactus abloom in colors of yellow, blue and crimson.

It seemed like another World, this beautiful land of Andalusia! Women were at the stations, with jars of water on their heads,—you had one of them fill your traveling cup, the water was deliciously cool, the price a grano, and when you gave her five—one cent—she was greatly pleased.

At Cordova we went to the Fonda Suiza, a house that must have been built in the City's palmy days. A patio, with tessellated pavement, a fountain and orange trees. A beautiful marble stair-case, and at each landing mosaics of attractive and varied design.

With the exception of a cup of coffee and a bit of bread, we had eaten nothing since our famous Aranjuez dinner, and hungry as two bears, we sat down to a comfortable meal, provided for us by the kind, obliging landlord himself, he explaining that *los serviente* were all off duty. While we were disposing of a generous dish of *puchero*, he made an excellent salad, which he brought with cheese, followed by *dulces* in great variety.

Thus reinforced, with full directions how to find our way, we started for the Mosque. The kind *propietario* having no one to send with us offered to go himself, but you assured him that was not necessary.

Over a rough, pebbly pavement, through alleys of high white-washed houses, and blank whitewashed walls, alleys so crooked and winding, so twisted and turning that in spite of your good bump of locality, you were soon all at sea! The streets were deserted save for an occasional beggar, and one of these, young and able bodied, you were glad to employ, and found to your great disgust that one more

turn in the direction you were constantly pursuing would have brought us to our goal.

Through a beautiful Moorish archway we went into the large and magnificent Court of the Oranges where the life of the city seemed to be. Under the palms, the orange trees centuries old, and tall cypress trees, men were playing cards, and noisy children were at their games,—fountains were splashing and birds singing. It was a lovely spot to linger in and enjoy, but the army of beggars were upon us in an instant. The children left their play to beg in shrill, whining voices, “*Por amor de Dios.*” They all knew that visitors only went to Cordova to see the Mosque, and there, at the entrance they waited for them.

The perspective of the avenues of columns upon entering the Mosque was positively bewildering—twenty-nine aisles in one direction and nineteen in the other. One thousand columns of jasper, verd-antique, porphyry, and marble of bright and varying color; red, yellow, black, green and blue, gathered together from all parts of the World! The columns varied in size and style—plain, carved, fluted and twisted, also the capitals with which they were adorned. A double row of horseshoe arches in red and black rested upon the columns and upheld the wooden roof of red and gold. Several of the columns had grooves in which bands of iron had been fitted, supposedly to bear the chains of captives.

The Custodian of the Mosque was a pleasant elderly man. He did not talk except to answer questions, and give information.

You asked for the column with a cross on it, said to have been done by the finger nails of a Christian prisoner chained to the spot. Pointing it out, he shrugged his shoulders, saying, “It could not be so, since a Christian was never allowed to enter a Mosque.” [Here let me say that you first learned to talk in Spanish, and much of your early childhood was spent with your parents in Spanish countries. What you then learned soon *came back to you.* Everything that was said you understood, and you spoke with considerable fluency, a fact that added greatly to our enjoyment, as it was unusual to find a Spaniard speaking any language but his own.]

When it was time to close the Mosque we all went out together. We were glad to have the company of the Custodian, who lived near our hotel, and saved us from the beggars. We climbed to the top of the Moorish bell tower for the view, and enjoyed the fountains and fragrance of the delightful Court of Oranges.

Not far from the Mosque, the broad, swiftly-flowing Guad-

alquiver river was crossed by an old Bridge, built by the Romans and reconstructed by the Moors. At one end was an orange-red, battlemented picturesque tower, with a fine, large gateway, through which (as we were looking at it) two girls riding donkeys appeared, making a very pretty picture.

Coming in from an after-dinner stroll, we saw a *Sereno* near the hotel, wrapped in his long cloak, with a spear on which hung his lantern. At my request you asked the landlord if the *Serenos* still called out the hours in Cordova? Hearing they did, I exclaimed,

"How perfectly delightful and romantic, Dear Heart! to be in Spain and hear a *Sereno* call out the hours of night, and tell us what the weather is."

We were much fatigued and retired early—you to sleep, and I to listen to the *Sereno*.

He seemed to have stationed himself directly beneath our window. Soon in a slow, chanting, rather musical voice, I heard the words, "Son las diez"—a long pause, and then—"tiempo sereno."

I wondered how any one could sleep when they might listen to a *Sereno*! A long hour passed. "Son las once"—pause—"tiempo sereno."

Then I began to wish the *Sereno* would go away and let me sleep. It was surely more than an hour since I heard his voice.

I was dropping off, when I was roused by "Son las doce"—pause—"tiempo sereno." Midnight, no sleep and hard work in store for the day. I dreaded to hear that hateful voice again, but I did. "Es la una"—"tiempo sereno."

Whether the wretch went away, or whether tired Nature asserted herself I do not know, but I fell asleep. In the morning you asked if I had heard the *Sereno* through the night.

"Yes I heard the *Sereno*" I answered, and thought of getting up and asking the landlord to gag him or lock him up in the cellar.

"What! that delightful, romantic *Sereno*!" you said with a laugh. "How can you be so fickle?"

After breakfast we went to the Mosque and looked at the beautiful Moorish Chapels. In one the Koran had been kept. It had a roof carved like a delicate shell from a single piece of snow white marble. Adjoining was a Praying Chapel, the walls and dome brilliant with gilding, arabesques and mosaics.

In this unique edifice, Christian zeal had built a Cathedral. A beautiful structure, but we could only think of the five hundred

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columns that had been removed to make way for it. We wandered in and out of those wonderful avenues until it was time to say good-bye to the Mosque and the friendly custodian.

In reply to a question, he said, yes he had often thought of trying his fortune elsewhere, but he had married young, and soon, there were too many children to leave, and too many to carry away, and so the time had passed. All his sons had left Cordova and were doing well. *Gracias a Dios.*

We left Cordova at two o'clock, and until we reached Seville three hours later, we rode through a succession of orchards—orange, lemon, fig, almond and pomegranite. Many of the trees were in blossom on both sides of the road and the banks were ablaze with wild flowers. In wide meadows herds of bulls were feeding. They looked so peaceful and contented in their delightful surroundings, but every one was doomed to be tormented and tortured, and die in the bull ring. Men were at work in the orchards, under broad-brimmed hats, with crimson sashes showing beneath their short jackets and pretty homes were scattered about. It was a beautiful picture of peace, plenty and prosperity, grateful and refreshing to the senses.

We were glad to have seen Toledo and Cordova and the interesting things they contained but should never wish to visit them again; they were so forlorn and desolate! You spoke of Rome and Florence and Venice; of so many medieval cities that belonged to the present, as well as the past; but these Spanish cities seemed to belong only to the centuries that were gone. Toledo, in the midst of a barren country, what could ever galvanize her into life? but Cordova, must in time feel the effect of the rich and fertile country around her!

And then we came in sight of Seville—the Cathedral and Giraldo, and soon we were at the *Fonda de Madrid*. While you were at the office arranging for a room, I took a survey of the charming house. A succession of courts, opening one into another—tesselated pavements, fountains, marble columns with galleries above, palm, orange and banana trees, and an immense dining room, the walls tiled with soft, pretty colors; surely "our lines had fallen in pleasant places," I was saying to myself, when you joined me.

There was but one room vacant in the house, and we went to look at it. Such a room! small, shabby and dismal beyond words! and the price, six dollars a day each! Twelve dollars a day, for that hole of a room! You said it would not do—you must look further.

As we were turning away, a gentleman who had heard the con-

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versation came from an adjoining room, and told you, it would be useless to look further—that he had just been through the experience of trying at other hotels, and had returned, to take for himself and wife a room corresponding to the one offered us.

In Spain at that time a pleasant, comfortable room, at a first class hotel on the American plan was three dollars a day for each person, but this was Holy Week, and after Holy Week came the great Fair to which people flocked from all parts of Spain, and prices for accomodations were doubled or trebled according to the conscience of the landlord, and the ability of the applicant to pay. I was disgusted but you, my dearly beloved Philosopher, said,

“We shall only sleep in the room, and our stay will be short,” so our traps were sent up, and we were soon in the street.

Not far away was the Cathedral, an immense structure, soft reddish-brown in color, standing on a raised platform, girdled with double columns, many beautifully sculptured doors, and numerous pinnacles and towers rising from the open-work parapet of the roof.

And the Giralda, the lovely Moorish bell tower! delicately pink, the lower part unadorned; above, charming windows and graceful balconies, marble panels of arabesques, and traceries of exquisite Moorish work. A cornice delicate as lace around the belfrey, where hung thirty-five musical bells,—several cupolas rising one above another in ever diminishing size, until at a height of over 300 feet the lovely creation was crowned by a bronze statue of Faith, a helmet upon her head, in one hand a banner, in the other an olive branch; fifteen feet in height, weighing twenty-eight hundred pounds, yet so delicately poised that it turned with the lightest breath of air, and silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky was always a delightful object to look upon.

We took a few turns around the Court of the Oranges, inhaling deep breaths of the blossom laden air, looked at the old fountain and basin where the Musselmen washed before going into the Mosque, and where now men and women were filling their water jars, and then away to see what we could of the streets before the seven o'clock dinner, and what a delight those Sevillian patios were to us! We would only stand a moment before any particular grille, but we wandered from one patio to another taking in some detail at each until our composite picture was complete.

A court in the center of the building, open to the air and sky, and separated from the street by a vestibule and an artistic gateway of gilded bronze or wrought iron. Running around three sides, an orna-

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mental gallery, supported by slender marble pillars and Moorish arches. The gallery gave access to the rooms above, and was reached by a marble staircase. The pavement was tessellated in artistic patterns, and in the center, a fountain shot its waters into the air, and a large ornamental basin received them when they fell. Bright and fragrant with flowers, furnished with rugs, wicker chairs and sofas, a piano, mandolins, guitars and childrens' toys, and birds singing in gilded cages.

During the heat of the day a soft colored awning cloth was stretched over the entire court, and in these living rooms, these heavenly patios, ladies, and children of all ages, beautifully dressed, were enjoying their every day home life, and many a charming family picture we saw.

Sitting down for dinner you remarked on the attractiveness of the room,—the tiled walls, the arabesques, the Moorish arches and beautiful ceilings; and then our attention turned to a party of six taking their places opposite us. A large, fine looking but rather coarse, middle aged woman, four young women and a young man. Of the relationship between them we were not long in doubt, two of the girls and the young man calling the older woman Madre, and the two other girls, Tia or Tia Teresa. The young ladies were all pretty, the daughters particularly so, with glorious eyes, fringed by long lashes. They were a lively party, talking and laughing continuously.

They stared at us and discussed us with the greatest freedom. I asked you what they were saying. You answered that they were divided in opinion as to whether we were English or American.

"Yes," I said, "I understand that, but what else?"

"They are wondering where we come from," then you laughed, "now they are making complimentary remarks about our appearance, —now they are discussing your hair, which they all think very pretty."

The mother had a slight cold, or a habit, and frequently during the dinner took out her handkerchief and blew her nose with the sound of a trumpet.

As at Madrid the men smoked between every course, and after the dinner was over, our vis-a-vis produced a beautiful box, out of which each girl took a cigarette and a tiny gold pincers,—one end of a delicate chain was attached to the pincers and to the other end a ring which was worn on the little finger,—all the girls smoked their one cigarette held by the little pincers in a dainty, pretty, graceful

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way; but the mother! oh the mother! The number of cigarettes she smoked! and the way she smoked them! taking in the smoke in a long deep breath, and expelling it slowly from her nose.

"It is worth the price of the room," said I, clasping your hand under the table.

We went to the court for coffee and your one-a-day cigar. That finished, we strolled through the crowded streets, looked at the shop windows, and the people, but it was peeping into the patios that fascinated us most. The light from many soft colored lamps hanging from the galleries made them look more than ever like fairyland, and the presence of gentlemen added to the liveliness. Smoking, singing and dancing were going on in all. Young men thrumming guitars were lounging in the streets and paying visits. We saw several groups of two or three, enter a vestibule, play and sing, and when heard and recognized, one of the gates would open and every one in the patio greet them warmly. As the night wore on the animation increased and it was nearing midnight when we turned towards the hotel.

On the morning of Holy Thursday we went to the Cathedral. The vast interior was but dimly lighted by the one hundred windows of old stained glass. Groups of enormous columns supported the arches of the vaulted roofs. Two immense organs with pipes so gigantic that they were compared to the columns of Fingal's Cave. On the choir stalls elaborate wood carving of men and grotesque animals. Chapels filled with tombs and statues in wood, marble, silver and crystal; among the pictures were two by Murillo of great beauty, and in the Sacristy, Murillo at his own request was buried.

In the Royal Chapel lay St. Ferdinand, canonized—it was said—because with his own hands he had carried wood and heaped it upon the flames where heretics were burning. His war horse was there, and a remarkable image—the Divinity of the Chapel, with hair of spun gold, sapphires forming the pupils of her eyes, a long mantle of cloth of gold, and at her feet a carved silver carcophagus in which St. Ferdinand reposed.

In this Chapel, the walls, and pillars supporting the dome were hidden beneath hangings of brocade richly embroidered with gold; and there had been erected a wonderful creation in which, the previous day, the Host—called in Spain *Su Majestad*—had been placed. It was a tapering temple, white and gold, with pinnacles topped by Apostles and Saints in silver, and ablaze from top to bottom with the light of hundreds of silver and jewelled lamps, and a multitude of

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tapers. Before this monument kneeling for a moment, a constant stream of people were coming and going.

Turning from the Chapel we saw the Archbishop in purple robe, a mitre on his head, the crozier and cross borne before him, just leaving the Cathedral and followed by the twelve beggars representing the Apostles, whose feet he had washed. The lucky twelve wore new clothes and smiling faces and were to have a mid-day meal in the Archbishop's Palace.

Early in the afternoon of Holy Thursday the *pasos* began to appear, in large numbers on the streets. The *pasos* are the great feature of the religious ceremonies in Seville during Holy Week. They belong to the different Brotherhoods of the churches, and the guilds,—the cigarette makers, the olive and fruit industries, silver smiths, bull fighters, and others. The bull fighters had the reputation of being not only deeply religious, but very domestic, making the most exemplary husbands and fathers.

Great rivalry existed between the different societies for the best *paso*. Money was lavishly spent, and often historical facts and appropriateness, completely lost sight of. A few were tawdry, many fine, and many splendid. They consisted of life size wooden figures clothed according to the fancy and means of the Brotherhood to which they belonged, and represented the Virgin Mary, and scenes in the life and death of Christ. The faces were tinted, and the heads that were uncovered had an abundant supply of real hair. Some of the figures were made by Montañes, a famous Sevillian sculptor, in the 17th century and were very valuable. These, and many others, had wonderful expression in their faces. The figures, single or in groups, were placed upon a platform covered by black velvet that hung to the ground, and carried on the shoulders of men, hidden from view, the number varying from ten to thirty, according to the weight they bore. Each *paso* was accompanied by the Brotherhood to which it belonged, robed in great variety of picturesque costume and carrying candles that were lighted while it was still day,—at the beginning of the march the large candles were so tall that when the procession halted and they were rested upon the ground they reached to the bearer's shoulders.

Commencing with the afternoon of Holy Thursday all through that night and all day on Friday the great pageant had complete possession of the City, and during that time no vehicle of any kind was allowed upon the streets and no bell permitted to ring.

From all over the City the *pasos* came. The line of march was

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through squares where seats had been erected, past the City Hall where the Mayor—Alcade—sat, through the Cathedral to salute the Host, then back to their respective homes to disband,—long weary lines of march many of them must have had.

About three o'clock we heard a blare of trumpets and strains of music and soon the procession came in sight,—a troop of cavalry in brilliant uniforms, mounted on beautiful white horses with gay trappings, Roman soldiers in shining armor, waving plumes upon their helmets, spears, and standards with the letters S. P. Q. R. glittering in the sun.

The first *paso* was the Virgin, the face was full of beauty and tenderness,—a crown set with precious stones rested on the head and flowing golden hair,—exquisite lace formed all the front of her robe, and from the shoulders fell a long train of black velvet embroidered with golden lilies, upheld by two lovely children beautifully dressed,—around her throat were strings of pearls,—many jewels sparkled from her corsage, from rings upon her fingers and from bracelets upon her wrists,—her attendants were boys dressed in white, swinging censers of burning incense, and white robed choristers chanting with clear, strong, young voices,—the platform was lighted by many tapers, and loaded with fragrant flowers.

Next came a tableau of Christ before Pilate. Pilate seated on a throne, splendidly attired and wearing costly gems,—Christ a prisoner, surrounded by a guard of Roman soldiers. A most effective tableau. The attendant Brotherhood were Roman soldiers in scarlet tunics, white plumed helmets, and silver shields. The float was so heavy that the men could only carry it a hundred feet, and would then take a rest. Impatient at the snail's pace of the procession, impatient also to see the different *pasos* we left our seats, mingled with the crowd and made our way slowly along the line.

All the story of the Passion over and over again,—often passing with solemn music, muffled drums or blare of trumpets. The *pasos* of Christ bearing the cross were often remarkable. In one the cross was tortoise shell and silver, in another ebony and gold.

There were many floats of great simplicity and tenderness showing the Virgin in a robe and mantle of tender blue, with fair hair falling over her shoulders, as Murillo painted her in his Immaculate Conceptions.

Simplicity however was not a characteristic of the Virgin,—most of them were elaborately dressed wearing long mantles costing thousands of dollars and sparkling with jewelry and precious stones.

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Some wore the priceless jewels of the mothers and wives of a particular Brotherhood loaned for the occasion and watched over by a detachment of the Civil Guard. The societies that could not afford beautiful clothing and costly jewelry tricked their Virgins out in gaudy imitation of the genuine; but there were always the flowers and lights—the cloud of incense and music, and borne before her a banner with the title of what she represented to the Brotherhood. Our Lady of Refuge—of Mercy—of Hope—of Tears—of Solitude—of Victory were the names most often accorded her.

The bull fighters' *paso* represented a plain crucifixion and the Virgin, simply dressed in white, under a canopy of black velvet embroidered with gold. The Brotherhood wore small black velvet caps, black velvet robes, and broad yellow belts gleaming with gold thread.

After dinner we went to the Cathedral where we found a great throng, to hear Eslava's miserere. The music was beautiful. Rendered by trained voices of men and boys, a full orchestra, and the rich tones of the two organs.

"That was a rare treat," you said, when it was over.

The procession of *pasos*, lighted up by candles and torches, moving weirdly through the dim aisles, rested while the miserere was being sung and then again took up the line of march.

All through the night of Holy Thursday the procession marched. The streets were thronged with people, and the seats in the plazas occupied. We sat until after midnight watching the unique spectacle. There was no moon, only starlight overhead, and defects, bared by the light of day were hidden. All gems were real and all stones precious, in that pageant of Holy Thursday night. The burning candles and tapers and torches, the flowers, the banners, the music,—the slowly moving figures—the Virgin ablaze with glittering gems, the pathetic face of the Saviour,—the mail-clad Roman soldiers, the caps and tunics of blue, scarlet and purple, the white plumed helmets, the spears, the shields of gold and silver, all blended into a memory that has never faded away.

When we left our seats about one o'clock we found about the stand, pots of boiling oil in which long strips of twisted, sweetened dough were being fried.

"Crullers, my Dear," said I, "they are really crullers." although they were being cried out as "calientes, calientes." The men and women about the pots were doing a thriving business and we had to wait our turn; then with a caliente in each hand we walked to the

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hotel eating on the way. Very tired and very happy we went to our shabby, little room and crept under our mosquito nettings, glad of a place to rest.

During Holy Week, everything was closed, and it was only by hunting up custodians, and *persuading them* to open doors, that we could have access to any of the housed sights of the City. At the Columbian Library—adjoining the Cathedral—carefully preserved in a glass case, we saw the journals of Columbus, and a well-thumbed copy of *The Travels of Marco Polo*, which Columbus always carried on his voyages, and which, first suggested to him the probable existence of a New World. The book was so opened that four pages could be seen, and around every page were marginal notes made by Columbus' own hand.

That afternoon we went to the beautiful Alcazar. The outer walls and towers of the plainest description, but once through the horse shoe arch, a Palace of beauty indescribable. Spacious courts with plashing fountains, surrounded by pillars of rare marbles and graceful arches. Splendid rooms, the walls brilliant with color, and the most delicate, lace-like ornamentation in traceries of vines, flowers, arabesques and inscriptions from the Koran. Overhead, ceilings gorgeous with gold and vivid color.

The terraced gardens back of the Palace were lovely; fountains and flowers, blossoming orange and lemon trees, hedges of myrtle and mazes of box, in one of which we lost our way and wandered for a long time before you found the clue that helped us out; and we came upon a little thicket of tall bushes laden with fragrant flowers—the old-fashioned roses of Castile. Those bushes carried us back to my old home, and we talked of *Mother's rose bush*, the simple, little history of which you knew so well,—how as a bride, my Mother had carried with her to her new home a cutting from her favorite rose bush,—had chosen a place in the garden where my Father planted it, and there it grew, and thrived.

Children came. They grew, and thrived and learned in turn the story of the rose bush, and after a time rivalry sprang up, each wanting to be the one to carry the first rose of the summer to Mother from *her bush*. How we watched the buds from day to day, and then after some warm June night, the first one up and out in the morning, found an open Castilian rose to carry to Mother.

Back of the Palace gardens in a small plaza we saw the shop of Figaro, the Barber of Seville.

The Calle de las Sierpes—the street of the serpents—was always

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a delightful place to wander in, by day or night. A narrow, winding street, barred by posts against all vehicles, and lined with shops, cafés and clubs. Over the roofs of the lofty houses, an awning stretched across the street, keeping out the fierce rays of the sun. (Seville called "the oven of Spain" was *like an oven* that mid April when we were first there).

The shop windows were full of pretty things. Crêpe shawls with long fringe, water color pictures of dancing girls and fans in great variety,—some of lace, some hand painted in lovely designs with jewelled sticks and precious stones, and gaudy fans with scenes from the bull ring.

It was a relief on Friday evening to have the clumsy *pasos* disappear from the streets. Towards the end the Brotherhoods lagged, weary and worn, and even the Virgins, with tapers burned out, flowers faded, and drooping banners, looked in need of rest.

Our portly vis-a-vis and her party continued to amuse and entertain us at table. On the third evening after staring at us and discussing us the mother leaned across the table towards you, with "Americano, Señor?"

"Si Señora, Americano," you answered.

She said they were all from Malaga; that Malaga was the liveliest city in Spain,—then she asked where your home was, and when you told her "San Francisco, Señora" she raised her eyebrows and repeated the words in such a way that we knew our home city had no place on her limited geographical map. After that she always offered us cigarettes from her box, I declining with thanks, and you taking one to be polite, and chatting with her while you smoked it.

The gentleman, who with his wife occupied the small shabby room adjoining ours, was an agent for several raisin shipping concerns, had been frequently in New York, spoke English fluently, was agreeable, and wanted to be sociable, but his wife would not allow it. *She* was exceedingly plain and exceedingly disagreeable. One day he introduced her to us, but the only return our bows brought was a stony stare.

"Wife beating ought to prevail in Spain, and that woman ought to have a husband who practised it," said I later.

When the *bete noire* was not around, he did manage to have many a chat with us. He told us the lady who sat opposite us at table was a Countess—that the Count, her husband, had died, leaving her a vast estate, mostly in vineyards; that she gave personal supervision to the

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industry, and that the raisins made upon her place, were among the best shipped from Malaga.

Saturday morning, Mass at the Cathedral. Hundreds of men and women were there, kneeling and sitting on the floor; men of title and wealth, laboring men, beggars, male and female, veiled nuns, women of the poor, and elegant women in black lace mantillas, the jewels on their fingers flashing in the dim light, as they languidly fanned themselves.

Through the week a purple veil had hung before the High Altar from the vaulted roof to the floor. As the Mass progressed a small but brilliant procession left the Royal Chapel. At the head, walked the Archbishop, a stately, richly robed figure, carrying a jewelled vessel that contained the Host. As the High Altar was reached, came the *elevation*, and with the suddenness of a flash of lightning, a volume of sound, startling and thrilling in its intensity, rolled and reverberated through the Cathedral. A sharp discharge of firearms, an immense chorus of voices, the thunder of the two great organs, a full and splendid orchestra, the pealing of the Giralda bells, all blended together like the crash of one vast instrument; and the purple veil was rent in twain and disappeared!

The High Altar looked very beautiful with its exquisite wood carving portraying scenes in the life and death of Christ. Light was thrown upon the wonderful lifelike figures in a most effective and picturesque way, by groups of beautiful boys about ten years of age; three in each group, dressed in scarlet, standing on platforms one above another, holding silver candlesticks (representing Angels with shining outstretched wings) in which candles were burning.

With the "rending of the veil," the ceremonies of Holy Week were at an end, and the City resumed its normal condition. Cabs and carriages began at once to circulate in the streets, clocks struck the hours all over the town, and the "silver throated Giralda bells," chimed out the passing time every fifteen minutes.

In the afternoon we visited the Government tobacco manufactory, a large, handsome building. The interior was divided into four immense rooms, that held rows of long tables, and in each room, seated at the tables from eight hundred to a thousand women and girls were making cigars and rolling cigarettes. The ceiling was low, and the air close and stifling. There were many pretty faces, but nearly all were shabbily dressed, the garments they wore in coming and going hanging on nails around the walls. Nearly all the girls had before her in a glass of water, a rose or carnation to pin to her

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hair before going into the street. Now and then walking between the long rows we came upon a pretty, young creature who wore her attractive gown, instead of hanging it up, and had a flower in her hair and a fresh one beside her to wear in going home. Poor, young beings! some had the appealing look of a fawn in their soft, brown eyes, some were coquettish, and some with flashing black eyes were of the dare-devil class! Some women worked with babies on their laps, and lying on the floor along the wall were babies galore.

At the Museum we saw some beautiful pictures of Murillo, and at La Caridad—a small hospital for the sick and poor—his two famous pictures, *The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes*, and *Moses Smiting the Rock*. Such wonderful pictures! The Institution was in charge of Sisters of Charity, and how the Sister that showed us the treasures did love them! and how enthusiastically you two talked of their beauty! Dear, good Soul! with her pleasant face and soft voice, we noticed that she had a smile and a friendly word for every poor pensioner that we passed.

The Andalusian dances we saw that Saturday night at the suggestion of the *bete noire's* husband—at a queer old theater called the *Novodades*—were ever after a delightful memory. The girls were all young and pretty, their costumes charming and their dancing graceful and bewitching. Two particularly lovely girls, their skirts a golden gleam, white lace mantillas falling from their heads and over their shoulders, a yellow rose in the hair, danced the *cachuca* to the music of their castanets. They were a dream of grace and beauty! In the *bolero*, young men danced with the girls. It was a lively, graceful dance given with great abandon. The young men were as picturesque as the girls, with short jackets, wide crimson sashes embroidered trousers ending at the knees, silk stockings and low shoes. One dance was unique. A handsome young woman beautifully dressed, a bright shawl with long fringe around her shoulders. In her swaying graceful movements with uplifted arms, the shawl, two ends of which she held in her hands played an effective part. There was no music, only the marking of time by the rhythmic stamping of feet and clapping of hands by the large audience.

The performance ended with gypsy dances, where only the muscles of the body danced. The girls were pretty, but their dancing was neither graceful nor pleasant to see. It called to your mind the couplet,

“What can’t be said can be sung,
And what can’t be sung can be done.”

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Easter Mass at the Cathedral was very brilliant; all the riches and treasures of the Church being brought out and displayed at that time. The swinging censers were of gold. In a beautiful wrought iron screen beside the High Altar, in groups of three, the golden Mass bells hung, and frequently throughout the service rang out their joyous peal. On the opposite side the Paschal-candle burned; the candle-stick of chiseled bronze twenty-five feet in height, the candle containing one ton and a quarter of perfumed wax.

In the choir stalls there was a glow of crimson and scarlet and all the vestments were rich and beautiful. Kneeling on the floor, dressed in white with white lace mantillas on their heads were hundreds of women.

It was a brilliant and beautiful sight but the joy of the service to us was in the glorious music; all through the Mass the tuneful voices of boy choristers in the organ lofts had been heard, and with the *Gloria in Excelsis* those clear young voices were joined by a great chorus in a burst of joyous song, accompanied by many violins, and the deep rich tones of the two organs.

When we were making our plans for Spain, you said, "I suppose we shall have to see a bull fight; everybody does." We talked it over and agreed that we should probably find it harrowing, but being in Spain it was the natural and proper thing to do.

At Easter, all through the Peninsula the bull fights for the season commence. The first performance brings out the exclusive set, just as a first night of Grand Opera, or the opening performance at a theater does with us.

At two in the afternoon we left the hotel with a large party in a shabby omnibus drawn by four horses, provided by the landlord at an excessive charge for each guest. The city had taken on a festive appearance. Flags waved from housetops, silk and velvet draperies hung from balconies. The streets were crowded with people, and the road from the city to the *Plaza del Toros* was a study. Push carts loaded with children, cabs, market wagons, and fantastic vehicles all crowded to their utmost capacity, drawn by mules or donkeys driven abreast or tandem with the drivers on their backs.

Thousands of men and women were walking (the women often carrying babies in their arms) and in the midst of this motley, promiscuous throng were private carriages, sometimes one or two, sometimes a string of a dozen or more; carriages with crests on the panels, servants in handsome livery, and filled with gentlemen and beautiful

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ladies, exquisitely dressed, their white lace mantillas and flashing jewels contrasting strangely with their surroundings.

Inside the large building tiers of seats rose one above another like a Roman amphitheater and opposite the entrance to the ring were the private boxes. Before the hour of three, when the performance was to commence, the twelve thousand seats were all occupied, and a fringe of men were standing behind the upper row. From our shaded places—*a la sombra*—we looked across the great circle at the men and women crowded together under the fierce rays of the afternoon sun. The incessant fluttering of large, gaudy colored fans was like the movement of thousands of brilliant butterflies. The scene was animated and remarkable.

Promptly at three o'clock a blare of trumpets and a band of music were heard and every one in that vast audience stood up as the procession appeared and marched to the Alcalde's box, one half on either side of the arena.

Two guards, in black plumed hats and black velvet mantles on handsome black horses. Toreadors, very picturesque in short embroidered velvet jackets, wide crimson sashes with knotted ends falling on one side, tightly fitting knee breeches trimmed with buttons and small coins of gold and silver, ruffled shirt front, hair braided in a short queue, small three cornered hat, white silk stockings and low shoes. Banderilleros, in red, black and yellow, glittering with gilt braid, carrying darts with streamers of ribbon. Chulos, in bespangled dress and a cloak of fiery red thrown over an arm. Picadores, their legs encased in metal, covered with leather, their brilliant colored jackets well padded, carrying long, heavy lances and riding poor, sorry, broken-down horses, one blind folded eye on the side presented to the bull. Two teams of mules, six in each team, gayly caparisoned with bells on the harness.

The divided procession met before the box of the Alcalde and a very brilliant, picturesque group they made. The Alcalde rose, bowed and threw down a key, thus granting permission for the fight. The key was carried to the guardian of a door, over which was a bull's head carved in wood.

The door was unlocked, thrown open, and the supreme moment for that great concourse of people had come. A splendid animal, that until yesterday had passed all the few short years of his life in flowery meadows, was driven from his dark prison, and stood motionless for a few seconds, dazzled by the strong light, and dazed by the strange sights that he saw, and the strange sounds that he heard,—

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then like a flash the powerful, pitiless, ferocious beast plunged into the ring and with his long, sharp horns ripped open and disemboweled the first horse he reached, throwing horse and rider to the ground. The spectators were in a perfect frenzy of delight, and cries of "Bravo Toro! Bravo Toro" resounded through the air.

And we, with many an oh! oh! oh! we looked at one another.

You said "How horrible! how horrible!" and I, always extravagantly fond of horses admiring those of high estate, and pitying those of low estate, I began to cry.

You did not look towards the ring but we both knew from the hoarse, excited cries of men, and the shrill, excited cries of women, of "Bravo Toro" that, that demon of a brute was going on with his bloody work.

As I continued to weep, you asked, "Would you like to go away?" I answered, "How much did you tell me you paid for the seats?"

Then you laughed and quoted,

"For though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

adding, "I paid seven dollars for the two seats but don't be influenced by that, if you wish to go away. *If you stay you must stop crying.*"

I did stop crying and said I would wait to see that dreadful bull punished, but I did not have the courage to see what was going on until you said "Look! look!" A chulo waving his bit of maddening color before the bull, suddenly finding he had only one means of escape, jumped on the animal's head. I did not see the agile little imp make the jump, but I did see him leisurely walk down the broad back, and slip to the ground over the tail.

Before that time the be-tasseled mules with their tinkling bells, had dragged away the victims, and fresh white sand covered the blood stained spots.

The bull's shoulders and flanks were stuck full of barbed darts, the streamers of ribbon tied to them, fluttering in the air with his every movement. He was still full of fight and wickedness, when the signal was given for his despatch, and a lithe, slender, handsome young toreador, with a red cloak over his left arm, and a gleaming sword in his right hand stepped into the ring. The Toreador and the bull faced each other—looked steadily at each other—on the part of the Toreador, it surely did call for courage.

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It seemed many minutes but was probably not more than one, of tense, breathless excitement, then lowering his head, with a sudden spring the bull darted forward. The Toreador waving his cloak jumped aside. We saw the sword gleam in the air and turned our faces away. Again the wildest cries rang through the ring. Bravo! Bravo! Magnifico! Magnifico! but this time they were not for the toro; they were for the man. When we looked, the bull was stretched lifeless on the ground and the Toreador stood, cap in hand before the Alcalde's box receiving an ovation of a strange and amusing kind, as cigars, cigarettes, money and hats were showered upon him from every side. The first three he could appropriate, but the hats were all claimed by their owners.

Directly across the aisle from our seats, that were on the great stone circle, softened by cushions you had rented, the boxes began. In the first box, were four gentlemen and four ladies. The ladies were elegant, and gowned exquisitely, and you told me, that when we turned in horror from that first sickening spectacle, they were all holding their fans before their faces. Whether they had learned from experience, or whether they were warned by the gentlemen of their party, they surely knew *when to look, and when not to look*, and guided by the movements of their lovely fans, we were spared any further shock, as they even shut out the killing of the bulls. We remained for three acts of the performance. We saw many hair breadth escapes when men just managed to reach and vault over the barrier five feet high, surrounding the ring. We saw many acts of daring and bravado; many of great courage when a cloak would be waved in the face of an infuriated bull, to turn him away from a hard pressed comrade.

At dinner our *Spanish Countess* was full of enthusiasm—she had never seen a better fight, and we wondered how much of it had been shut out by her fan! On the streets and in the cafés nothing was heard but toro, toro, toro. Every one talked of the bull fight, and we talked of it too, and we agreed, that if the bull was only teased and not killed, and if the sickening, revolting brutality practised on the poor, helpless, blind-folded horses—*which is a disgrace and reproach to Spain*—could be eliminated, a bull fight would be the gayest, cleverest, most picturesque and exciting of sports!

The next morning you read to me from the newspapers. "The first performance of the season at the Plaza del Toros had been a great success. Then followed a long list of names of the Spanish nobility present. The first bull from the famous herd of the Duke of

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Veragua had killed five horses in ten minutes. The brilliant work of the first Espada was highly praised. In all, six bulls and fifteen horses had been killed." Then came many casualties, but no life had been lost.

The Fair was held in a great open space, the Prado San Sebastian. It was the site of the Quemadero, and the Prado was called *the burning ground*, and there thousands and thousands of heretics were martyred. Now, it was a city of booths, and row after row of house tents—casetas—divided in quarters for the Military, the Municipality, the Classes and the Masses.

At the boundary of the Fair grounds there were flocks of sheep, herds of cattle and droves of pigs. In an enclosure jockeys were riding beautiful white Andalusian horses, draft mules and donkeys were being exhibited, and sleek velvety skinned carriage mules with long silky ears and varnished hoofs. Such handsome, aristocratic looking animals!

There were booths and side shows—men, women and children dancing around hand-organs—Gypsies dressed for Grand Opera, telling fortunes, etc., etc., but our interest centered in the casetas; large, square tents, flat on the top, the entire front open to the street, comfortably furnished, where every morning during the three days of the Fair, the entire family came, with servants, provisions, mandolins, guitars and childrens' toys.

As the sunbeams left the plaza long lines of carriages with crests on the doors, drew up before the tents, and the young children, lovely little beings, all lace and ribbon and large, dark eyes, in charge of gorgeously attired nursemaids, were tucked away and driven to the city home, parents and other members of the family standing in the open space of the tent to see them off.

As night fell, hundreds of Chinese lanterns were lighted, and the scene within the tents and without, was one of beauty and animation. We got our dinner, a bit here and a bit there, the most substantial and most enjoyable part being the *calientes* or crullers from the pots of sizzling oil. In the tents little dinners were partaken of in full view of the strollers on the streets, and then came the music and dancing. Bewitching young girls would dance to the click of their castanets without caring or thinking of the crowd of onlookers outside the tent. The gaiety seemed at its height when at eleven o'clock we drove back to the City, where dullness reigned supreme. Patios were dark and deserted, shops and bazaars closed, and streets empty.

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Seville had been a perfect delight to us, but the high prices and general demoralization that prevailed during Easter hurried us away. The life of the streets, where we spent most of our time, was fascinating. Coquettish little girls with bare feet, tattered skirts, tattered shawls with long, ragged fringe, flowers in their hair, flirting their fans with an elegance born in them,—somber garbed priests crossing the plazas under immense cotton umbrellas of orange, red or blue,—water carriers all in white,—the crowded shopping streets and bazaars, sheltered from the sun by awnings overhead,—the glimpses of life in the patios—the lovely Giralda with the silvery peal of its bells, and the weather-vane silhouetted against the azure sky,—the glorious music of the Cathedral; the luxuriant bloom of flowers that filled the air with perfume,—the delicious nights, sauntering with the crowds on the streets,—with young men playing guitars and singing snatches of song,—and we going from one café to another in those warm breezeless nights, eating ices and enjoying the life around the small crowded tables. Charming women and their escorts and men playing dominoes, the rattling of the pieces mingling with talk and laughter.

Often we said, "Tonight we will wait and see at what hour the people go to their homes," but about one in the morning our courage always gave out and we left ladies eating ices, men playing dominoes, smoking and drinking wine or coffee, and from patios came the sound of song and laughter—when we heard the click of castanets we stopped for a glimpse of some graceful girl dancing the cachuca.

From Seville we went to Cadiz 100 miles away. We passed through Jerez surrounded by a vast tract of vines that bore the sherry producing grapes. There were pressing houses and large buildings for storing wine and for miles on both sides of the road piles of casks.

After the life and charm of Seville, Cadiz was a dull, uninteresting place. All the houses were white and the dazzling sunshine upon them was trying in the extreme. There were pleasant squares with fountains and flowers and every afternoon music by a military band, and a charming walk in broad terraces along the sea wall; but we missed the patios and the shops, and we failed to see girls as captivating as those of whom Byron wrote.

General Sickles and daughter and the American Consul, with his wife, were at the Fonda de Paris, where we fortunately went, and by their kindness made our forced stay of three days waiting for a steamer a pleasant memory. Every evening the Consul carried you

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and the General off to the club, and they all went with us to the Convent of San Francisco to see Murillo's beautiful picture, The Marriage of St. Catherine, and to the Capuchin Monastery where we saw a Pastoral Virgin, by Murillo, wearing a large straw hat trimmed with flowers and holding the staff of a shepherdess; around her, lambs, their necks garlanded with flowers. An unusual picture but very pretty.

General Sickles stormed around and stamped the floor with his wooden leg when he heard that we could not obtain through his deputy a card admitting us to the opening of the Cortes, and declared he would make things lively for somebody when he got back to Madrid.

Very early on an April morning we sailed in a small coasting steamer called the Genil, for Malaga. Soon as we got away from the wharf the Genil began to roll and pitch and your enthusiasm about the beautiful appearance Cadiz presented, rising you said like an island from the sea, was not shared by me. Lunch time, but I was not hungry. At three o'clock we passed Cape Trafalgar. We rolled and pitched through the Straits of Gibraltar most horribly, you vainly trying to interest me in the mountain peaks of Africa. Then the great rock of Gibraltar loomed before us and soon we were in the smooth waters of the Bay of Algeciras. For nearly six hours we lay at the pier taking on and discharging cargo. Little boats were going back and forth carrying passengers to Gibraltar, and we wanted so much to go, but the Captain was obdurate, and you, always the dear Philosopher, said we should probably not see anything so interesting as the great, rugged rock and the animated wharf.

From fishing boats, fishermen with crimson caps and sashes, were carrying their catch to the pier, and Moors, such wonderful looking beings when first seen! Moors, with jet black faces under large white turbans, their bare, jet black arms and ankles in striking contrast to the white of the voluminous burnouses, their feet covered by yellow slippers were moving in and out among their merchandise. It was a fascinating scene.

Soon after the sunset gun was fired from Gibraltar, the rock took on a lovely pink color, and when darkness fell, friendly little lights came out on the mastheads of boats, in Algeciras, and around and about the grand, imposing rock.

At five o'clock next morning we were at Malaga. We waited two hours for the health officers to come on board. They looked at the tongues of all the passengers and crew. We were then, at an

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exorbitant rate, rowed ashore to the custom house, where our valises and hand-bags were carefully examined. With patience pretty well exhausted we reached the Fonda de la Alameda.

Going out later on the Alameda, the first thing that attracted our attention was a group of boys. One of them had a bird that the others were trying to take away. We stopped to look and found that the poor little bird had a string tied to one of its legs, which was fastened to a stick and used as a plaything. You bought the bird, cut the string and away the bird flew. That was but a beginning for as we went along there was a succession of boys, single, or in groups, with captive birds. How many, Dear Heart, how many you tried to give freedom! but often the wings were bruised or broken, and the poor little things could only flutter a few feet away, and would then be re-captured.

To relieve our distress, we turned away from the Alameda. A hot, disagreeable wind, clouds of fine white dust, and swarms of ragged beggars followed us and made the day thoroughly unpleasant. We found great activity in the business streets and in the shop windows boxes of raisins and chocolate attractively displayed. We drove to the new and fashionable quarter and saw the splendid homes of the wealthy, and wondered in which *our Countess* lived.

At seven the following morning we left Malaga for Granada. For many, many miles we rode through a country of wonderful fertility. A great orchard, of orange, fig, date, lemon, olive and almond trees and when we reached the foothills we found them covered with vines.

Our wheezy engine, with much puffing, carried us up a considerable elevation and through a wild gorge of the river Xenil, with bold precipitous cliffs, between which we got fine views of Malaga and the Bay.

From Archidona, to cross the pass of 3,000 feet over the mountain range, we had our first experience with a Spanish *diligencia*. It stood at the door of the *posada* awaiting the arrival of the train. A clumsy, shabby vehicle, on top of which the baggage and freight were being piled, with seats for the driver and conductor under a hood. A small compartment called the *berlina* was taken from the body of the coach at the front with room for three passengers. There were twelve mules before the *diligencia*, the harness stuck full of red worsted tassels and balls, and around each animal's neck strings of bells. The bodies of the mules were clipped in all manner of fantastic, grotesque and zig-zag patterns.

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The two men and the boy in charge of this remarkable outfit were picturesque. The *mayoral* or conductor was the important personage and had general supervision over everything and everybody. He assigned seats and regulated the time of starting and stopping; he was good natured and a picture to look at, with his embroidered velvet jacket, leather leggings, silver buttons on his gaiters, a wide red sash and large sombrero with silver cord and tassel. From him you secured the *berlina*, paying for the extra seat, and glad indeed we were to have it, for the garlic eating passengers that were packed in the coach would not have been agreeable companions.

The driver and little postillion, the *Mozo*, were much embroidered, wore sashes and silver buttons, and silver cord with tassels on their hats. The *Mozo* was the *Mayoral* in miniature,—very small and wizened-faced he was a most comical looking bit of humanity.

When the loading was finished a heavy leather covering was drawn over the mountainous top, and the ungainly vehicle was ready for a start. Places were taken, the mite of a postillion ran forward and jumped astride one of the leading mules, the driver took up the reins that controlled only the mules at the wheel, and we were off. What we went over, the liveliest imagination could not call *a road*. Rocks, stones, boulders, gullies, ditches, and no attempt made to avoid any one of them, and every minute we expected the old coach would upset.

The heat was intense. The string of mules floundered along in a perfect whirlwind of dust. We seldom had a glimpse of any of the team, except the two immediately in front of us. Before we reached the summit we stopped at a rough looking place and when again we started, our team numbered sixteen. After four and a half hours of great discomfort from heat and dust we reached the railroad.

At Granada we got into a queer, most uncomfortable vehicle, the front wheels being unusually small, and the back wheels unusually large. We were driven rapidly through narrow, rough streets, we two and our luggage all in a jumble against the front of the vehicle. Suddenly we were upon a smooth roadway, beneath tall trees, and at ten o'clock, (I, tired almost to exhaustion) we entered a haven of rest, the Washington Irving Hotel at the Alhambra.

The landlord, Swiss, a nice man who spoke English well.

"Can you give us a bite of something to eat?" you asked him, adding, that we had come from Malaga.

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"You need more than a bite after that journey," he answered, and while we washed away some of the dust and grime, the dear, kind man had a very nice supper prepared for us.

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" made new beings of us during the night, and what a joy it was on waking in the morning to remember where we were.

"Do you realize, Dear Heart, that we are at the Alhambra?" I asked.

"One of our cherished dreams come true, dear—" you answered.

We had read Irving's Alhambra over and over again and were fairly steeped in the romance, the poetry and interest so delightfully set forth in the book.

We went out in the grove—blessings on the Duke of Wellington—where, in the interlaced branches of tall slender trees of elm and lime, numberless nightingales were singing in chorus of most entrancing song; where on both sides of the road little rivulets of sparkling water were running in channels from one murmuring fountain to another; where roses and jasmine blooming in profusion made all the air delicious.

Blissfully happy, hand in hand, we walked back and forth in that heavenly spot, forgetting completely for the time, the Palace of the Moors and all the lore of the place!

We expected as the day advanced those tireless birds would cease to sing, for we had yet to learn that in the groves of the Alhambra the nightingales sing day and night. After a considerable time we sauntered on. Ah me! those delightful days in that enchanting spot, with Irving for our guide and companion, you reading aloud his descriptions and all the romantic tales and traditions connected with the palace and towers, as we went from one place to another over and over again.

Back of the unfinished palace of Charles V—which Irving called an arrogant intruder, and to make way for which, much of the Moorish palace was destroyed—we followed a narrow alley, and through a low doorway entered fairyland.

Court after court with fountains and pools, and arcades of slender marble pillars that supported "elegant galleries of fretted architecture." Hall after hall of a loveliness bewildering and indescribable. Tiles of exquisite color, and sculptured birds and flowers, escutcheons and ciphers, geometrical patterns and inscriptions from the Koran in graceful Arabic letters. Every wall a "petrified veil of the most delicate lace," in color a soft creamy pink.

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How well I remember, Dear, when in the very heart of the palace we first came upon the charming little Garden of Lindaraja—a favorite Sultana—with its fountains, its roses, and citrons and hedges of myrtle; and our unbounded joy at sight of the Court of Lions! How we lingered there, drinking in the beauty of that enchanted place! Two delightful porticos, and arcades of delicate marble columns, with graceful horseshoe arches above, enclosed the “fountain, famous in song and story” and formed the lovely Court of Lions.

And what funny looking old Lions they were! Twelve in number, of red marble, rudely sculptured and uncouth, with immense paws, and ridiculous tails; many minus an ear, or part of a nose, that Vandals had chipped off, perhaps centuries ago, with water gushing from their mouths, and bearing on their backs, an enormous double basin of alabaster, the Lions made a fountain, matchless and unique in all the World!

We often walked through the Gate of Justice—that joy of artists—with the sculptured hand and key on successive arches; and across a deep ravine, up the hill, through avenues of tall, closely-clipped cypress trees, to the summer villa of Moorish Sovereigns, the Generalife. The terraced gardens were full of flowers and fragrance, and the gushing waters filled the air with music.

To us, not the least by far, of the “witching charm of the Alhambra” was Irving’s own experience of life within the Moorish Palace. We often visited the rooms he occupied and were always looking for counterparts of the “personages who constituted his regal household.” Tia Antonia, the good dame who put a little common furniture in the rooms, and supplied the table in her own simple way. Dolores, the plump, dark-eyed, merry-hearted little niece who officiated as hand-maid. Pépe, the tall, stuttering yellow-haired lad who worked in the gardens and brought each morning a tribute of flowers. Mateo Ximenes, “a son of the Alhambra” who appointed and installed himself as valet, guide and gossiping squire. The simple meals taken wherever fancy dictated—sometimes in one of the Moorish halls, sometimes under the arcades of the Court of Lions surrounded by fountains; and the frugal supper of fruit and milk on a balcony overhanging the Darro. What a charming place that balcony was! and how we enjoyed sitting there when the sun went down and the “parched Vega” lay bathed in soft and tender light.

Our guide, Mateo Ximenes, a youth of twenty, claimed to be

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a grandson of the Mateo Ximenes immortalized by Irving, and as Irving's Mateo had a "numerous progeny" there was no reason to doubt his descent. We were allowed to ramble about as we pleased, and remain for any length of time in places that took our fancy—so different from subsequent visits when we went with crowds of tourists from one court to another watched by an army of guides.

We made several visits to Granada. We went to the Cathedral and saw in the Royal Chapel the magnificent tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. We saw their crowns, sceptres and jewels; and the sword of Boabdil, with exquisitely chiselled scabbard and jewelled hilt.

The streets were always full of picturesque gypsies. Widely different specimens we fell in with one day when we climbed a hill for the view and came suddenly upon a gypsy stronghold. Burrowing like animals in caves cut in the side of the hill, with hedges of cactus shielding the entrance from view, we found a ragged, tattered, cut-throat looking lot. They resented our presence with such scowls and threats that we beat a hasty retreat; a half dozen dogs snapping and snarling at our heels.

"A very unsafe place for you to have gone," our landlord said.

The gypsies were good for nothing; whether in ragged raiment they burrowed in caves, or lived in town bedecked with spangles, they never worked, preferring to steal, beg, sing, dance, tell fortunes, and sell charms to ward off the evil eye.

On the last night of our stay as we walked in the grove, the nightingales singing in the trees, I asked,

"Must we tear ourselves away from this heavenly place, Dear? Why not stay longer?"

"It is better to go now while it is all so perfect," you answered.

"Remember what Irving wrote, 'the advance of summer withered the rose and silenced the nightingale.'"

True, we had had six perfect days in one of the beauty spots of the World. We had loitered in the courts and halls of the palace, and lingered in the gardens. We had climbed to the tops of the "ruddy towers" on the hillside, and seen below us Granada, and the luxuriant Vega, "a blooming wilderness of garden and teeming orchard." Day after day the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada had shone like silver against the cloudless azure of the sky, and every evening we had seen the long range bathed in softest tints of pink and rose. The greensward was thickly strewn with violets and daisies and the hedges of rose and jasmine were full of bloom and perfume.

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It was the Spring of the Year! and the Springtime of Life! when being was a joy!

At four o'clock next morning we left the hotel and walked through the grove to Granada. In the rosy dawn "the orchestra of nature" was in its full strength and the nightingales joined by all the other songbirds of the grove gave us a royal farewell.

The start and arrival of the *diligencia* were the events of the day in Granada and at that early hour a crowd had collected in front of the *posada* where the gaudy vehicle stood. Fantastic mules, two fantastic men and a fantastic boy completed the equipment.

There was a little cramped seat back of the driver and tempted by the freshness of the morning air you applied for, and obtained it. At half-past four a ladder was placed against the coach and we clambered to our places. The Mayoral blew a long blast upon his horn, the driver gave a succession of ear-splitting cracks of his whip, every bell on the ten mules jingled and jangled and away we galloped through the noisy, roughly paved streets.

The driver's management of his team became at once a source of interest and amusement to us. The mules had the most euphonious names, and when the driver was not talking to the conductor he was talking to the mules; encouraging, scolding or arguing with them upon their conduct, he reeled off their soft, pretty sounding names one after another, and every mule when its name was spoken responded by some motion of the ears, or tail, or both, that was most entertaining. When a mule out of reach of the long whip shirked its work, down would come upon its head or back a sharp, little stone taken from a pile lying at the feet of the driver.

When we reached the open country we met cavalcades bringing in merchandise and supplies for the city markets. Mules and donkeys, their panniers laden with fruit, flowers and vegetables. Poultry, tied at the feet by the dozen and swung heads down over a donkey's back; poor little lambs bleating piteously, three or four placed across the back of a mule or donkey with their feet tied together underneath. The muleteers in charge of the cavalcades, would probably have laughed to hear of a "Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals," but they were a picturesque lot, in their broad-brimmed sombreros, red sashes and leather leggings and gaiters.

Down the bridle paths of steep hillsides other cavalcades were coming. Strings of mules and donkeys, their tinkling bells faintly heard, and the long defiles but dimly seen through the clouds of dust that enveloped them.

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As the day wore on the heat and dust became a torment and we were glad when at eleven o'clock the great white Cathedral of Jaen came into view. The town lying at the foot of a bare, abrupt mountain was most unattractive. The *diligencia* stopped in the market place, and we followed the other passengers to a *posada* for dinner. The fare was the plainest, and poorest possible. A rank-tasting, rank-smelling stew of goat's flesh, poor, sour bread, poor, sour wine, and *garbanzas*—small peas—on which we made our dinner. Two pretty young girls with flowers in their hair waited at table and exchanged rude jokes with the rough men they served.

We went into the handsome Cathedral. The cool air and dim light were grateful and refreshing after the morning's heat and dust and glare.

An hours' rest and we resumed our journey. Finding the *berlina* was not occupied you arranged for it with the *mayoral* saying that the luxury of being able to stretch out your legs, would be worth the difference in cost, for after the first half hour we had found the little seat on top thoroughly uncomfortable.

At frequent intervals through the day we met members of the *Guardia Civile*, mounted police wearing long cloaks, peaked caps, and carrying lances. Always two together, they looked as though they might have stepped from the frame of a Velasquez picture.

The long day had been tiresome and tedious. In a perfect whirlwind of fine white dust we had driven through a barren, treeless, hideous region, but before we reached Menjibar at half-past five, where we were to join the railroad, the country became attractive. Fine specimens of the cork oak, and beautiful flowers. Tree poppies with hearts of gold, a very riot of honeysuckle and tall thistles bearing amidst their gray-green spines immense flowers of wonderful blue; but over, and above all was the glory of the oleander, blooming everywhere in wild profusion; in the dry bed of streams, on hillsides and in valleys, the tall, slender trees with their exquisitely colored flowers were a dream of beauty.

"Where oleanders flush'd the bed

Of silent torrents, gravel spread," you quoted.

Memorizing bits of prose and poetry had since our earliest acquaintance been a pleasant pastime with us, and when you repeated Tennyson's lines on the oleander, which I knew so well, I turned to you and said,

"I always commit to memory more easily and readily than you, why is it then that with apt quotation you are quicker and readier?"

"Am I?" you asked indifferently.

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"You know you are and I would like to know the reason. Is it genius?" I continued after a pause.

You looked at me and smiled, then turned your eyes upon the country through which we were passing.

"Yes," said I, musingly, "*it surely must be genius.*"

Then you laughed outright—a long merry peal of laughter, saying,

"What funny ideas you do get into that dear little head of yours."

And memory! what a wonderful thing is memory, that such a fugitive bit of talk should dwell in it forever and forever!

Of Menjibar we saw nothing but the long, low shed, on a bank of the Guadalquivir where we took the train. At midnight every one was turned out of the cars to walk across the dry, wide bed of a river, the bridge having been condemned as unsafe many months before. At four o'clock next morning we again changed cars and trains, for what reason we could not learn. It had been a most uncomfortable journey. About noon we reached the *huerta*—meaning a fruit orchard—which surrounds Valencia. In the highest state of cultivation, and well irrigated, there seemed no limit to its production. Fields of rice and grain, lucerne, vegetables, and in addition to the fig, orange, lemon, olive and almond that we had seen in other fertile regions of Spain, here were peach, pear, apricot, cherry and quince and every tree was abloom. It was a wonderful and beautiful picture of fertility. Sometimes the branches of orange and other fruit trees swept the car windows as we passed, scattering in clouds the fragrant blossoms.

A Spanish gentleman traveling in our compartment told you that in the *huerta*, lucerne was mown fifteen times in the course of a year, and that every product grown there yielded in like proportion.

At four in the afternoon we reached Valencia "after one of the most sultry, exhausting days I ever experienced" my ever ready pencil wrote.

After a refreshing half hour at the Fonda del Cid, we strolled out on the *glorietta*, a pleasant promenade, with trees, flowers and fountains. It was the fashionable hour and the promenade was crowded. We both remarked upon the large number of very pretty girls with parents or duennas.

The following morning before our breakfast, at the suggestion of an agreeable Valencia lady we went to the market. The display of fruit, flowers and vegetables was fine, and such quantities of snails

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and frogs; but the most interesting thing to us were the ladies doing their marketing—with maids beside them carrying baskets—and the lively, friendly chatter and bargaining between them and the picturesque market men and women.

In the afternoon we started out for a ride in a *tartina*. A queer, narrow, two wheeled vehicle with a hood over the top, drawn by one horse—the driver sat on a little seat projecting from the cart, his feet resting on an iron rod attached to the shafts. Suddenly a dry, hot, withering, dust-laden wind began to blow—the hateful *sirocco*, and to escape it we returned to the hotel.

That evening at six we left Valencia and at half-past nine the following morning reached Barcelona, lying in a bare, brown plain with a background of bare, brown mountains. We found the streets thronged with people, and the city full of life and animation.

The mile long Rambla running through the very heart of the town; its beautiful avenues of plane trees arched overhead; its broad central promenade with carriageways on either side, and all the principal hotels, shops, clubs, theaters and cafés on its enclosing streets, was the delightful center of Barcelona life.

In the upper end of the Rambla each morning a bird and flower market was held. Beautiful flowers ridiculously cheap, and hundreds of cages of canaries singing as though they would split their little golden throats. The market people were a picture. The men all wore short cotton capes of blue, yellow or crimson, and gay handkerchiefs wound around their heads; the women blue dresses and white caps. These picturesque beings moving about among their birds and masses of flowers were like the shifting colors of a kaleidoscope.

The lower end of the Rambla, the fashionable promenade, terminated in a delightful terrace overhanging the port.

In the Cathedral we found beautiful windows of old stained glass, and in the cloisters orange trees of wonderful size, their immense boughs bent to the ground by the weight of fruit,—and there was a little grove of geraniums, grown into trees,—and many fountains—one that we enjoyed particularly was a queer little equestrian statue—a quaint little knight, on a quaint little horse that spurted jets of water from his nostrils, and had a long jet of water in place of a tail.

We left Barcelona at seven in the morning and three hours later reached the frontier town of Gerona. There we took a *diligencia* to cross the Pyrenees. We had spent a happy and delightful month in Spain.

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As our long string of mules toiled up the mountain side, we looked regretfully at the country to which we must say good-by. We talked of the violent contrasts nature presented there. Of the desolate, treeless, hideous, sun-scorched plains, and the bare, bleak mountains, furrowed and seamed by ravines and dry torrent beds, of the heat, the glare and the dust; then of the spots where Nature had lavished every gift of beauty, and fragrance and delicate air, with all the teeming fertility that she could bestow.

Well over the summit we came upon a custom house and there we changed our Spanish *diligencia* for a French *diligence*. I was sorry to lose the picturesqueness of the former, but you said that, to your eyes, the latter looked much more civilized.

After a tiresome days' travel we reached Perpignan at eleven o'clock. In our room at the Hotel Europe, we congratulated ourselves upon the prospect of a good nights' rest. I was just falling asleep when I was roused by a bird's sweet, mournful, piercing, plaintive notes, and though so different from the joyous song we had heard in the nightingale-haunted groves of the Alhambra, there was no mistaking it.

In front of the hotel stood a large tree. The wind was high and tossed the branches, one of which was often blown against a window of our room, and on that branch sat a little feathery bunch of a bird pouring out all the troubles of his sorrowful soul to the wild night winds. I was very tired and needed sleep. I thought of raising the window and driving him away, but when I looked at the forlorn little thing swaying with the wind, back and forth, up and down, grieving perhaps for the loss of his mate, I could not find it in my heart to disturb him, so half sleeping, half waking, always conscious of that sweet, tender, plaintive song, the night wore away.

From Perpignan to Nismes in seven hours through a pleasant country of meadow and vineyard. Settled our traps at the Hotel Luxembourg and went sightseeing. Found Nismes a most delightful city, rich in monuments of antiquity. The ruins of an amphitheater, two city gates—the gate of Augustus particularly fine, and the Maison Carée, a Corinthian temple, a perfect gem of a structure, containing a fine collection of pictures.

There were lovely walks, the loveliest along a clear stream, under splendid trees to a park. There we found a beautiful tower, "erected to the glory of Augustus."

The following day, the first of May we drove fifteen miles through a delightful country to the Pont du Gard, a grand Roman

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aqueduct built across the valley of the Gardon. One hundred and eighty feet high, in hewn stones uncemented, arch upon arch in three tiers, the upper row hollowed out for the passage of water, which it was still carrying as it had done continuously since its erection.

We left Nismes eight o'clock the following morning and two hours later passed through Tarascon, where Tartarin the mighty hunter lived. Another hour and we were at Avignon. High on a hill we saw the Palace of the Popes, so immense that it looked like a walled city. You reminded me that we were near Vaucluse, and the garden where Petrarch first saw the lovely Laura for whom he signed the remainder of his life.

We reached Lyons at six o'clock and found the city panicky with excitement. Taking advantage of election day the Red Republicans had begun by rioting, and ended by taking possession of the Prefecture. In the effort made by the regular troops to dislodge them, thirty persons had been killed. In the night a frenzied mob passed the hotel shouting, shrieking and howling—shrill voices of women mingling with hoarse cries of men. It was a hideous, terrifying sound that came from those human throats! They were insurgents come from another conflict with troops, in which twenty of their number had been killed.

After breakfast we went to the hotel porter to ask directions for reaching the Museum of Fine Arts. "Monsieur will see no pictures today" he answered, and then we learned that all public buildings and museums were closed and guarded. The Cathedral was near by, but even there we found soldiers at the door. We left the inhospitable place at six in the evening and reached Geneva at midnight.

The bridges, Rosseau's Island, the tree-lined streets, the Cathedral, the monuments, the shops—all were objects of interest. Shop windows full of wood carving and embroidery—shop windows full of watches. Geneva, you said, was like a vast jeweler's shop.

We went to the Castle of Chillon, spent an afternoon at Ferney and devoted two days to Vevey, Montreux and Lausanne—places that Rosseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Byron and others had made famous—and Nature had made them beautiful.

With a background of sharp, splendid mountains the towns dotted the shore of the Lake, interspersed by turreted castles, villas and terraced gardens. Sailing on the clear, blue waters were fleets of *feluccas*—little barks with two white, lateen sails, that looked like birds skimming over the surface of the Lake.

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In the distance was that "Monarch of Mountains," glorious Mont Blanc, its snowy mantle dazzling white under the sun, and faintly pink in the evening glow.

We were walking one afternoon in a lovely bit of woodland back of Vevey, when to our delight we heard a cuckoo calling. A cuckoo! that "Darling of the Spring!" We wanted to see the bird and spent an hour in search of him, always following the direction from which we thought the "twin notes" came, but never getting any nearer.

At last you said, "Come along, we must give it up, and ask with Wordsworth,"

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

And that was what it seemed to be "a wandering voice, an invisible thing." Long after we had left the woodland behind, we heard "the two fold shout at once far off and near."

In the small town of Sierre, at midnight, we took a diligence to cross the Alps by the Simplon Pass. It was quite light at three in the morning when we reached Brieg, the beginning of the Pass where we enjoyed a good substantial breakfast. We had seats beside the driver and what a delightful experience it was, Dear! Four horses and two postillions, one on each of the leaders. Air like champagne. Our hearts full of happiness! Ah me! what a day it was!

Glorious views of snow clad Alps and the beautiful Valley of the Rhone, alternating with places where the mountains were so crowded together that we could not see beyond the gorge we were in. Glaciers, with streams of water rushing from beneath; cliffs projecting overhead; gloomy yawning abysses in whose depths we heard, and had glimpses of foaming torrents; a succession of galleries, where the road was cut through solid rock with apertures made to admit the light; the wild, romantic Ravine of the Gondo, with its lovely waterfalls, terminating in a gorge with perpendicular cliffs 2,000 feet high on either side; the small stone houses at frequent intervals, numbered, and marked "Refuge"—asylums for the wayfarer when overtaken by snow or storm, and bridges that looked too frail to bear our weight.

What a succession of thrills and delights and interest the entire Pass was to us! We saw Nature in many varying aspects that day. Surpassingly lovely, grand, gloomy and terrible. Perhaps the most

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terrible, were the repulsive looking beggars that followed us from Brieg to the summit, all suffering from the hideous, disfiguring *goitre*. They easily kept up with the diligence and on whichever side we looked we saw those dreadful, afflicted beings.

At the summit there was a Cross and a Hospice. There, clumsy wooden shoes made from the trunk of a tree grooved to fit were put on the back wheels. The descent from one gorge to another over the narrow zigzag road, often skirting the very edge of a precipice, with walls of rock projecting above and a thunder of torrents below was exciting enough.

We soon left all traces of snow behind and when we reached the Italian custom house we were in the midst of verdure and wooded hills. Winding in and out among them, we had frequent glimpses of lovely Lake Maggiore. Then came the pretty town of Domo d' Ossola. Its broad streets lined with trees and full of people—its pretty houses, painted in soft tones of yellow, gray or red looked very cheerful.

For two hours our road ran along the beautiful shore of the Lake and looking back we could see the snowy heads of the Simplon Pass. At nine in the evening the diligence put us down at Arona.

The following morning we had a pleasant sail on the Lake, stopping at Isola Bella, the most famous of the group of Borromean Islands. The gardens and palace—for centuries a summer residence of the famous Borromeo family—occupied the entire Island. The gardens were laid out in a succession of terraces that formed a pyramid, and rose to a great height. The terraces were adorned with statues and were bright with flowers.

In the afternoon we went to Milan—three hours by train. We enjoyed the Plain of Lombardy, cultivated like a garden. Mulberry trees, the leaves of which would feed silk-worms—"every tree wedded to a twining vine," and the vines led from one tree to another, with grain growing beneath making a charming picture of summer, in vivid green.

Reaching Milan we went to the Hotel de France, near the Cathedral; the glorious, magnificent, unique Cathedral! that Tennyson thus describes,

"O! the chanting quires,
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,
The height, the space, the gloom, the glory!"

Very early next morning, finding me awake, and that I had slept well, you said,

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"How would you like to climb the roof at break of day and see the sun-smitten Alps?"

"Oh" I answered, "I knew you would want to follow Tennyson to the Cathedral roof," and there we went before our breakfast. Towards the Alps the horizon was misty, but we had a good view of the Pyrenees.

Early on the following morning we climbed to the Cathedral roof again and saw the Alps, the great mountain rising from the "sun-smitten" range. At once the lines of Tennyson came from your lips.

"How faintly flushed, how phantom fair,
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there."

And what a wonderful and interesting place the Cathedral roof was! with hundreds of turrets and thousands of pinnacles, each crowned with a figure of heroic size and beautiful finish. A veritable forest of statues! The plain below, divided in squares by mulberry trees, and dotted with white villages was a pretty sight.

We found many beautiful pictures scattered about in the different Art Galleries, and in the refectory of a Convent, saw the fine, but almost obliterated fresco of The Last Supper by di Vinci. We admired the white marble arch adorned with statues and crowned by Peace and Victory, that marked the terminus of the Simplon Road; also the unfinished Victor Emmanuel Gallery.

On the morning we were to leave Milan for the Lake of Como a steady rain was falling that persisted for three days and nights without pause. Standing at a window one afternoon, looking down upon a table-land of moving umbrellas;

"Let us take a cab and go to La Scala Theater—I should like to see the interior," you said.

What a time you had making the man in charge of the Theater understand that we wanted to look within—he assuring you there was nothing there to see. At last he opened a door and we peered into the vast, dark, musty-smelling place. Then you asked for "luce, luce" but there was no response until you struck a match. That illumined the man's brain, and with a "Si, si Signore" he disappeared, returning with a small candle and by its feeble rays we saw the interior of the far-famed La Scala Theater with its six tiers of boxes.

A fourth rainy morning and even you, my dear Philosopher, had no words of cheer or comfort, but towards noon the sky cleared and we started for the Lake. At Como, *unfortunately* we had two hours to wait for a boat.

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We looked into the handsome marble Cathedral, saw a remarkable, old church and then wandered about the streets.

Como at that time was quite a center for the manufacture of silk. The different mills had shops in which to show their products, and the display in the windows was so tempting that you could not resist it and said,

"I am going to buy you some silk for a dress."

I objected—I did not need it and did not want it.

As we were both persistent, you ended the discussion, by saying,

"Very well! I am going to buy the silk and if the shade does not please, you have only yourself to blame."

Then together we made the selection—a very pretty shade; light rather than medium.

Really mine, I felt great pride in the possession, and after it was packed away in my trunk I took many a sly, admiring look at it, decided how it should be made, and could almost see myself in it.

One circumstance after another postponed the making up of the silk, and when two years later a fashion plate was chosen, and a dress-maker engaged, sad to relate, every fold of the silk was so badly cut that it was actually worthless, the inner folds, where the pressure was greatest falling apart when opened. What seemed richness of texture was produced by dye that had destroyed the fabric, and all those yards of silk that were to go for my adornment, went into patches for quilts, and dolls' dresses for my little friends, the half yard between the folds being in good condition.

From Como a boat carried us in two hours to Bellagio where we spent three happy, delicious days. Nature was at its very best. The nightingales sang day and night and the flowers were wonderful. In the garden of a villa stood a magnificent group of rhododendron trees of the Himalayan variety—the rhododendron *barbatum*—from 35 to 40 feet in height and masses of lovely bloom. Acres of shrub rhododendrons and azaleas dazzling in color, tree poppies, tree peonies, miles of wisteria covered walls, lilacs and other flowers in endless variety.

On the beautiful mountain encircled Lake, under bright awnings, rowed from one lovely spot to another, what blissful hours we spent, Dear Heart of mine! Past bold promontories, in and out of little bays, the shores dotted with villas and gardens where often we saw flowers reflected in the clear waters, and heard the song of the night-

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ingale; time and again in those heavenly spots, one or other of us, would repeat Longfellow's lines,

"I ask myself is it a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme,
And perfect beauty anywhere?"

When we left our hotel—the Grand Britain—at 5 P. M. the sky was overcast, and a wind had arisen. While waiting at the boat landing we noticed little waves chasing each other over the surface of the Lake that for three days had smiled and dimpled before our eyes. The wind increased, the waves grew, and soon our little steamer was rolling and pitching like a ship at sea in a storm, while on her small deck sea-sick passengers were standing at the rail surveying the waters beneath. Next to me—a companion in misery—was a pretty, young German bride, and an adoring and almost frantic husband, vainly trying to hold her head.

You came and asked, "Can *I* do anything for *you*?"

I answered "Yes, go away, please, and let me alone—I can hold my own head," but I did give you my hat to hold.

Colico was a poor, mean little place, but I was glad indeed to set my feet upon its solid ground. There, eleven o'clock at night we took a diligence to cross the Alps by the Splügen Pass. From the first gray streak of dawn, there was something of beauty to delight the eye, or some wonderful bit of Nature's handiwork to marvel at. We saw blocks of granite piled piece on piece, one on top of another, until the uppermost seemed to touch the very skies.

The Via Mala was a narrow, gloomy gorge, the sky line broken by rocks ragged and torn, rising on both sides to a height varying from 1,500 to 2,000 feet, with bridges and tunnels and grooves cut along the face of the rock; and from that grooved road we saw 200 feet below, the river Rhine forced through a fissure so narrow that at times the sides seemed almost to meet—a boiling, roaring torrent, foaming and struggling like an imprisoned Giant to free himself! It was awful and wonderful! Twice we crossed that wicked looking gorge on bridges that seemed all unequal to their task, and caused me to hold my breath through fear.

After leaving the gorge we entered a long wooded ravine where the waters of the Rhine fell in numberless lovely cascades. As on the Simplon Pass we had two postillions riding the leaders of our team of four horses, and the same clumsy wooden shoes fastened to the

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wheels after we had crossed the summit.. We had the same keen appetite for the substantial three o'clock breakfast, and enjoyed the mid-day meal at an Hospice where brown-robed, sad-faced, sandalled monks gave us welcome.

In after years, carried through the long tunnels we always talked of the two happy days in that far off time when we crossed the Alps by diligence over the Simplon and Splugen Passes.

The following morning we crossed Lake Constanx to Lindau on our way to Munich, stopping for two hours at the old town of Augsburg. The quaint architecture and the fronts of the houses painted with family portraits and scenes depicting Bible stories were a study. Before the "Fugger Haus," a large building, the home of an immensely rich man, with the entire facade an elaborate and artistic fresco we should have liked to remain for hours.

We spent a week in Munich, that delightful Bavarian City, enjoying the noble collections of art, housed in noble buildings; paintings by the old Masters, and of the modern school; sculpture ancient and of a recent period; monuments, beautiful fountains, statues, and the pleasantly shaded streets.

We drove out to see Swanthaler's statue of Bavaria. By flights of stairs within the monument you reached the head and waved your hat to me through an aperture in the forehead nearly 100 feet from the ground. We visited the Royal Foundry and were shown by the manager the process of casting the beautiful bronze statues, so many of which adorn the City.

We went to the beer gardens! Our visit to the Hoffbrauhaus at the popular hour! what an experience it was! A large hall where over five hundred people were seated at tables—men, women, children and a sprinkling of strangers, like ourselves. Every one entered through a spacious ante-room, took up a stone mug, with a metal lid, that held a quart, washed it under a tap of running water, carried it to a man who filled it from a cask, paid for it and then found a seat in the hall.

We sat diagonally opposite each other; you raised your stein, looked at me and smiled; I understood that you wanted to drink my health; I smiled back, put up the lid of my stein and took a little sip of the bitter, and to me unpalatable stuff. At once a young woman pounced upon my mug of beer, whisked it away, brought it back and stood waiting beside me, I did not know for what. You tossed a coin across the table that paid for the beer and gave the hateful waitress a fee. A German sitting near me said,

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"You left your stein open—that meant that you wanted it filled."

"But it was full," I answered. He shrugged his shoulders and laughed; every one near me, you included, laughed, while I was too vexed to join in the mirth.

We left Munich and our excellent hotel—The Four Seasons—with regret, and journeyed on to Salzburg, delightfully situated on both sides of a pleasant river, with a background of fine mountains. We walked up to the Castle—Hohensalzburg—and saw the sun set over a country of great beauty.

The next day was Whitsunday, there called pinkster and observed as a great holiday. Ah, Dear Heart, Dear Heart, what a red letter day is was for us! We drove to the Koenig See fifteen miles distant through a lovely country. Mountain streams fringed with trees, meadows gemmed with flowers, wooded hills, and always beyond, a mountain with radiant snow-clad summit.

The day was glorious, with bright sunshine, a fresh breeze and the bluest of skies flecked with soft, fleecy white clouds. The roads were astir with peasants dressed in the picturesque Tyrolean costume. The women and little girls in white bodices, short full skirts, and red, green or blue stockings. The men and boys in short jackets, breeches that ended at the knees, coarse stockings that ended at the ankles, and low, clumsy shoes. Every man and boy wore a high, green velvet hat decorated with a cock's feather or a bunch of flowers, and every man, and every boy except those of very tender years was smoking a porcelain pipe.

The large beer gardens we passed were full of people, seated at long tables eating and drinking beer, or playing games—dancing around the May pole was the prettiest and seemed the most popular.

When we reached the Koenig See we were put down at a boat landing in charge of a uniformed *Schiffmeister*. The tariff arranged, he blew a whistle, and a boat from the many clustered around, approached, rowed by two comely young women whose firm, strong arms were bare to the shoulders.

The great depth of the Lake gave the clear, limpid water a deep sea-green hue, and gliding over the smooth surface we sat fairly enchanted by the beauty and grandeur around us. Walled in by mountains that towered from 5,000 to 8,000 feet in height; some rose abruptly from the water and others left a narrow strip of foreground. On these small plateaus were buildings for the comfort and entertainment of mankind. Most conspicuous was the hunting seat of the

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King of Bavaria, in whose domain the beautiful Lake lay. There were charming chalets of the Bavarian nobility, and equally charming garden restaurants for the delectation of the public—all on the waters edge with trees and flowers, kiosks and boat houses, they made a pretty sight. Streams came hurrying from the hills to rest in the peaceful Lake, and waterfalls tumbled joyously from heights above; one particularly lovely, fell over masses of red rock a distance of 2,600 feet.

And what a sociable Lake it was! From a half, to a mile in width; five miles in length with a graceful bend, the home of a most melodious echo. Young men and maidens in holiday attire were rowing in all directions making the air vocal with laughter and with song. As we reached the turn in the Lake, a young man with a clear, strong voice was singing a Swiss yodel. He would sing two or three notes which the echo would twice repeat. The effect was so musical that we waited—our comely young women resting on their oars—until the song was ended, and the last faint echo had died away.

Midway in our circuit of the Lake we stopped at a delightful garden restaurant for lunch. Did we want trout, the smiling landlord asked, "ja wohl, ja wohl"—certainly, certainly—we answered in unison.

In a large tank on the margin of the Lake dozens of plump fish were swimming. Our host netted one after another until you stopped him, I remarking that we could never eat the half of those captured. Then we went to a rose embowered arbor to rest and wait. Our lunch came, nicely served, the fish cooked to perfection. Oh, those trout! how delicious they were! and what appetites we had! disposing of every one that was netted and served.

From the Lake we drove to Berchtesgaden, a charming summer resort. Near by were the Hallein salt mines that we were to include in our days' sightseeing, although no work would be going on. Upon arrival we were given dressing-rooms containing the necessary clothing. Trousers of leather and rubber cloth, short tunic and cap of rubber cloth and rubber shoes. What comical looking objects we were! and how everybody laughed at every other body!

The descent was made in a most primitive way. Thick, narrow boards worn smooth as glass with props beneath led to the regions below. Behind a large man whose heavy gloves covered strong hands that grasped a rope and were to act as a brake, we ranged ourselves astride, upon the polished board, you next to the pilot, I next to you. Behind me three ladies; back of them their husbands, and

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at the end, a handsome Austrian officer. We shot down the steep incline of several hundred feet into what seemed the very bowels of the Earth, our way lighted only by murky torches. We passed galleries and excavations, and thankful that our brake had not failed us, reached our destination.

We were given torches and like veritable gnomes, went peering about to see the different strata a guide called attention to.

We were rowed across a small salt water lake, clambered up ladders, and by a steep path reached the exit. There, in dressing-rooms we found the clothing we had taken off at the entrance to the mine. Our carriage was waiting and we were soon homeward bound.

From Salzburg we returned to Munich and from Munich went to Frankfort; an eight hours journey on a cold, rainy day. For six days the rain fell without intermission. We drove in the rain to see Dannecker's lovely statue of Ariadne seated on a tiger; we drove in the rain to the beautiful Palm Garden; we drove in the rain past the magnificent homes of the wealthy bankers and merchants and in the rain we looked at the statues of Goethe and Schiller and the Gutenberg Monument.

We went to the Opera House to hear Faust. The performance commenced two hours before the set of sun. The Opera was well sung. All around us were people taking keen enjoyment in the music while eating a supper of bread, cheese and sausage which they had brought. The men drank beer, and when the supper was finished most of the women fell to knitting.

On the seventh day although the sun did not shine, no rain fell and we went to Hombourg, famous for the health-giving waters of its many sparkling brunnen, and as a place for gambling; the resort of invalids and pleasure seekers from all parts of the world.

We found the waters agreeable and the Cursaal luxurious. The walls and ceilings of the gambling rooms were decorated with beautiful frescoes, and the spacious reading rooms were bright with paintings and furnished in the richest manner, while in the concert room an excellent band rendered delightful music.

The play of rouge et noir interested us very much. People closely seated at a long table, tense with excitement over their play, and back of them a fringe of people standing; some simply looking on, others playing over the shoulders of those seated. Some distance apart we watched the game for a considerable time.

When you turned from the table I joined you. The inborn

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instinct for gambling strong upon me, I asked coaxingly, "Wouldn't you like to try your luck?"

You answered "No, I have no money to lose in that way."

"But it is such an easy way to make money," I argued, "I have been watching a woman who won constantly."

"And I have been watching a man who has lost constantly," you replied.

"Suppose *I try my luck*," said I.

But you, "No, come along! Dame Fortune is a fickle jade. We wont have anything to do with her."

We left Frankfort and went down the tame, little valley of the Main to Castel where we took a Rhine steamer. *My* first impression of the famous river was one of disappointment. The vine clad hills, where every foot of accessible land was cultivated were not so pretty to look at as wooded hills, and I took but a luke-warm interest in the far-famed Rhenish wines you told me of. Hockheimer, Johannisberger, and many another heimer and berger; not even in Rudesheimer made from grapes that Charlemagne was said to have introduced from Burgundy; but when we reached Bingen "Fair Bingen on the Rhine" and I saw the Mouse Tower, and we recalled Southey's poem of Bishop Hatto, I was all enthusiasm.

From there, the river narrowed and became winding. On both sides were prettily wooded hills, many rising abruptly to a considerable height and crowned with castles and towers; restored, or in ruins, all delightfully picturesque and all connected in some way with history, romance or legend. Tales of marauders and lovers; tales of daring and valor; of devotion and revenge; of loyalty and treachery.

Ah! Dear! how we did enjoy reading those fascinating stories as we passed one after another the tree-embowered masses of masonry where the scenes were laid. Rising from the water were the commanding Rocks of the Lurlei, home of the Nymph who lured sailors and fishermen to their destruction and we recalled lines of Heine's poem and his charming word picture of the Nymph combing her golden hair.

We left the steamer at Lahnstein and by train a half hour ride up the pretty valley of the Lahn to Ems, a delightful watering-place, the favorite summer resort of King William and other crowned heads.

We went to Ems for two or three days, and remained over three weeks, a prey to what Tennyson called "the needful trouble of the rain." During the time of our forced stay there were only two rain-

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less days. On both those days we took long rambles on the wooded hillsides gathering bunches of lily of the valley that grew in great profusion, and afterwards got together our belongings thinking that tomorrow we would journey on, but on the morrow we would look out upon another deluge.

At the comfortable Cursaal we had access to all the leading Continental papers and we scanned their pages day after day hoping to find some place where the sun was shining, but no! it was rain, rain everywhere rain, so there was nothing to do but be content. Every morning we put on our Mackintosh coats and rubber shoes, then under umbrellas went to the popular spring, where protected by arcades, from half-past six to eight o'clock we mingled with the throng, drank the waters, walked and listened to the music. There was an excellent circulating library from which for a small sum you secured the privilege of taking books; afternoons and evenings there was music in the Cursaal and so with music, books and games of chess, we passed the weeks of that "sunless June" in such a way that ever after they were a sunny memory.

July 4 and your birthday, my Beloved. We took a steamer at Lahnstein, where we had disembarked and continued down the Rhine; past Ehrenbreitstein, an immense mass of rock converted by man into an impregnable fortress; then a succession of those charming, castle-crowned hills each with its story of fact or fancy until we came to the last—the renowned Drachenfels, bearing on its summit ruins of the castle that had served the "Robbers of the Rhine" as fortress and watchtower, of which Byron wrote,

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

We passed Bonn, noted for its University; after that until we reached Cologne the river banks were flat and uninteresting.

But what a river it is! that noble river of the Fatherland! the storied Rhine! No wonder the Germans love it and sing its praise; with its vine-clad hills, its islands and tributaries, its crags and castles and towers and all the romantic, legendary lore connected with it!

At Cologne we had completed a large circuit of the Continent. We paid our respects to the grand Cathedral and the following day went to Amsterdam.

Germany and Holland, how unlike they were! The queer, ungainly costumes of the people, the network of canals, the herds of handsome cattle standing knee deep in the lush grass, the blooming flower beds around the small country homes with red tiles on their

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pointed roofs and the long, gaunt, restless arms of many windmills made a picture strange to our eyes.

Amsterdam, with one hundred canals, full of shipping, and three hundred bridges, captivated us by the novelty of its attractions. Long rows of high brick houses with gabled fronts; above the attic windows a projecting beam to which a rope and pulley were attached. We watched the working of those pullies with interest and amusement for everything to provision a house was taken in through the attic window. Large packages and small, barrels, kegs, furniture and commodities of every sort and kind; at the sides of many houses small mirrors were attached that reflected the streets and the people that were passing.

The streets on which the wealthy residents lived were unique and delightful, their handsome houses facing the broad tree-fringed canals. Plying on these canals from place to place were fine long boats, the homes of the owners and their families. Spic and span and very attractive were the decks. The low brass railings that completely surrounded them were polished to the highest degree of brightness and long narrow beds of tulips gave them a homelike charm. In and out of small cabins with prettily curtained windows, busy housewives were bustling and children in wooden shoes clattered about playing with toys. What funny looking little tots they were! the boys with wide spreading breeches like their fathers; the girls—their mothers and grandmothers in miniature—in full skirts reaching to the ankles, and the quaintest of little caps upon their heads.

As the shades of evening fell, the boats were tied up for the night and grown-ups and children enjoyed the city streets. No vehicles were in circulation and the entire populace seemed to be on the streets so densely were they packed. Hand organs were so numerous that as we strolled along, before we lost the sound of one, we heard that of another, and around them all, men, women and children were dancing.

One afternoon we went to the Zoological Gardens where we heard an excellent concert. As the people came and seated themselves, they placed small parcels upon the tables they had chosen. Just before the concert commenced the parcels were unwrapped and our curiosity gratified. They contained food in variety and tea; the establishment furnishing only an attractive tea service, and kettles of boiling water.

An hours' sail over the Zuyder Zee one pleasant day took us to the quaint little village of Zaandam. The small wooden houses were

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all painted green or red and surrounded by beds of tulips and hyacinths. We saw the house—or rather hut—in which Peter the Great lived while learning how to build ships, and many of the 400 windmills, for which Zaandam was famous, some with sails and immensely long arms.

Our pleasure was marred by the curious crowd that hemmed us in and followed us everywhere—children and grown up women, some with babies in their arms. We soon discovered that it was our speech that interested them. Whenever either of us spoke those nearest would shout with laughter and they fought with one another for the privilege of walking in front of us.

In the Museum at Amsterdam we found many beautiful examples of the Dutch and Flemish Masters of painting.

At our hotel, the Amstel, we first fell in with the custom that prevailed at all the hotels in Holland where we stopped of serving cheese for breakfast. It was the small, round, red Edam cheese, made only for home consumption; rich in cream and of such consistency that it spread like butter.

In the Museum at the Hague we enjoyed the unrivalled collection of pictures by the Dutch Masters with their wonderful effects of light and shadow. We enjoyed the lovely shaded promenade lined with elegant homes, and the noble park lying in the very heart of the city containing beech trees of wonderful size. The home of the Queen—the House in the Woods—was ideal. In its setting of forest trees, surrounded by parterres of choicest flowers, above which hovered hundreds of brilliant butterflies, the air musical with the song of birds, it seemed an almost heavenly spot on that glorious summer day.

From the Hague to Rotterdam, losing gradually all the characteristics that had made Holland such a delight. The cottages with glistening brick walls lined by beds of tulips; the chimneys rising from thatched roofs where storks stood beside their nests feeding the hungry brood within; the windmills in their endless variety of size and construction, from those that were ordinary, to the great objects that did the work of steam engines, with sails on their long arms that often measured 100 feet (so we were told by an agreeable Mynheer who spoke English and traveled with us for an hour).

But Holland was not always a delight. Stamped upon our memories were pictures that we saw too often to forget. A woman and a dog dragging a heavy cart along a dusty road! A woman with a yoke upon her shoulders bent beneath the weight she carried! Poor things! Many wore at the back of the head big, stiff, black bows

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that stood out like the wings of a bat and gave them the drollest possible appearance.

Rotterdam looked busy and prosperous, with fine merchant ships loading and unloading at the quays. As elsewhere in Holland a pipe was in the mouth of every man; all the adult male population seemed to be engaged in coloring meerschaums. Some of the pipes were so elaborately and beautifully carved that they were really works of art.

In the market place we saw a bronze statue of Erasmus—a good statue but in an unfortunate location; piled high around the base were fruits, vegetables and cheap pottery.

We took a steamer at the mouth of the river Maas for Antwerp. We went through many branches of that most uninteresting river, through canals, open reaches and at last into the “lazy Scheldt.” Nine hours of the most tedious traveling between flat banks where most of the country was below sea level and protected by dykes.

Our first visit was to the Cathedral; an immense and magnificent Gothic Church with a lofty tower of the most delicate workmanship. Like Mechlin lace, Napoleon said. Near the foot of the tower, over an old well, was the beautiful wrought iron canopy executed by Quentin Matsys, a young blacksmith of Louvain, who fell in love with the daughter of an Antwerp painter. Rejected by the father, because of his occupation, he abandoned the anvil, became an artist of renown and won his bride.

Inside the Cathedral we saw that masterpiece of Rubens The Descent from the Cross, and in a square opposite the Cathedral a bronze statue of Rubens as a young debonair man.

In the museum and churches we enjoyed pictures by those great Masters of painting who were natives of Antwerp.

The following day we went to Brussels, stopping at Ghent. We saw the famous Belfry Tower surmounted by a copper dragon and strolled along the wide, pleasant streets admiring the handsome, old-fashioned houses.

We went to a broker's office for money upon your letter of credit. We found a very pretty young girl in charge who spoke English fluently. She said her father was out, but that she would attend to the matter. From my seat of observation I wondered how a girl so young and so pretty could transact business in such a practical way and be so devoid of consciousness and coquetry. As we went out she returned my bow with supreme indifference, but—womankind, oh womankind! she gave you a smile that would have turned the head of any man not well balanced and anchored.

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In traveling that day we were delighted by white water lilies that bloomed in great profusion in all the many streams that ran near our road.

We thought Brussels an attractive city in winter; in summer it was delightful. The fountains that we had left ice-bound now tossed their waters in the sun-warmed air. Trees in the splendid city park wore all the pomp of summer; birds sang joyously in their branches and Brussels, affectionately called "Little Paris," was the gayest and brightest of cities.

Every morning the dear Old Square was a garden full of flowers and blooming plants and the same walls that had sheltered us from an icy wind now protected us from the rays of an ardent sun. We ate ices, bought gloves, and laces that were commissions for San Francisco friends, and one small choice bit *I must have for myself*.

We spent a delightful day in Bruges that Middle-Age City so quaint, so beautiful and full of interest. We crossed bridge after bridge of the numerous canals, always seeing beyond some curious bit of architecture that drew us on and on, recalling what Wordsworth said; that the spirit of antiquity was enshrined at Bruges; and Thackeray wrote, of all the quaint and pretty places I have ever seen Bruges is the quaintest and prettiest; and Longfellow sung of the chimes in the old belfry,

"the beautiful, wild chimes,
Low and loud and sweetly blended."

The Carillons of Belgium were a joy. They were in the steeples of churches, in clock towers and in town halls, so we were seldom out of the musical chiming of bells.

On the 14th of July we went to Paris. From our windows at the Hotel Meurice, we looked across the Rue de Rivoli to the Tuileries Garden and saw green, waving branches of healthy trees instead of charred and blackened stumps that sensational newspapers had led us to expect.

At that period of time Elihu Washburn was Ambassador from the United States to France. Mr. Washburn enjoyed the distinction of having been the only Ambassador who remained in Paris during the stormy days of the Commune. He acted as representative of many foreign countries including—at Bismarck's request—the different German States. The labor had been great and the arduous duties had kept him in Paris till the previous week when he went with his family to Switzerland.

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Our Mr. Washburn—a cousin and life-long friend of the Ambassador—and Mrs. Washburn were staying on at the Embassy just for the pleasure of seeing us. After dinner we found them in a delightful house near the Arc de l' Etoile.

The following day we all went to Versailles and a glorious day we had. The park, the groups of statuary, the splendid fountains, the stately terraces, all so finished and so beautiful delighted us. The immense Palace with a facade over a quarter of a mile in length had a splendor of interior that was bewildering. Apartment after apartment in endless succession, full of pictures and statues, frescoed ceilings and exquisite objects of Art. The last room we visited was the celebrated Galerie des Glaces—Hall of Mirrors—a superb hall of great size, with exquisitely decorated ceiling, the walls ornamented with pillars of red marble. Seventeen large arched windows commanded lovely views of the garden; opposite the windows were large mirrors, each framed in a gilded niche. In this Galerie des Glaces, early in the year of 1871, King William of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. In this room the crushing indemnity was demanded of France, and the sacrifice of territory exacted.

The custodian of the room was an old soldier, and as we talked, the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. We all felt very sorry for him and hoped the extra *pourboires* would help to heal the wounds our words had caused.

We walked across the park to the Trianon villas talking of the three Louis who had created and collected together so much magnificence; and of Madame de Maintenon, Madame du Barrie, but most of all of the lovely, unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

The following afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Washburn, in the Ambassador's family carriage, behind his spirited horses we had a long drive in the charming environs of Paris. Starting in the Bois de Bologne we saw the effects of the long siege Paris had undergone. Every good-sized tree had been cut down and only saplings remained. We dined at the Embassy and after a pleasant evening said good-by to the friends who were leaving on the morrow for Switzerland, to join their relatives.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Washburn! In after years we often met, spending a few days together in New York or Boston. They always talked of visiting California, but "On the path of by-and-by, they reached the gate of—Never!"

And on the morrow we began our sightseeing in earnest with the Galleries of the Louvre. Of all the treasures of art contained in that

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vast pile, if we could have seen but one, we would both have chosen the Venus of Milo, and so, following the direction of our guide book, we soon found the room of the Goddess. On the wall hung the crimson velvet that served as a background. There was the long seat upon which spell-bound admirers sat and gazed; there was the pedestal with a plate upon it, engraved, "Venus de Melos" but alas! the pedestal was empty.

We went in search of the nearest guard and asked, where was the Venus de Melos?

"Hidden away from the Germans," he answered.

"But the Germans have gone away," we argued. He shrugged his shoulders.

"When should we be able to see the Venus?"

"Peutetre demain" he answered with another shrug; but tomorrow and for a long succession of tomorrows we looked for her in vain.

One by one we found beautiful statues mounted upon pedestals that had been empty; one by one we saw spaces filled upon the walls that had been blank. We became discouraged and asked the guard if the Germans had not really carried the Venus off to Berlin? An impatient shrug of the shoulders was the only answer we got. Poor man! we tried him to such an extent that when he saw us coming he would walk rapidly in the opposite direction.

We spent hours each day in that immense store-house of art, enjoying pictures, statues, bronzes, miniatures, porcelains, vases, tapestries and so forth, displayed in the succession of splendid rooms.

Then out in the streets, what a beautiful city we found Paris to be! The great avenues, the boulevards, the fine buildings, the squares, the beautiful fountains, the handsome bridges, the perspectives and the perfect harmony that everywhere greeted the eye! It was magnificent! It was wonderful! yet we could never forget what to us was the greatest wonder of all.

That only two months before we reached Paris, the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Hotel de Ville and other great public buildings had been repeatedly set on fire by bands of frenzied men and women carrying kerosene to feed the flames; that these same frenzied, fiendish bands had seized upon the streets, people of both sexes and dragged them to instant death; that two hundred hostages had been most cruelly guillotined, and that only six weeks before we reached Paris, the last battle between the troops and the insurgents had been fought; and yet there was no evidence of the deadly struggle to be seen.

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By heroic work the troops had saved from destruction every public building except the Hotel de Ville; and although the house of M. Thiers had been demolished and the stately column in the Place Vendome, crowned by a statue of Napoleon, had been pulled down and broken into fragments, all debris and fragments were hidden from sight. Paris was gay and bright as though disaster and disorder had never touched her. The Boulevard des Italiens was again the rendezvous of fashionable life; the pavements in front of the cafés were filled with little tables set closely together where people sat by the hour, taking ices or coffee and looking at the throngs that passed.

The theaters were crowded; we heard Fra Diavolo at the Opera Comique, and saw a clever comedy at the Vaudeville; we went to the notorious Jardin Mabille, an enchanting looking place of fairy like splendor where the freedom in dancing and whirling was shocking and in the famous—infamous we called it—can-can, the kicking was amazing, but very naughty; we frequented the cafés chantants for although the singing was seldom good, it was summer and they were more comfortable than indoor amusements; and without regard to consequences when we felt reckless we dined at one of the celebrated, expensive restaurants.

We had been in Paris over two weeks. The weather had been continuously hot and sultry. The streets were dusty and the glare upon the light colored buildings was trying. After an extremely strenuous day you asked,

"How would you like to go to Switzerland for awhile and return to Paris later?"

I was delighted at thought of it, and at once we decided to go, We had not been to the Louvre for three days and you suggested that we make one more attempt to see the Venus of Milo.

In the room devoted to that most prized of all the Louvre's possessions, on her pedestal, *there she stood! Not a Venus, but a glorious Goddess!* How rejoiced we were to see that lovely bit of marble! lovelier even than our imaginations had pictured!

At the door was our one time, surly guard. As we passed from the room he bowed and smiled, saying, "enfin, Monsieur, Madame."

From Paris we went to Berne. The charming gardens of the Bellevue Hotel gave us beautiful views of the Bernese Alps. We laughed at the clumsy, comical bruins in the famous bear pit and next day journeyed on to Interlaken.

As we neared our destination we watched eagerly for every possible glimpse of the Jungfrau. We reached our hotel—in full

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view of the mountain—at the sunset hour, and while we looked there fell upon the Jungfrau the alpenglow,—a luminous, glorious, ethereal light that held us enthralled by its wondrous beauty. As that heavenly light began to dim, the impatient landlord came for the third time to say the dinner was nearly over.

All through the following day the afterglow on the Jungfrau was in our minds, and three evenings we hurried our dinner in the hopes of seeing it once more, but the Jungfrau's face was cold and gray.

The walks about Interlaken were delightful. From summits of wooded hills we had lovely views of snow mountains and blue, shimmering lakes, and in villages along the valley road we saw old-fashioned houses black with age in the midst of cherry trees of wonderful size.

We made an excursion to the Valley of the Lauterbrunnen to see the numerous waterfalls, and particularly the Staubbach—Dust brook—a small stream that fell from a rocky height with a sheer drop of 1,000 feet. For many years we had been familiar with the lovely musical lines that Göethe had written on the waterfall,

“In clouds of spray,
Like silver dust,
It veils the rock
In rainbow hues;
And dancing down
With music soft,
Is lost in air.”

Göethe's eyes must have rested upon the Staubbach as ours did, when the morning sunlight was falling upon it, and the rainbows playing in and out of the spray.

From Interlaken by way of the Lake of Brienz we went to the lovely Giessbach Falls; a generous stream framed by dark, green foliage, falling from rock to rock in a succession of cascades—seven in all—to reach the Lake. There was to be an illumination in the evening at 8:30 and just before that hour, the buzzing and whirring of a large clock in the hotel lobby, was the signal for guests to assemble on the terrace, in full view of the Falls. At the hour named a cannon was discharged, and in a flash, red, white and green Bengal lights were thrown upon the cascades with magical effect.

From the Giessbach Falls by boat and diligence to Weiringen. As we wound in and out around the mountain tops we had fine views

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of snow peaks and lakes. Alpine flowers were abundant, and cow herds with Alpine horns woke the echoes among the mountain cliffs.

The next day on horseback we went up, and up, and up for sixteen miles to the Handeck Falls, considered the grandest in Switzerland. Amid wild surroundings, a great volume of water, fell with a roar 250 feet into a cavernous-like pit, sending up clouds of spray. It would have been a gloomy spot but for the large patches of dwarfed rhododendrons covered with pink flowers that grew on every side.

On the morrow as you were making arrangements for reaching the Rhone Glacier a large party that had come over one of the passes halted at the Falls, where two of the party wished to stop, so we took their places and left our horses for them. Every horse was in charge of a guide.

We had not gone far when the cavalcade was halted and every one told to dismount. There were no paths, only a steep mountain side of loose earth and small stones.

By chance I was well in the rear, and as I did not respond quickly, I saw what difficulty people had in keeping on their feet, even with the aid of alpenstocks, and determined that I would remain mounted, if I could. You called back to me, "Get off your horse," and I answered, "Yes—go on."

The head guide was leading two horses and had in charge two timid ladies that seemed to take turns in falling, rolling and screaming; but busy as he was he kept an eye on me; he yelled out to my guide that *I must walk*; my guide told me quietly that I must walk.

I told him I could not walk down the mountain. "Boiteux?" he asked; I nodded, and the next time the head guide bawled out that *Madame must get off that horse*, the answer went back, "*She can't walk down—she's lame.*" Very angry the head guide was, and used words that made all the atmosphere about him *blue*.

You had heard the talk of the guides, knew I was the cause of it, and waited for me. I expected to have, what the French call, *a bad quarter of an hour*, but did not. You wondered how I managed to stay on my horse, and asked, if I did not think I was doing a very dangerous thing. I answered, not dangerous at all, but I did not dare tell how many times I had come near going over my horse's head.

When we were over the steepest part of the mountain side, the horses were re-mounted and without further incident we reached the glacier.

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The Rhone Glacier, that stupendous thing! that frozen cataract of fantastic shape, terraced and crevassed; bearing on its back stones and earth and branches of trees, and fed by the melting snows of mountains that hemmed it in!

The next morning you complained that you knees were as *stiff as pokers* from your walk down the mountain side, and hearing that mine were *like willow twigs* you said if it were to do again you too would defy the head guide and stick to your horse.

We walked to the "ice grotto" hewn deep in the glacier's side. It was very beautiful, the ice blue and clear as crystal, but oh! the people that looked upon it! what a ghastly looking lot we were!

The diligence was waiting when we returned to the hotel and we started for Andermatt over the Furka Road. It was a delightful ride with glorious views, and all the ground bright with Alpine flowers.

Early on the morrow we were off by private carriage for Fluelen. The road, a defile through hills and lofty mountains with views unsurpassed for grandeur and desolation. Even the echoes awakened by Alpine horns sent back mournful, melancholy sounds. We crossed the savage gorge by the Devil's bridge, built 70 feet above the foaming, roaring torrent of a river.

Nearing Fluelen the driver made a detour to show us the *very spot* upon which Tell stood when he shot an apple from the head of his son. A fountain under a canopy surmounted by a statue of Tell marked the place.

We were put down at the landing and soon a boat came that carried us to Lucerne. Lucerne! the most beautiful of Swiss towns, on the most beautiful of Swiss lakes! Half encircled by low hills, and its old wall picturesque with battlements and numerous watch towers; Pilatus and the Rigi standing like sentinel mountains, and in the distance the snow clad Alps.

How charmed we were with it all, and with that most delightful of hotels, the Schweizerhof. We arrived at the dinner hour, tired, dusty from our six hours carriage ride, and hungry; too hungry to think of appearance and went at once to the brilliant dining room full of well-groomed, summer-clad tourists.

And what a delightful evening we had strolling on the Schweizerhof Quay, a broad avenue of splendid chestnut trees. As though nothing that Nature could give should be withheld, a full moon arose, flooding the Lake with silvery light and sending stray beams through the leafy canopy overhead.

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"This hotel and its surroundings would make an Anchorite in love with life," you said, as we re-entered the house.

Next morning to see the Lion of Lucerne, the famous monument dedicated to the Officers and Soldiers of the Swiss Guard who fell in defense of the Tuileries during the French revolution. A lion of heroic size cut in high relief from the solid rock, after a model by Thorwaldsen. A noble, artistic and impressive monument!

Of three bridges that crossed the green waters of the swift river flowing through the town, two were medieval and curiously interesting. Both crossed the stream obliquely, were open on the sides and had ceiling paintings on the roofs. One represented scenes in the lives of the patron Saints of Lucerne, the other, the Dance of Death, showing various and unexpected ways in which the Grim Reaper might be met.

We admired wood carving and beautiful embroideries in shop windows and climbed the hills for views. An excursion boat took us to that Mecca of all Switzerland, the Tell Chapel. A pretty structure delightfully situated on a margin of the Lake, and overhung by trees.

A cog-wheel road carried us up the Rigi--Kulm 5,000 feet above the Lake. Gradually the view became more and more extended until it embraced a wonderful and glorious panorama of snow-capped mountains, lakes, plains, forests, rivers, valleys and towns.

The Rigi-Kulm hotel, large and plain, was remarkable for the number of notices stuck about everywhere. "An Alpine horn would sound *the retreat* at sun set" "An Alpine horn would sound *the reveille a half hour before sunrise.*" "Guests would please be prompt at their meals." "Guests were forbidden to take blankets from the beds when going out to see the sun rise."

At the sun set hour we went to the belvedere, a large platform, on the very top of the mountain. The Alpine horn blew *the retreat* but the sun behaved badly and went down sulkily behind a bank without sending back one smiling ray of brightness or color. Darkness soon fell, the air became damp and chill and every one hurried to the hotel for shelter and supper.

Walking on the porch in the evening we heard a guest say to his companion, "The wind comes from a rainy quarter" and he was right. We were awakened by gusts of wind and rain, rattling the casements and dashing against the window panes.

"Well! of all places to have rain! On the top of the Rigi!" I exclaimed, looking out upon a steady downpour next morning.

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You answered, "Do you realize what exceptionally fine weather we have had? and will you tell me where in Switzerland rain would have been welcome to you?"

Just then the sound of a gong fell on our ears. We hurried from the room and struggled with a crowd for seats at the breakfast table and afterwards with the same crowd, made a rush for the first train down the mountain.

When we got back to the Schweizerhof, as the rain was persistent we decided to take an afternoon train for Zurich. Pleasantly situated on the Lake, with delightful surroundings Zurich in sunshine would have tempted us to loiter for a day, but the next morning a drizzling rain was falling and we went on to the Falls of the Rhine.

With a fall of only sixty feet, the width of the river and the vast volume of water poured over the irregular, rocky ledge made a grand and impressive spectacle. The rain had ceased but the sun did not shine and the rainbows for which the Falls are famous did not add their charm.

In an open carriage the following day in bright, cool weather we had a delightful drive along the river to Schaffhausen. An old wall with many turrets surrounded the town. The architecture was fantastic in the extreme. Most of the houses had windows varying in size and shape, and roofs of the craziest and most peculiar design.

The day of our visit was the 400th anniversary of the Cantons Alliance with the Swiss Confederation. There was a procession with music and flags and hundreds of young men and maidens in the picturesque dress of their locality. We went into a restaurant for luncheon. The walls were hung around with chromos, mostly of mountain scenery. One picture we thought looked like Mirror Lake in the Yosemite Valley. Standing before it our good-natured, talkative Wirthinn joined us. We asked her if she knew the name of that lake.

"Ja, ja, das heist der Spiegel See nach Nord Amerika."

We agreed with her that it was "wunderschön" but did not tell her that we had seen it.

At Schaffhausen we took a train for the frontier town of Basle and at Basle, alas! and alas! we would say good-by to Switzerland; to the mountains crowned with eternal snows; to the beautiful lakes and their beautiful shores; to the rushing streams and waterfalls; to the mountain meadows and pretty chalets with overhanging roofs.

We were both such lovers of Nature that Switzerland had been a perfect delight to us. There were days when the very air we breathed

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exhilarated us like draughts of champagne—and what appetites it gave us! All the hotels were excellent and at the smaller ones, we were served by such pretty girls wearing the costume of their different Cantons. How often we heard the Alpine horn at the close of day playing the *Renz des Vaches*, and as the notes reverberated through the hills we would see the cows, each with a tinkling bell, in answer to the call, slowly wending their way homeward; or the air would be sung by a clear, strong voice as a cow herd wandered among the hills searching for his straying herd; and how we enjoyed the pretty hay-making pictures in which all the family took part; the mother mowing with a scythe—not heavy work because the grass was cut many times during the short summer—the children tossing it in the air to hasten the drying, or raking it in little stacks; the father tying it in bundles which he carried on his back to the diminutive barn: there he mounted a ladder and through a window near the top let the sweet-smelling, new-mown hay fall into the space beneath. These simple scenes of peasant life, Alpine horns, Alpine flowers, mountain air and all the beauty and grandeur of Nature had quite enchanted us.

From Basle to Strasbourg. We felt genuine regret that we should see the Cathedral, a masterpiece of architecture and rich in windows of old stained glass while still our hearts were in the mountains.

At the hour of noon we stood before the famous old clock. The crowing of the cock was the signal for the twelve Disciples to appear and march in procession around the seated figure of the Saviour, as they had marched for over three centuries while the old clock ticked the time away.

Many shop windows displayed the *Patés de fois gras* for which the place was famous. We went into one of the best establishments and looked over their stock, I admiring the variety and beauty of the labels, you looking at them carefully; then you selected one, had it wrapped and asked the price.

“Seven francs, Monsieur.”

“Seven francs for this small *Paté*?” you exclaimed.

“Oh yes, Monsieur, of that make, but I can give Monsieur a good *Paté* much cheaper.”

But Monsieur did not want anything cheaper and with your purchase we went out, you saying, it was an extravagance to spend seven francs in such a way; but—holding it at arms length—that is the most famous of the *Patés* and when we get back to San Francisco

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we will eat it, and I will invite J.—an old friend who was born and brought up in Strasbourg—to share it with us.

On the train going to Baden you took down your handbag and began to rummage. You rummaged and rummaged, then turned to me saying,

“Do you know I left that miserable goose liver patty in our room at the hotel.”

The season was at its height and Baden Baden was crowded with visitors. The situation was delightful. In a lovely valley, at the foot of the Black Forest mountains, with drives and charming paths on hillsides and in the forest.

There was a handsome Cursaal with magnificent rooms for every purpose, gambling included, and elaborate bathing establishments. The “trinkhalle” was an artistic structure ornamented with frescoes representing legends of the Black Forest. There, every morning from six to seven, the visitors assembled. There, for an hour they walked and talked and drank the waters to the music of an excellent band. The waters came from different springs and all, were to us unpleasant. They were warm, had a disagreeable odor, and *I* said, the taste of weak chicken broth; *you* said the taste of a broth made from the burnt feathers of a chicken.

We walked up to the Old Schloss, climbed to the roof where we found a spy-glass. It was a grand view, overlooking the town, with the Black Forest on one side, and the Rhine, winding through a fertile plain on the other.

In the evening there was music in the pretty concert room—a classical program well rendered. It was a brilliant assemblage gathered there from all quarters of the globe. Most of the ladies were in full dress. Many were beautiful and one so superbly beautiful that she was the cynosure of all eyes. Exquisitely gowned and wearing diamonds that would have ransomed a King. When she was in sight we could do nothing but stare at her as everyone else did. Her companion was a distinguished looking man and as they strolled through the rooms during the intermission they were apparently all unconscious of the sensation they created.

After the concert was over we fell in with some English people, and asked if they could tell us anything about the couple that attracted so much attention.

Yes, they were Rumanians, on their wedding journey—they were immensely wealthy—the lady spoke five languages fluently, had

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a beautiful voice, was grace personified when she danced, and drove a four-in-hand.

At Baden Baden we were in close touch with that famous Black Forest of which we had read and heard so much. How we longed to tramp through it for weeks with knapsacks on our backs. *That* we could not do, but we might have a few hours' ramble in it, and we did.

The entrance to the Forest was but a few hundred feet from the Cursaal. There was a broad walk for perhaps two miles, and several picturesque old women, each with a broom and basket, were sweeping and picking up. They all gave us a friendly greeting and in exchange for some small coin, a curtesy and a blessing.

At the end of the broad walk narrow winding paths diverged in all directions and on those paths we felt the influence of the beautiful Black Forest. There was no underbrush, no dead or broken branches. The splendid fir trees grew so close together that the shade was dense and gave the dark woods an air of mystery, that made walking on and on to explore them such fascinating work, that we had a race to get back for lunch at the Hotel de l' Europe, and a train to Heidelberg.

The valley of the Neckar was very beautiful as we travelled through it that August day. In large fields the ripening grain was thickly dotted with blue corn-flowers and blood-red poppies. The brilliant flowers had shot up for sun and light and waving in the breeze with the tawny-colored spikes of grain made a lovely picture.

The streets of Heidelberg were quiet streets for the University was closed and the students away. The old Castle high above the town was an object of delight and interest. Roofless and overgrown with ivy; square and immense, with solid walls and two picturesque towers varying in style and height it was indeed an impressive piece of architecture. The view from the terrace and garden was extended and beautiful. In the vast cellars we saw the famous Heidelberg Ton that held over 50,000 gallons.

We walked two miles through a lovely valley to the Wolf's Brunnen—an abundant spring that fed a fish pond—and a favorite student resort. There we found a picturesque Inn that made a specialty of cooking trout. We had a delicious supper served by two very pretty girls.

Near our excellent, moderate priced Prince Charles Hotel was an interesting church, divided in the middle by a partition for the

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entire length, where, on their respective sides Protestant and Catholic services were held.

Our few hours in Hombourg two months before had left such a pleasant memory that we decided to go there for a weeks stay and drink the cold, sparkling, saline waters that we had enjoyed so much.

It gave us a thrill of pleasure to learn upon arrival that Patti was in Hombourg and singing in opera twice a week. We heard her in Traviata and Rigoletto. The support was indifferent but that did not count. It was Patti that enraptured everyone. Patti encored and applauded wildly. Patti with flowers showered upon her for every aria she sung. Patti, a beautiful, bewitching creature with a glorious voice that she used with the ease of a bird. Sitting on the terrace, strolling in the grounds or at the springs, Patti was always surrounded by a crowd of admirers.

I took no interest in the gambling rooms since I was not allowed to play and make a fortune, but we did stroll in one day and saw Patti there. Before her was a big pile of gold and bills that she had won, evidently enough to satisfy the diva, for just as we discovered her, she rose from the chair and her husband, the Marquis de Caux, standing near, gathered up the money and they went away.

After a delightful week in Hombourg we returned to Paris, gay, beautiful Paris! How busy we were, seeing, re-seeing, admiring and enjoying!

We walked in the arcades of the Palais Royal when a military band played in the garden; we loitered in the Rue de la Paix before the shop windows of jewellers, picking out from the glittering mass what each would like to give the other could we but afford it; we made excursions to the delightful suburbs; we wandered through the shaded avenues of Pere Lachaise, that vast city of the dead, hunting up all the beautiful and celebrated monuments.

We went repeatedly to the Theatre Francais. It was a rare treat to see such finished and powerful acting, and to hear the French language so beautifully spoken with such clearness and distinctness that we could understand every word.

The splendid Opera House was in process of construction, and operas were given in a theater called the Academie Imperiale de Musique, where we heard the Huguenots; there were no celebrated singers but the choruses were fine and the ballet gorgeous.

The great markets—the Halles Centrales—planned to cover an area of twenty-two acres were about a quarter finished. We made many visits to the attractive pavilions to see the great exhibit that

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supplied Paris with food. Frequently we joined the throng walking up the Avenue Champs Elysées to see the sumptuous equipages going to and coming from the Bois, where we too, often drove—our cab was shabby, the horse and driver were shabby, but the fare was low, and that concerned us most.

On returning to Paris we had gone to a small hotel that had been recommended to you. It was conveniently located, within a stones throw of the Boulevard des Italiens, the rooms were moderate in price and the cuisine excellent. On the second day you said you had ordered dinner served in our room.

"Don't you feel well?" I asked with concern.

"Perfectly well," you answered with a smile, and then I noticed the little air of mystery with which you were wont to surround yourself when some surprise or unusual happening was being prepared. Oh! that little air of mystery, how it always set me guessing!

After the soup was eaten and the entrée served you had the chicken and salad, cheese and whatever sweet there happened to be put upon a service table. Then the waiter was dismissed and soon the air of mystery was accounted for. You retired the *vin ordinaire* ordered with the dinner and produced a small bottle, remarking that while you wished to taste the best of the Chateau wines the hotels and restaurants charged such extortionate prices that you could not and would not pay them.

That was the first of the jolliest and merriest of dinners covering a period of two weeks during which time you gratified your curiosity about the highest grade of chateau wines, sauterne and champagne; and when *I talked of the boquet* how heartily you would laugh at the idea of setting myself up as a connoisseur in wine. When dinner was over we strolled on the Boulevard where you took a small cup of coffee and I an ice at one of the little tables on the sidewalk, and so ended one busy, happy day after another.

September 14 we went to Calais, crossed the rough, choppy Channel to Dover and returned to London, going as formerly, to the Westminster Palace Hotel.

The morning after, we wondered if by any chance our old housekeeping quarters might be vacant and went to enquire. Mrs. W. was delighted to see us—our apartment was rented for the winter but would not be occupied for a month. We took possession at once and went marketing before returning to the hotel.

It did seem good to sit down again to our very own table and a perfectly cooked home dinner, you carving the birds, and the same

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little slavey—of the expansive smile and bobbing curtesy—waiting upon us; and when the little slavey set a gooseberry tart before me—kindly provided by Mrs. W. who remembered all the things we liked, our cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

After the brightness of Paris, the atmosphere of smoke-be-grimed London seemed dull and gray, but we were glad to be back.

The parks were a delight. In November they had been chill, leafless and wintry—now they were fresh and green as midsummer; animated and so extensive, that without a break, from one to another, in the very heart of London, we could walk—if we were so minded—a distance of nearly five miles.

After a week in London, in response to repeated invitations, we went to Somersetshire to visit your Mother's Brother—a handsome, intelligent, lovable man, whose home in the Vale of Taunton stood in the midst of picturesque and beautiful scenery.

The arrival of *the American Cousins* was quite an event in the monotonous every day life of the family circle. Of five children four were married—two living at a considerable distance. They all came to welcome us, and each claimed some part of our time. The youngest, a daughter of twenty, was still at home. Jennie, our Cousin Jennie!

They were a fine-looking, well-informed, agreeable lot of people—all dark, with olive complexions, black eyes and hair.

Almost the first words Cousin Jennie said to me were, "I am so glad you are fair—if you had been dark as we all are, I shouldn't have cared for you at all."

Jennie was the housekeeper, her Mother being in delicate health, and the running of the ménage during our stay we studied with interest and curiosity. A trim efficient housemaid at twenty pounds—an excellent cook at twenty-five pounds.

What wages!—for a years faithful first-class service! One hundred, and one hundred and twenty-five dollars respectively.

There was also a young scullery maid—we could never get Jennie to tell us the amount of her pay. She was plump and red-cheeked—very curious about us; but running to cover like a young, frightened rabbit whenever she thought we were observing her. In addition to these, a very tall gardener, who also acted as groom, completed the staff.

At our first dinner, when your Uncle served us from the immense roast of beef, he asked if he should help us to broiled mushrooms—

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a dish of which stood beside him—remarking that many people were afraid to eat them. They were perfectly delicious, and upon expressing our fondness for them and that we were always ready to take the chances, Jennie said, "Then perhaps you will go with me tomorrow morning to gather some." We gladly assented, and next morning she bustled into the library with, "Now if the American Cousins want to gather mushrooms, I am ready."

We followed her to a back porch upon which were ranged a long row of pattens. Frequent showers and heavy dews kept the luxuriant English grass very wet and unless heavily shod every one put on a pair of those quaint looking things before walking over it.

You thought you could get along without them. Cousin Jennie looked critically at your shoes. "Fairly heavy soles" she said, "but the uppers would be drenched in no time—put on the pattens or stay home."

We all laughed, slipped our feet in pattens and each with a basket started for the pastures. Mushrooms were plentiful—button and open—and we soon had all we needed, then we rambled along the interesting hedgerows. They were bright with the coral-red fruit of the hawthorn and seed vessels of the dog-rose—the hips and haws of English hedges. We found wild, prickly gooseberries and belated blackberries and quantities of sloes—a mouth-puckering wild plum that Jennie said lost their sourness after the first frost, and were then gathered, making a delicious jelly.

We were both in among the brambles and thorns when we heard, near us, the song of a bird and looking, saw a skylark rising from the ground. Singing and circling in the air, up and up that darling bird flew. We watched until he became a tiny speck, then vanished from our sight, while yet, clearly and distinctly we heard the music from that little throat.

How perfectly delighted we were, Dear! We had not hoped to hear the skylark's song—we thought the season too far advanced, but Jennie said when the weather was warm the birds remained until the end of October. Jennie seemed rather amused at our enthusiasm over a skylark and said if one gave us so much pleasure we better get up at sunrise when we might hear dozens of them. We compromised by walking along the pleasant lanes at sunset,—hearing the dear birds sing and keeping our eyes on one after another until it disappeared in the blue ether. And oh, those Somersetshire lanes, how lovely they were! Larks in the sky, linnets twittering in the hedges and blackbirds singing in the tree tops!

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On the last evening of our stay Jennie said to me, "Before you go away, please play your National air, Yankee Doodle, for me. Every one of the family—even Mother—has heard it played by a band, but I have never been so fortunate."

After you and I had teased and bantered her for calling Yankee Doodle our National air and her Father had chided her for *betraying such inexcusable ignorance*, we went to an adjoining room and I played the air a few times. Jennie soon caught it and I returned to the library, but Jennie did not leave the piano until—to her great delight—she played Yankee Doodle with all kinds of flourishes and brilliant variations.

Your Uncle drove us twenty miles to the home of a daughter—Jennie going with us *to be as long as possible with the American Cousins*. After lunch the good-bys were said, regretfully on both sides.

The following day the cousins drove us to Wells—fifteen miles away—that we might see the beautiful Gothic Cathedral there; then fifteen miles farther to the home of the eldest son. They all had attractive homes, and all lived in the same comfortable, substantial way.

The luxury of game preserves on his place was enjoyed by this last member of the family that we visited, and in anticipation of our coming he had shot two brace of pheasants arranging that the plumage should be kept for me in case I cared for it. I did care for it very much and the long, graceful, soft-colored tail feathers of pheasants adorned for many years a succession of my second best hats.

The birds when served at table did not compare with those of a London poulterer. The cousin's explanation that *they had not hung long enough* was probably the reason.

The following day we drove to a railroad station, making a long detour that we might see, what our cousins thought, the most beautiful scenery thereabouts. To us, it was all beautiful! exquisitely beautiful, that rural England through which we drove in those golden September days! Bands of sheep and herds of cattle in the sweet, dewy pastures, where cowslips grew, and well trimmed hedges marked the boundaries—small streams fringed with trees and crossed by substantial stone bridges—neat, cosy, thatched cottages with blooming flowers around them—gray, ivy-covered churches standing in the midst of pretty hamlets—stately, ancestral homes with great stretches of park where deer roamed on the velvety turf—grown people and children walking on the pleasant foot paths—along the

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highway, through meadows and beside the streams—crossing hedges and walls by romantic looking stiles—birds darting hither and thither—cawing rooks, and now and then above the sound of talk, of rolling wheels and the clatter of horses feet, a skylark's song! And we! happy, eager and alert, drinking in the loveliness of it all!

A two hours' journey by rail carried us to the town of Frome. There, in a very attractive suburb lived a cousin who belonged to an older branch of the family. Her husband was Scotch—his birthplace Glasgow. They were elderly!—they were delightful!—they were adorable. Their two children lived so far away that it was impossible to meet often and only the long vacations brought visits from the grandsons at Oxford. But they were happy in each other and contented within themselves—charitable, warm-hearted and active in kindly help among the poor of the town.

They had a lovely, picturesque home of gray stone, with an oriel window that was a thing of beauty without and within. How glad—childishly glad—I was, when I found that lovely window in the room we were to occupy.

The garden was full of old-fashioned flowers and high up near the roof against a gray gable, great clusters of crimson rambler roses hung from a sturdy vine.

We went to that charming home for a day and remained a week. We took long drives—we took long walks and had long talks on all manner of subjects. Dear Mr. K. wondered how you had the courage to undertake a years travel in Europe, *with a wife*, on so limited a capital, and you wondered how Mr. K. had the courage to trust all his comfortable fortune in one investment—that you would be nervous to feel that *you were carrying all your eggs in one basket*. I can still hear that pleasant voice with the delightful Scotch burr, as he replied, "Why, my dear John, the Bank of the City of Glasgow is as safe and sound as the Bank of England."

Every night at ten o'clock a trim, pretty maid brought in a decanter, sugar, lemons and a kettle of boiling water—then Mr. K. took from the sideboard a loving cup of Doulton ware, with the quaintest of decorations, in which he made a mild brew, and we sat before the glowing coals, passing the cup from one to another until the last drop was drained. Those evening talks were always merry. Mr. K. was an excellent raconteur and had an inexhaustible fund of amusing anecdotes and stories of Scottish life.

When we were leaving for London the loving cup was given us as a souvenir of our visit. How we did prize that cup! We carried

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it carefully to London and safely across the ocean—safely too, across the continent to San Francisco. For two weeks in its new home, it had gladdened our eyes whenever we looked upon it and then a maid, who had been instructed never to touch the cup, broke it into fragments.

A few years after that delightful visit the Bank of the City of Glasgow failed calamitously. At that time limited liability did not apply to banks and our dear, worthy, noble friend lost his entire fortune—gave up his home, his horse and carriage and everything he possessed to the creditors of the bank and yet remained heavily, hopelessly in debt. They did not leave the home where they had been so happy—their children arranged that those beloved parents should not be disturbed—they provided them with the comforts and luxuries to which they had been accustomed and never left them alone; but the blow had been too heavy to bear!

An Act of Parliament was passed for the relief of shareholders completely ruined by the disaster but it came too late! In less than two years the happy, helpful, beautiful lives were ended, and two loving, tender, broken hearts were at rest beneath the churchyard sod!

Back in London we began at once to make preparations for returning to our native land. Shopping and *having things made* took up considerable time—the rest we gave to pictures and the parks.

October 15 we said good-by to kind Mrs. W. and the little slavey and went to Liverpool.

We got a vague idea of the enormous docks with their fifteen miles of quays, saw the many fine public buildings and on the 17th sailed on the Steamer *Abysinnia* for New York, our year in Europe a thing of the past.

"Should we ever go again? ever repeat the delightful experience?" I asked—I wondered.

"That we could never do," you answered. "There could be *only one first time*. A second draught of Old World flavor would be a diluted draught."

I was not sure of that, except perhaps, in Cathedrals. The first great Cathedral we saw was that of Cologne and I did admit that the thrill, the catch of the breath, the wonder and awe I felt when I beheld the glory and majesty of that interior were never quite repeated.

"Which goes to prove," you argued, "that there can be only one first time."

I was no better a sailor than in going over and the eleven days

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of the voyage were mostly miserable days for me. The crisp, bright autumn weather tempted us to remain for several weeks in the City before going to our old home in Central New York where we remained through the winter and in the spring returned to California.

We had left a white World buried deep in snow and the contrast when we reached the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains warmed the very cockles of our hearts. Exquisite verdure—fruit trees in blossom—wild flowers on every side. A glorious riot of color called into being by a California spring.

March 20, 1872, we were back in San Francisco.



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PART FOUR

AFTER the first excitement of return to the old familiar scenes had worn away, and we had met all the intimate friends, we began to count the cost.

Like the sun-dial I have marked only shining hours! To those must now be added a long period of stress and strain. The expense of our European trip had far exceeded your estimate. Business was dull, and the practise of law sympathized with the general commercial depression; and in a matter where you had looked for profit, you had met disappointment and loss.

Speculation in mining stocks was common. Many people that we knew, eagerly watched the quotations of the stock markets from day to day, and we heard a great deal of talk about *prospects* and *indications* in this mine and that.

One day you came home with ten shares of Crown Point that was selling so low, you were tempted to buy, particularly, you explained, as the assessments for developing the mine were not heavy.

When we went to Europe you left the stock and a special power of attorney with an intimate friend, instructing him to act as though the shares were his own. For many months he paid assessments until one day, hearing an unfavorable report of the mine, he sold the stock for a few dollars a share. There were but two assessments levied after that. A large body of high grade ore was uncovered and at once the stock went up. Higher and higher, until two months after our return to San Francisco it sold for nearly \$2,000 a share. It was trying; it was disappointing; to me it was maddening, and how you could take a philosophical view of the transaction was beyond my comprehension. I was outspoken in my criticism and censure of your friend; I argued that *you* would at least have kept part of the stock, and sold that perhaps for the highest price.

Oh no! you said, there would have been no possibility of that, as the blind gods of chance had never shown you any favor. You might have made a few thousand dollars which would have been very acceptable; or you might have sold the stock as T. did; he acted on his best judgment and you had no complaint to make. It was certainly a disappointment, but could not be helped.

For once, our point of view was wide apart as the poles. I took the highest figure the stock reached, multiplied it by ten, and insisted *that* was the amount of your loss, and no argument or reasoning could convince me otherwise.

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Your friend felt that he had managed his trust badly, and wondered that no word of reproach ever fell from your lips; he said if you would call him a blunderhead and give him a good blowing up he should feel better. For a long time he knew he was under the ban of my displeasure but by degrees the soreness wore away, the *entente cordiale* was restored, and he came frequently as ever for a little evening visit with us; but I gave him many a pin prick by talking of things we might have had or done, if we had not lost that fortune in Crown Point.

In after years I realized and understood more fully how fair and sensible and generous you had been in judgment of your friend; how brave in meeting loss where you had hoped for gain, and thought then as I do now—laying down my pen the while, to go over it all—how patient you were with me, for well you knew, Dear Heart of mine, that my regret was keen because fortune had not been kind to you.

All through the summer, business was depressingly dull, and although when alone with me, or in the company of friends you always seemed cheerful, the quick eyes of affection looked beneath the surface, and I knew that all was not well. The winter passed; spring came and went. As summer approached I noticed with ever increasing anxiety that I never heard you laugh and seldom saw you smile; that your step was slow; your appetite capricious and your spirits at the lowest ebb. When I questioned you, you admitted that *you did not feel well but everyone must expect indisposition at times and there was no cause for alarm.*

We had planned a camping expedition with friends, and *soon as we were in the country you would feel better.* The day came for the party to start. We were to number six, but you were not well enough to go, and we insisted the four should not delay their departure; *we would join them by the time they had the camp nicely running.* Two days later *you thought you would not get up—perhaps a days rest in bed might do you good.* Oh! what a pang those words gave me! spoken in so low a tone and in such a patient, pathetic way! I sent in haste for Dr. McM. "Typhoid fever, without a doubt," he said. My blood ran cold from fear and fright!

The disease developed rapidly. For three weeks I watched day and night beside your bed, with one prayer always in my heart and on my lips. You were very, very ill, but the crisis was safely passed; your precious life was spared and my prayer answered. Then came convalescence. Ah me! the memories of that blessed, blissful time!

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with you constantly clamoring for something to eat, and I so glad and thankful, yet never forgetting the Doctor's warning! What wrangles we had, Dear, over your food, you calling me a tyrant, a cruel, heartless tyrant, destitute of kindness, of sympathy and of pity! and never giving you half enough to satisfy your appetite.

Soon as you were able to bear the fatigue of travel we went to the Big Tree Grove of Calaveras County. That part of the journey taken in a clumsy stage coach that seemed minus of springs was trying to both of us. *You*, weakened by long and serious illness, *I*, by my protracted vigil and anxiety, yet strange to say, jolting over the rough road through intense heat and suffocating dust did not harm either of us.

When we reached our destination we found a pleasant house with a large porch upon which all the visitors were assembled to see the arrival of the stage. Oh! how glad we were to rest, and how sweet the mountain air was!

Surveying our new surroundings next morning the porch and the rocking chairs did not appeal to us. We wanted none of that. We wanted a bowery retreat all to ourselves with *solitude a deux*. We went to the grove and chose our location. We constructed a kind of couch with the head resting against the trunk of a magnificent tree; on this framework of boughs we piled layer after layer of the tender ends of fir tree branches. We worked diligently for two entire days.

Directly after breakfast of the third day, with a small book—Select Poems of Wordsworth—we went to take possession. How pleased we were with our handiwork! We sat down upon the soft, yielding, fragrant mass that gave so delightfully to the pressure of our bodies. Here we would rest! Here we would read and talk and breathe the dry, pure, health-giving air! We felt a real compassion for the people rocking on the porch when by a little labor they might recline on such a couch.

As you opened your book you brushed a big, black ant from your hand, while I brushed another from your sleeve; then you brushed two from the back of my neck, one of which had bitten me viciously. We looked around. Ants were crawling up and down the trunk of the tree—ants were crawling by hundreds through our pretty, green mesh-work of twigs—the biggest, blackest, wickedest-looking ants! We knew at once there was no use in putting up a fight against such numbers. Disappointed and disgusted we walked

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back to the house. We found two vacant chairs on the porch and sat down to rock and meditate!!

In a few days we began to take short walks, extending them gradually as I deemed prudent, and oh! my Beloved! what thankfulness! what joy unutterable took possession of all my heart and soul to see each day the change in you! To see the return of so much that I had sadly missed! Elasticity in your step; the cheerful, resonant ring in your voice; the alert, happy light in your eyes. Your strength returned in leaps and bounds. Hope came back! Courage came back! and Heaven opened before me once again! a very material Heaven, to be sure, but one in which I dwelt ever blissfully! At the end of a month we returned to the City, you, with the strength of a Sampson, you declared.

For twenty years you worked steadily. In that time the vicissitudes of life did not pass us by. You had disappointments and vexations and trials and perplexities to overcome. Whatever affected you affected me, so life was not always *couleur de rose*; but taken all together they were happy years. The days of sunshine when we lived in sweet content; at peace with the World and in the full enjoyment of all we held most dear, outnumbered an hundred to one the days when shadows fell.

We had a large circle of friends and acquaintances and San Francisco with a smaller population; San Francisco with wind and dust and fog and old wooden sidewalks was a sociable, friendly, delightful place in which to live! When we walked on the business streets you exchanged bows with half the men we met, and to stroll in the limited shopping district was to meet nearly every one we knew. Golden Gate Park was a dream of the future and the Cliff House Road the only drive. It was a lively road, particularly on Saturday afternoons and when we could get our favorite horse, dapple-gray "Archie" we enjoyed the ride and the animation.

Where the large down-town apartment houses now stand there were pleasant homes and smiling gardens, and Chinamen with pig-tails hanging down their backs went from house to house supplying fruit and vegetables from baskets that dangled, one on each end of a bamboo pole across their shoulders. What familiar figures they were on the streets and hills.

We had our short seasons of Grand Opera and we had Symphony Concerts and in the latter part of that first decade we had in the stock company of the California Theater a talented group of

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actors and actresses, every one of whom left San Francisco as a star, to shine in the theatrical firmament of Eastern cities.

And we had frequent visits from Negro Minstrels,—those mirth-provoking burnt cork artists that now we never see nor hear. More's the pity!

During those years of work no two school children ever looked forward to summer vacations or little excursions more eagerly than we did. In the early period of that time whenever you went out of town on business for more than a day you took me along—once under most unusual circumstances.

I was at a lunch party. While we were at table a maid whispered to the hostess who excused herself and left us, returning soon for me and laughing said, "You need not be alarmed." In the living room I found you. Unexpectedly called to Sonoma on business that would keep you two or three days, you had put the things I should need for the night in your bag and stopped for me.

"But I cannot go in this gown," I said.

"I have your linen duster," you answered, "for we shall have a long, dusty ride—there is no time to go home to change your dress."

Turning to my hostess, I asked, "Would it be quite right and proper for me to leave you and go?" "Right and proper," she said, "I would give the World to have my husband carry me off in such a way." A carriage was at the door to take us to the boat. I went, and what a good time we did have! For fear of spoiling my best gown I wore my linen duster every day from morning until night.

Every three or four years we crossed the continent to spend your leisure with our relatives in New York. Most of the time in the old Central New York home; the remainder in the city with a brother and sister.

One summer we spent your vacation in going to Alaska, and what ideal voyaging it was, that smooth channel between the main land and a chain of islands, getting only once on the long voyage the swell of the Pacific ocean that stretched away blue and smooth to the horizon.

The scenery was magnificent! The lofty peaks and snow-clad mountain ranges, the stupendous cliffs, the lovely, feathery cascades tumbling down the mountain sides, the dense forests of noble trees, the glimpses of grand fjords as we threaded our way through charming inlets, with shores so near on either side that we could often see the blue and pink of flowers, but never close enough to determine their form.

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Only an occasional blot on nature's beautiful handiwork for forestry was unknown and conservation not yet thought of, and we saw miles and miles of blackened stumps where stately forests had been turned into scenes of desolation in the first process of clearing the land.

Going ashore we always hailed with delight. The villages were full of interest. The natives and their abodes, the totem poles crowned with an animal, and many carved their entire length, the shops where furs and skins were sold and the Indian women and girls weaving baskets. Many of the old women were hideous with enormously distended cheeks. How we pitied them, thinking they suffered from toothache, until we saw them drawing long strands from their mouths where they were kept moist and supple till needed in their work.

We stopped at Douglas Island where an immense stamping mill was crushing ore with deafening noise. Picturesque Sitka with a mountain-locked harbor studded with islands was the limit of our voyage, and after the confinement on the Steamer the long walk up Indian River trail was a delightful experience.

How we enjoyed those long June days in that Northern land! The sun disappeared for a few hours but there was no night, and it was our rare good fortune to have clear, cloudless skies in a proverbially rainy region; we had two or three light showers but the little bundle containing our Mackintosh coats and rubber shoes was never opened.

On our homeward voyage we saw the Muir Glacier—a stream of ice three miles in width varying in height above the water from 100 to 300 feet and stretching away far as the eye could reach. From the main body, masses of ice were frequently detached with a sound like thunder, sending the rainbow colored spray hundreds of feet in the air as the new iceberg of exquisite blue floated gracefully into the Bay or sank beneath the water.

On the pinnaced, splintered crystal wall of the Glacier iridescent hues were constantly at play with an effect of indescribable beauty. About the Bay snow-crowned mountains towered skyward completing a spectacle of wonderful beauty and grandeur. We went ashore, walked over the moraine and on the Glacier until we reached a crevasse down which we peered.

In going to Alaska we had chosen the old wooden ship Mexico in preference to the Queen, because the Mexico took several more days for the trip and went where the Queen could not or did not go.

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As we were steaming out of the Bay we ran upon a submerged iceberg and stuck fast. In the ship's effort to free herself the berg played havoc with the wooden hull and immense pieces of splintered wood drifted from our enforced anchorage. The situation was rather disquieting but only one passenger felt alarm—a timid man from Los Angeles begged the Captain to send him ashore, offering to pay well for the service. In time the Captain got his craft afloat and we made our home port where the Mexico underwent repairs, but the good, old ship had been on her last, long voyage.

When we did not leave the State our vacations were taken in the mountains of California! what memories those words recall, of glorious days when we tramped over steep trails; or walked for miles on an old abandoned wagon road; or followed the margin of a clear, singing, rapid stream, carrying creel and rod; letting our flies float down the riffles and whipping the pools; filling our drinking cup from springs of deliciously cold water; eating our lunch in the grateful shade of a tree while the whispering leaves overhead and the sound of running water made music in the sweet wood-scented air; counting our catch; telling the difficulty of landing this one or that; laughing at each other over "the one that got away"—so much larger than any that were caught—and when we were rested, on with our work until the long shadows warned us that it was time to turn our faces homeward. Ah me! what comrades we were! and I do believe, Dear Heart of mine, that some of the very happiest days of our lives were spent amid the beauties of the mountains we so loved! The mountains of California!

When the winter was unusually cold and damp, we went to bask for a time in the hot sun of the citrus belt, but in spite of these changes, there were long months of continuous grind, and in time the leaven of unrest began to work in us.

Many a morning as you said good-by you quoted Sir Walter Scott's remark about himself, "No man ever hated task-work as I do." We talked more frequently about Europe and the record of my ever ready pencil was brought to light; we lived over those happy days, recalling one incident after another, glad to find that "the evergreen tree of memory had not lost its glossy leaves."

The confinement of the court-room was telling seriously upon your health, and we decided that when your term of office expired you should be free. Your intimate friends advised rest, and keeping on with your work; they argued that you had not reached the age

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when you were justified in giving up, and urged you to abandon your decision; but you had fully made up your mind.

True, we had only a modest fortune to retire upon, but neither of us had extravagant tastes and we knew that if ever the necessity arose we could settle down to a very simple life and be happy in it. We could even deny ourselves—we laughingly told each other—what Mary Lamb said her brother Charles would not, “The pleasure of eating strawberries before they were quite common, and peas while they were yet dear.”

The interest, the warm-hearted expressions of friendship, and regrets at our going away resolved themselves into a priceless memory that we cherished forever; as we did the generous welcome always given us upon our return; and to me personally, the spoken and written tributes to your work, your worth, and your character, were a source of unbounded and undisguised pride and gratification.

February 26, 1893, we sailed from San Diego for Panama. We went ashore at several Mexican ports, finding cities and a people decidedly and delightfully foreign. Crossing the Isthmus we were interested in the great mass of costly and powerful machinery strewn about and abandoned to the elements; machinery provided by the French Government for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, under the direction of that brilliant man, diplomat and engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps.



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PART FIVE

WE spent two months in New York, the summer in our Central New York home and September second, 1893, sailed for Liverpool on the 12,000 ton S. S. Campania of the Cunard line—such a contrast to the plain, staunch little 3600 ton Steamer Algeria on which we first crossed the ocean.

To be traveling again was a delight to us both! Your health had improved so soon as you were free from “task-work” and confinement within doors; you were in fine spirits; time was our own to spend it as we would; but we little dreamed what wanderers we were henceforth to be, and that we had commenced twenty years of a life in which we were both perfectly happy; a free-and-easy, *dolce far niente* life; following “the primrose path of dalliance;” going wherever fancy led and remaining until the spirit moved us to make a change; years in which we made six several visits to Europe never staying more than two years nor less than one; calling ourselves nomads and vagabonds; declaring that *when this trip was over we would settle down*, and then deciding to go *just once more*; weaving a shuttle’s path across the continent and between New York and European ports.

Ah me! those years of close and constant companionship! I thank God for those blessed years and their precious memories “pressed in my heart like flowers within a book!”

In going to and returning from Europe, we always spent several months with relatives in New York, calling the Empire state our half-way house, lying as it did, midway between Europe and San Francisco. We enjoyed the large, gay City immensely, and the old home in summer with fruit in the orchard, roses in the garden, and glorious views in every direction was almost ideal.

Looking South we saw the Catskill mountains and looking North the Adirondack mountains, both delightful and easily reached, and sometimes in answer to their call we ran away for a while; or we would go to nearby Saratoga Springs to drink the cold, effervescing waters; or to Cooperstown for a sail on Otsego Lake, the “Glimmer-glass” of Cooper, and so went the pleasant, happy days of our stay.

We found two San Francisco acquaintances on the Campania who were going direct to Paris, but hearing what we had planned, gladly acted upon the suggestion that they should join us, instead.

We went from Liverpool to Windemere and drove leisurely through the English Lake District. We were a merry party, full of enthusiasm, taking the keenest interest and enjoyment in the pictur-

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esque region. The mountains were low, the lakes small; not many views were grand, but it was all beautiful and charmingly diversified.

To us personally it was the "Wordsworth Country" and Wordsworth had long been one of our favorite poets. Passing Ambleside, we came to Rydal, where we left the carriage, walked up a steep road to Rydal Mount and looked down upon the tree-embowered house in which Wordsworth lived for over thirty years, and where he died.

At the pretty village of Grasmere we saw the plain, extremely small stone cottage that was for eight years the home of the poet and his sister Dorothy. That child of Nature! charming, gifted Dorothy Wordsworth!

We passed Nab Cottage on the bank of a mite of a lake, where Coleridge lived for many years on friendly, intimate terms with his neighbors, William and Dorothy Wordsworth.

At the small market town of Keswick, where both Shelley and Southey had lived, our delightful drive in that poet-haunted land came to an end. Nearby was Derentwater, the loveliest of all the lakes. From there we walked to a romantic gorge that hemmed in the Falls of Lodore, made famous by Southey's lines,

"How the water comes down at Lodore."

From the English lakes we went to Scotland—to Ayr and the land of Burns. We drove over the Brig o' Doon where Tam O'Shanter freed himself from the witches, saw the Burns Monument, looked at Alloways auld, haunted kirk, at the cottage where Burns was born and went to Mauchline Farm where Burns turned down a daisy with his plough; the "Wee, modest, crimson tipped flower."

Then we said good-by to the brigs and braes, the laverocks and country associated with Burns, and went to that, immortalized by Scott.

A small steamer carried us the length of lovely Loch Katrine. The richly wooded shores, the steep cliffs, the bold mountain peaks and the exquisite charm of Ellen's Isle—that will live forever in the Lady of the Lake—called forth from our little party exclamations of enthusiastic delight.

On top of a coach we rode through the romantic, finely wooded valley of the Trossachs. The sun of a September afternoon made perfect, Scott's picture,

"Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire."

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When we reached the Trossach's Hotel we were all shivering with cold. One of our party suggested hot lemonade *with a little stick in it*. He went to the bar and orderd hot lemonade.

The man at the bar said "*hot lemon-ade*; I never heard of it. If you will tell me how it is made I will see that you get it."

"Put some sugar and slices of lemon in a glass and pour on hot water" was the answer.

The man at the bar smiled a supercilious smile, saying "*Why what you want is four glasses of hot lemon squash.*"

It was good and it was hot; we clambered back on the coach and rode in comfort to Callander, where we took the train for Stirling.

Stirling Castle, ancient and picturesque, situated on a lofty height overlooking the town interested us immensely. From a wind-swept terrace of the Upper Court we had a magnificent view of the mountains, water, and an extended plain, embracing the battlefield of Bannockburn.

From Stirling we went to Edinburgh and the jovial days of our little excursion ended. There our friends left us, speeding away in the night on the "Flying Scotchman."

We were delighted with Edinburgh. Princes Street with the beautiful Scott Monument, the pretty gardens and general animation was an adorable street; the National Gallery was full of fine pictures and particularly rich in lovely portraits; the old Castle, with draw-bridge, moat and portcullis, high above the City was our objective point at sunset, where we enjoyed a view of the City, the Firth of Forth and the Highlands, and watched the change of Guard to the music of bagpipes—that weird music so captivating to us both that we followed, block after block, every stray piper we fell in with.

We strolled through the narrow passage-ways of the quaint "Old Town" between houses twelve stories high; went to Holyrood Palace and saw the gloomy rooms Mary, Queen of Scots, occupied.

From Edinburgh we went to that beautiful, romantic ruin, Melrose Abbey; admired the lovely East window described by Scott in the Lay of the last Minstrel; then to Abbotsford, a stately house on a broad lawn stretching down to the river Tweed—were shown Sir Walter's study and several rooms used by him all full of interesting things, and from Abbotsford to Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott and Lockhart rest.

We spent October in dear, grimy, familiar old London, Novem-

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ber in "gay Paree," leaving there on December first for the Riviera. In the country men were plowing with oxen in teams of four or six—they were all drabby-white in color, making a succession of Rosa Bonheur pictures.

We stopped over night at Dijon in the fertile plain of Burgundy. In the old part of the town we saw many quaint houses, a fine Cathedral and an old church with beautiful facade—one of the turrets held a clock, the hours of which were struck by two bizarre figures. We were familiar with the excellent mustard made in Dijon but of the delicious honey cake we had never heard.

Marseilles, the busy seaport, gave us a pleasanter reception than on our former visit. We saw the harbors, the steep, dark, narrow streets of the old town where the sea-faring people lived, the fine houses on the Prado, the villas on the famous Rue Cannabière, had a fine view from the hill crowned by the church Notre Dame de la Garde, and on the esplanade sat under a large umbrella on the sidewalk and ate bouillabasse, looking the while across the blue water to Chateau d'If on a nearby island, and talking of Duma's Count of Monte Cristo.

From Marseilles to Nice, and by a fortunate chance we went to a small, family hotel owned and managed by a warm-hearted, delightful French lady who took great pride in the excellence of her cuisine, and in making her guests so comfortable and contented that they willingly dispensed with the modern improvements found in most houses. The house faced full South on a large garden of palm and orange trees with beds of old fashioned flowers and great bunches of lavender, the stems of which went to the closet where bed linen was kept.

We were given a good sized room with two large, sunny windows looking on the garden. The room was comfortably furnished and prints of famous French beauties hung on the walls; a heavy red cord with a tassel on the end was a conspicuous object; it connected with a bell in the hall and was the medium through which we summoned a servant. A reading lamp full of olive oil was on the table and large candles—bougies—on the mantle and dressing table, only the ground floor (dining room and salons) being lighted by gas.

It was near the close of day, when a chill comes in all semi-tropical climates and Madame ordered a fire. After it was lighted the *garçon* brought in two baskets that he placed on either side of the grate that we might do our own replenishing. One basket contained pine cones, the other oak wood.

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After an excellent dinner we were introduced to the permanent winter colony of the house. A half dozen expatriated Americans, mothers and daughters, cultured and agreeable, going back to Boston, their home city, so seldom that when there they felt like strangers in a strange land. Two retired British officers, both of whom had seen service in India. A Scotch lady and her son. Two French couples from Northern France. A German Baron and Baroness located, then and ever after, in the room adjoining ours. A delightful set of people of varied and interesting experience with whom we were soon on pleasant and familiar terms.

When we went to our room, we put out the lights and sat for a long time before the grate, feeding the fire with resinous pine cones that gave out a delicious fragrance. We felt very happy, and that "our lines had fallen in pleasant places," but with no thought that in the years to come we would spend from three to four months of eight winter seasons in that house; the room in which we sat a welcome home, where we rested from travel, were content and happy.

As the season advanced the house became more and more cosmopolitan, and the people from strange countries with unpronounceable names interested us greatly. Many Russians, the ladies beautifully gowned and inveterate smokers of cigarettes; a large contingent from the Balkan States "that Motherland of wars" and beautiful women, if we could judge from those we saw; visitors from every part of the civilized World, including a goodly quota from our own native land.

The light Continental breakfast was served in the rooms, strolling musicians, mostly from Italy singing beneath the windows; many had good voices and with accompaniment of guitar or mandolin their music was often enjoyable. The dinner hour was seven-thirty o'clock and to break the long fast from luncheon, we fell into the English habit of afternoon tea, taken in our room or at one of the popular tea rooms.

On Christmas day, our hotel—as was the custom with all—gave the guests a great dinner. Choice viands were supplemented by choice wines—sauterne, claret and champagne *ad libitum* which every gentleman was in honor bound to remember when ordering from the wine card thereafter.

During the winter an occasional fancy dress or masquerade party in which every one joined would be gotten up, and on ordinary evenings there was dancing for the young set, and in the card room a good game of bridge for us.

We spent five seasons in the old-fashioned house and then re-

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turned to find that dear Madame V. had sold the establishment to an hotelier from Paris. The new proprietor had introduced what from his point of view were the requirements of modern life. Small tables in the dining room where the long tables d'hôte had stood. Pipes for steam and electricity found their way within the old walls. Our lamp and wax candles were replaced by electric lights; our red bell cord by an electric push button; but saddest of all was the arrogant radiator and the closing of the cheerful fireplace that had given us so much pleasure.

The prices under the new management were much advanced, but nothing was added to comfort. Most of the old set were still there and through their intercession we secured our old room, but for a long time we sighed for our lamp and bougies; our oak wood and our resinous pine cones.

Ah me! that friendly, familiar house! How often at an early morning hour, when as migratory birds about to wing our way to other scenes, at nearly every window of the pleasant front some one would be stationed to see us off. Then, as our carriage rolled away we would see a flutter of hands and hear in chorus, good-by, au revoir, aufwiedersehen.

The bright, little City of Nice had many attractions. The open air market and the long row of women under large, gay umbrellas surrounded by beautiful flowers in great variety and moderate in price. Every morning the place was thronged by visitors admiring and buying, and little girls with baskets on their pretty heads were carrying home the flowers ladies had bought.

In shop windows we saw lovely creations from the great couturieres of Paris; and precious stones in exquisite setting sent by the jewelers of the Rue de la Paix; and the pawnbroking establishment of Paris, the Mont-de-piété offered for sale rare and curious pieces of jewelry, heirlooms undoubtedly, lost by victims of play at Monte Carlo.

In the shop of Potin, the famous Paris grocer, we saw luxuries from all parts of the World, but nothing that compared in beauty to the pears and apples grown on espaliers in the fair land of France. In infancy the pears were encased in thin, pear-shaped glasses to protect them from bees, birds, wind and rain; and on sunny walls they grew and ripened and took on a wonderful color. Each in a nest of white cotton wool, the red cheek uppermost, they were a pretty sight. Considering the care bestowed upon them the price of ten francs each was not excessive, but we never had the courage to buy one, although

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we did treat ourselves now and then to a large apple—a rennet—at a franc and a half and found it so good that you said it was well worth the money.

The proprietor of a small flower shop that we often visited was a very wizard in horticulture. He showed us one day two bushes of white lilacs in full bloom, and a cherry tree loaded with ripe, red fruit that he was just sending to the villa of a Russian nobleman, filling an order given the previous winter. The little tree stood on a platform with castors and was to go from guest to guest at a January birthday dinner party.

The walks about Nice were many and all full of charm. Sometimes we sauntered with the fashionable crowd on the Promenade des Anglais along the sea shore, but the walks of our delight were among the encircling hills, where from summits we saw the snow-crowned Alps—going through villa gardens from one to another on and up “without let or hindrance;” but as tourist travel increased and depredations became common—I am sorry to say Americans were considered the worst offenders—the privilege was gradually narrowed until over the entrance to every villa garden the sign, “defendu d’entrer,” or “rue barrée,” met our eyes. The villas were lovely; built on classic lines; of pale-tinted stucco in colors of cream, olive or tan, with flower gardens, palms and pines and orange trees, and shining far below, the blue, sun-lit sea.

Often our path led through old olive groves, the trees of great size, and always a picturesque *Patriarch* or two with gnarled and twisted trunk that scientists said must have been planted by the Romans, when having captured the Maritime Alps they established a seat of Government at Cimiez, one of the low hills back of Nice, where the ruins of an amphitheater and baths yet remain.

Frequently we came upon the gathering of the small but abundant fruit. Men in the trees beating down the olives, women and children picking them up. One day we followed a pretty girl with her two buckets of olives to a mill, where by the most primitive process the fruit was crushed and the oil freed. From these small mills the oil was taken to refining houses and prepared for market.

Our favorite walk of all led to the heights above through the open country dotted with thickets of bay trees, myrtle, and bunches of rosemary, the ground covered with fragrant aromatic herbs—sweet thyme, sage, sweet marjoram and wild lavender. As our feet bruised and broke the dry stems and leaves, they gave out a most delightful perfume. In the spring, from those sweet blossoming plants the

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bees made the famous *miel de Nice*. The honey had a strong flavor of herbs that we were very fond of and always had it on our breakfast table.

From the time when King Carnival arrived, escorted by mounted gendarmes, bands of music and trumpeters, to the night when he was burned in the market place, his throne transformed into a funeral pile, general demoralization prevailed in Nice. The hotels were over-crowded, the natives gave themselves up to idleness, and small shops where work and repairs were done were never open.

Most of the winter habitués dreaded and detested the Carnival. The new-comers were curious, interested, or enthusiastic. I belonged to the latter class and was keen to take an active part. When I learned that the Baron, the Admiral and the Colonel had each in their first season participated, I coaxed and coaxed until you consented to go.

We left the house a merry party of twenty, every one in mask and domino. When we reached the large square where the maskers congregated we were soon separated. When I saw you again you were defending yourself against three girls who were trying to take off your mask. I was amused, but remembering how reluctantly you had come, and that you would dislike to have your mask pulled from your face, I stepped between you and your assailants saying, "Three against one is not fair play," upon which they all ran away.

You said you were glad I had come to the rescue and laughed so heartily that I was surprised and disappointed when you added,

"No more of this foolishness for me. I am going to make a bee-line for home."

I remained with the party and went with them occasionally during that and subsequent seasons when thousands of human beings, each in mask and domino made the streets and squares a scene of brightness and animation.

The Carnival procession with music and banners, particularly by torchlight, was unique and spectacular. Money prizes were large and competition keen. Floats, and masks on foot; gigantic and dwarfed; grotesque and picturesque. Many floats bore colossal figures, the heads towering thirty feet in the air; many masks single or in groups were bizarre, many laughable, many artistic; the prettiest group we ever saw consisted of twelve handsome Russians, six young men and six young women richly dressed in the picturesque skating costume of their country.

It was always a gala afternoon when the Battle of Flowers was

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on, with crowds in the streets to hear the music and see the procession—the pretty banners given as prizes and the long line of flower-laden carriages taking people to the entrance gate. There were many beautifully decorated equipages but the function was commercialized and any shabby hack with a few flowers tied here and there was admitted to the course upon payment of the entrance fee.

One glorious day we went to Cannes, where a wealthier and more exclusive set wintered, and saw the Battle of Flowers there. We secured our seats, then walked down to the beautiful bay in full view of the course. We counted forty yachts riding at anchor decorated with bright colored signals, and flags were flying from fishing boats drawn up in line along the shore.

The Admiral sent a man-of-war from the French squadron to dignify the occasion, and with the thunder of a salute, a blare of trumpets and the music of bands the battle commenced. The number of carriages was not large, but every carriage and the harness of every horse was decorated with choice flowers and bows and streamers of rich ribbon; and the lovely toilets of the ladies were in perfect harmony.

The first prize, an exquisite banner painted in water colors, was awarded to Mme. Pommery of champagne fame whose equipage was adorned profusely with orchids, Marechal Niel roses, and white lilacs. The members of the yacht club warred around a flower-built yacht that was "a thing of beauty."

For many years Queen Victoria spent a part of every winter in a Villa on Cimiez hill, and the Queen, in a pony phaeton, Princess Henry of Battenberg driving, and two small boys on low stools facing them, were familiar objects on our walks among the secluded hills of Nice.

The phaeton was often seen at a Battle of Flowers stationed where the occupants could witness the fun. On one occasion we left our seats to walk about and passing near the phaeton I threw a bunch of Marie-Louise violets in it.

"You should not have done that," you said, "there are notices that no flowers are to be thrown at the Queen."

One of the Battenberg boys picked up the violets and gave them to her Majesty. I did not get into trouble and we had the pleasure of seeing the Queen inhale the fragrance of my violets with evident satisfaction.

In the latter years of our visits to Nice, horses and carriages

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were mostly supplanted by automobiles in the Battle of Flowers, and aviators circled overhead, dropping flowers on the course.

In January, 1894, an American squadron came to Mediterranean waters. The families of the Officers in large numbers crossed the ocean and followed the ships and we had many of those delightful people at our house while the squadron was anchored at Villefranche three miles away. A French squadron came to welcome the visiting ships and the officers of the two flagships gave several afternoon receptions that were perfectly charming. The decks were enclosed by American and French flags, the ceilings festooned with bunting; and the shining black canon seemed quite in keeping with the music, the flowers, the pretty gowns, the handsome uniforms, the mirth and good cheer of a *thé dansante*.

With a party of Officers and their wives we had our first ride over the world-famous corniche road, with its glorious views; and with the same party we made the first of our many visits to Monte Carlo, naturally and artificially one of the beauty spots of the Earth. We strolled through the gorgeous gambling rooms, rested under the trees in the flower-gemmed gardens, and from the long stretch of marble terrace looked over the turquoise-blue water to the mountains with their ever-varying amethyst tints.

The first of April we went South. At Paestum we saw the great Temples standing on the forlorn plain; stood before the tawny-colored, majestic Temple of Neptune and admired the graceful outlines silhouetted against the blue of sky and sea; watched the lizards sunning themselves on the Doric columns; looked in vain for the famous and fragrant Roses of Paestum of which the Poets had sung, and then, through a poor looking country where long-horned, dun-colored cattle roamed, we went to the pretty little town of La Cava.

The gardens were full of sweet-scented stock, jasmine and wall flowers. In open doorways women with small, bright-colored shawls around their shoulders were spinning, and through open windows we saw others working at looms. It was the twilight hour and mighty hunters, men and boys, were coming from their days sport.

In Naples we had often wondered where all the little birds came from that we saw in the markets. La Cava seemed to be the headquarters for that barbarous work. Trapped, caught with snares and shot! basketfuls of thrushes, blackbirds, robins, green linnets, night-ingales and gold finches. Dear little feathered creatures! Their happy songs all ended!

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We had a very nice dinner at the hotel, one course of which neither of us could touch. On a silver skewer little birds, each not more than a mouthful. With the dessert, a delicacy—fit food for the gods—was served. Bunches of raisins dipped in wine, sprinkled with spices, rolled up in grape leaves, tied in bundles and roasted.

The next morning we went to Salerno. The old town on the slope of a hill, had narrow, crooked streets up one of which we walked to the Cathedral; a fine church with beautiful bronze doors. In the market place hundreds of little birds threaded on strings were for sale.

The drive to Amalfi, ten miles away, was perfectly delightful. The fine road, hewn in the cliffs, supported by galleries and running over viaducts was carried from 100 to 500 feet above sea level and curved around headland after headland of the indented, rocky, picturesque shore, giving a succession of charming views. Every possible foot of ground, on the bare hillsides, was cultivated and planted with vines, fig, olive, lemon or orange trees, many little rock-bound patches no larger than a good sized room.

We saw pretty towns with terraced gardens of fruit trees, and at the bottom of ravines picturesque little fishing villages and many old, square, massive watch towers; some in ruins, some restored and converted into homes.

When we reached Amalfi we climbed up the 175 steps to the Albergo Cappuccini Convento. As we stepped breathless upon the terrace two ladies ran with outstretched hands to welcome us. They were wives of Naval Officers who had spent the winter at our hotel in Nice.

And oh, that terrace! beloved by artists and tourists! The thick, white pillars twined around by grape vines; the heavy, wooden cross beams above with the closely woven mass of verdure; the view over the gardens, the town below and the blue water dotted with white sails!—how ideally beautiful it was!

We had a light lunch in the old refectory, a large, bare room with vaulted ceiling and a stone pulpit; then our party of four went down the steep path leading from the terrace to the town, on our way up Mill Valley—the *Valle de Molini*, to see the swift, little river and mills, that Longfellow had written of in his beautiful poem on Amalfi.

With the musical lines on our lips, and in our minds a picture of the Canneto, tumbling through the narrow gorge and turning the wheels of the mills we reached the town. In a trice the beggars were

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upon us. A few soldi and rapid walking soon rid us of the old and infirm, but from the swarm of children there was no escape. Swarthy, hair and eyes intensely black, legs and feet brown and dirty, in rags and tatters and patches of red and yellow on their scant clothing they were picturesque little nuisances. All were dying of hunger—*morte de fame* their whining cry.

Then a discovery was made, and chattering like magpies they clustered before one of our friends. They blocked her path, walking backwards and staring at her face. You pushed and shook the boys and scolded the girls but it did no good. Suddenly the persecuted one said with a laugh,

“I know what the children are looking at—the gold in my teeth.”

Not yet twenty, the frail teeth plentifully plugged with gold, very animated and always smiling, the gold was much in evidence. Showing no annoyance, smiling on the children and laughing at our indignation, we made what progress we could. It took the little imps a long time to satisfy their curiosity, then they dropped behind and set up the *morte de fame* whine.

The gorge was very narrow, with many pretty cascades of purplish water that provided power for the mills. On both banks a succession of small factories making paper, soap and macaroni. Bridges spanned the swift river, and winding stone stairways led to heights above. Up these steep stairways bare-footed women and girls with long baskets strapped to their backs were slowly moving.

“Stately figures, tall and straight,”

and we asked with Longfellow,

“What inexorable fate,
Has bound them to this life of toil?”

The rocky gorge was full of noise and industry. Pretty girls employed in the factories smiled at us from open doorways, and men gave *the forestieri* pleasant greeting.

Back in the town we went up a broad flight of steps to the grand, old Cathedral whose tall, red and white marble campanile we had seen shining against the blue sky since first Amalfi came in sight. The beautiful doors were of chiseled bronze; the interior impressive and sweet with incense. We looked into the pretty cloistered court, then down to the quaint old square adorned by a fountain and a statue of St. Andrew, the patron Saint of Amalfi.

Surrounded by beggars we continued on to the shore of the Bay

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where women were mending nets, children playing in the sand and fishermen in red caps and sashes were cleaning and painting their boats. To our great relief the fishermen drove the beggars, old and young, back to the town.

We met many sad-faced, brown-robed Capuchin friars with bare feet and girdles of knotted rope. We did feel sorry for those poor monks driven from such a Paradise as the monastery above, which we were privileged to enjoy. It was a tired party that climbed the winding steps near the close of day and walked through the long, white-washed corridors to their little cells, each furnished with a chair, a tiny wash-stand and an iron bed.

Rest, a good dinner, then a glorious evening on the terrace, under a star-lit sky, the breeze wafting perfume from the garden, and quivering on the water below long lines of yellow light reflected from the lamps of the town.

Dolce far niente—yes, it surely was sweet to do nothing for an entire day in that delightful place, but walk among the flowers and under the orange and lemon trees; to hear the birds singing and watch from the terrace the fishing boats gliding over the dazzling water. I thought it a great hardship for you to go to the town to arrange for a carriage on the morrow and when I saw you returning ran down the steps with a rose in my hand which I gave you when we met. You took the rose and kissed my hand, saying,

“Is this your idea of taking a rest? I ought to scold you for coming to meet me.”

But I knew you were pleased and we went up the steps hand in hand.

“What a little thing to remember for years.
To remember—with tears!”

Early the next morning we went down to the waiting carriage, with many a backward glance at the arcaded facade of the Convent Hotel. The road, as from Salerno to Amalfi, curved around the cliffs of the coast, wild, indented and picturesque, with lovely views and careful cultivation. We were all on the watch for the *Isles of the Sirens*, past which Ulysses safely sailed when searching for his island home and his faithful Penelope. Rising from the blue waters, we saw the bare, rocky bluffs of the Greek legend, to which golden-haired Sirens lured their prey, as told in the *Odyssey*.

The delightful Corniche road was not yet completed, and we covered the break in a row boat, between two villages, a distance of

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four miles. As we slipped along over the sparkling water, she of the *golden* smile, and a few Italian words began to coax the boatmen for *un canto*. At first they only shrugged their shoulders and smiled. She returned the smiles and continued to ask for *un canto*. After a little talk between themselves they sang a boating song with clear, strong, musical voices. We were delighted and so full of enthusiasm that they repeated it, and after that, in response to entreaties sang one *canto d' amore* after another.

Under the shelving rocks masses of sea anemones of many colors and brilliant as a garden bed gladdened our eyes. Sometimes we saw them through the clear water, sometimes as the little waves receded and left them bare, and very lovely they were.

As we stepped out of the boat at Positano—where a carriage from Sorrento was to meet us—we found a bevy of young girls awaiting us. The ascent to the street was very steep and stony. The girls clustered around us talking with animation and going through certain motions, but it took a long time to make us understand what they wanted—that we should clasp our hands, or fold our arms, that they might help us up the bank by our elbows.

As there were not enough elbows to go around, some of the girls had to be satisfied with hand-bags. At last all but two were provided with work. Of course, you would not consent to the elbow help, but compromised by giving your overcoat to the disconsolate little damsels to carry between them. Then all was ready. Soon as the procession started the girls began to sing. It was a rhythmic little tune with the soft-sounding Italian words spoken distinctly and prettily.

“Chi va piano, va sano e lontano,
Chi va forte, va a la morte.”

We did go slowly; we could not have done otherwise, and with the words sung over and over again, we reached the level of the town.

We ate the lunch (put up for us at the Hotel where our carriage was waiting) on the mountain road. The air was scented with broom and myrtle that grew on the wild hillside. Little towns perched on mountain summits, ruins of watch towers whose bells gave warning when pirates approached, patches of verdure, and beyond the sharp, tapering cliffs of the coast line the wonderful blue of the sea. A most delightful road!

Suddenly, the Bay of Naples came in sight, and then by curve after curve we descended to the fertile plain; to vineyards, and groves

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of orange, lemon and fig; to tree-embowered villas and cottages; and Sorento.

We took an afternoon boat to Naples, went with our charming friends to their Hotel, renewed acquaintance with several Officers and their families, and the following day said good-by and turned our faces to the North.

We spent several days in Rome then went to Bologna, the first of many visits to that pleasant, interesting middle-age City. Our hotel was an old palace that had been the home of a great family in Bologna's palmy days. The house was charming with spacious rooms and an inner court surrounded by beautiful galleries.

The proprietor matched the house. He was handsome and courteous; spoke English imperfectly, accenting the vowels and making many words sound strange but musical. As we were starting out to see the City you asked where to find certain objects of interest. Our host said he was going in the same direction and we walked out together. He told us he was on his way to see his pet—a caged nightingale that he had been obliged to send to a friend's house that his guests might have quiet and sleep through the night,—that now, the bird would not sing a note except during his visits, eating little and moping and pining so constantly that he feared his pet might die. Finding us *muy simpatica*, he invited us to go with him and see the bird. The poor little thing sat on his perch with ruffled feathers, his head under a wing. When he heard the familiar whistle out came the little head. Our host put a finger through the bars of the cage; the bird hopped upon it and burst into the wildest, most ecstatic song. That dear bird! what a wonderful voice he had! We listened for a long time, then left the re-united friends and went on our way.

We saw the old University where Dante, Petrarch and Tasso were students; the two leaning towers; the arcaded streets with quaint houses; the grand, old plane trees; the factories and shops where the famous Bologna sausage—mortadella—was made and displayed; in some windows wrapped with fancy labels for tourists to carry away.

We went to Ferrara and Padua; both delightful and full of romantic and historical interest.

When we reached Venice we found great excitement prevailing over the coming visits of the King of Italy and the Emperor of Germany. The King came on the day of our arrival, and the Emperor the day following.

Salvos of artillery burst upon the air as his Majesty's beautiful,

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white yacht, the Hohenzollern came to anchor at the mouth of the Grand Canal.

The King in a State gondola flying the flag of Italy paid his visit of ceremony. On the yacht's deck the Monarchs met, saluting each other on both cheeks as is the custom on the Continent of Europe between men—relatives or friends and particularly so among the Germans. Soon after the King's return, the Emperor in one of his own boats was rowed ashore. Down the wide crimson carpet that stretched from the Royal Palace to the waters edge the King came to meet his guest. Together they went up the steps, then turned to look at the spectacle before them.

And what a spectacle it was! Hundreds and hundreds of gondolas dotted the water. A few shabby gondolas with women and children of the poor; smart gondolas of the prosperous class; trim gondolas filled with happy tourists glad to be in Venice on that festive occasion; handsome gondolas of the foreign resident colony; elegant gondolas of the aristocracy with carving and crests and gold embroidered canopies and statuesque gondoliers in handsome uniform.

Many families brought out their gondolas of State with gondoliers in the dress of the olden time, parti-colored hose, slashed doublets and long yellow ringlets falling beneath the quaintest of hats. And ah! Dear Heart, what delight those gondolas gave us! with their patrician occupants. Men and lovely women with faces like those the old Venetian Masters painted.

The Grand Canal was aglow with color. Italian and German flags fluttered in the breeze. Windows and balconies were hung with tapestries, bright-colored velvets and Oriental rugs, and the sparkling, sunlit water reflected the brilliant Palace facades and the gorgeous pageant that passed along.

After dinner we went to the Piazza of St. Mark. We found many people there all looking towards the Palace. In response to repeated calls for *il Re* and *l'Imperatore*, the King and Emperor appeared upon the balcony bowing and smiling upon the crowd below. Once again they came in answer to continued calls, then retiring within the Palace the shades were drawn before the windows and the crowd dispersed.

At ten o'clock there was a *serenata*. A large, military band in a decorated barge, lighted by lanterns of various color came down the Grand Canal, filling the air with most delightful music. On both sides of the barge and in the rear hundreds of gondolas rolled gently

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to the rhythm of the music and the sea, while the numberless lanterns of every color and shade were reflected in the trembling, dancing water. Under the twinkling stars and a glorious full moon, it was a fairy-like scene of beauty unsurpassed.

The next day (Sunday) the King and Emperor devoted to the beautiful pictures in the churches and galleries. That night a gala performance was given in their honor at the famous Fenice Theater. The house was packed from pit to dome, but the Emperor had conscientious scruples about going to the theater on Sunday. As the Emperor would not, the King could not, and the large audience—in which, thanks to your good sense, we were not included—sat through a poor performance, expectant to the very end.

Monday morning the Hohenzollern with the Emperor on board put out to sea. The King returned to Rome and Venice settled down to a normal condition.

Over the merits of the gondola we never could agree and my enthusiasm was quite lost upon you. The seat was too low, the slope of the back uncomfortable and the position cramped. You did not like to hear the swish of water at the bow, nor the raucous cry of the gondolier when turning a corner, and when in time the unromantic little steamers with their shrill whistles appeared on the Grand Canal you welcomed them with pleasure. I declared I would never ride in one and ended by finding them very comfortable; and fortunately they could not rob us of our many delicious hours spent in the narrow, devious waterways, seeing over the slender, steel, serrated prow of the gondola the gardens of Venice.

We knew many, and they were so pretty, those little patches of green, with a tree or two, and flowers blooming in the midst of water, mortar and brick. Our visits to Venice were generally in April, and we never failed to see a garden, then in its very perfection. A red brick wall half hidden by a veil of purple wisteria and yellow banksia roses. Peeping over the top scarlet buds of pomegranate; the air scented with daphne and orange blossoms and in a vine-covered pergola nightingales singing joyously.

Standing on our balcony in admiration of sky and water and the beautiful church opposite, of Santa Maria della Salute, there once appeared to our eyes, a picture no words could describe and no brush portray.

In the golden light of a lovely sunset a large fleet of fishing boats with soft-colored Lateen sails of orange, purple and red, came from the sea into the Grand Canal. It was a radiant vision, almost

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unearthly in its ethereal beauty, while it held the sunset gleam. That gone we saw it "fade into the light of common day." Many Saturdays thereafter, at the sunset hour, we watched for the fishing fleets return. The boats came singly or in pairs looking very pretty, but the exquisite vision of the fleet entire, we never saw again.

When we were planning to leave Venice you said, "It will require some extra traveling but like Nadaud's old French peasant, I want to see Carcassonne." We went to Montpellier, a pleasant, old-fashioned town with winding streets and a terrace commanding grand views of the Pyrenees and Alps, then on to Carcassonne. On one side of the river a well built town with boulevards and fountains and handsome squares. Across the river on the summit of an isolated hill, the chief surviving example of a walled town and central castle with towers, parapets, and pinnacles and a Cathedral with lofty spire, presenting altogether an imposing architectural effect.

As we were toiling up the hill we met a bridal procession coming from the Cathedral. The train of the bride's sleazy white satin dress was spread out on the dusty roadway and kept in place by two girls (bridesmaids, probably). Around the bride's neck a string of orange blossoms that fell to her feet. There was a large party. Two musicians in rusty attire with shovel hats, a fife and a flute, led the procession; following the French custom of their class there would be dancing after the wedding breakfast.

In the old walled city we found the streets narrow, irregular, very dirty and occupied by a scanty, poverty-stricken population. From the ramparts we had a lovely view.

At lunch we met an English couple—Sir Alfred and Lady—They were touring France on bicycles; bright, intelligent and agreeable, we thoroughly enjoyed our interchange of opinions and experience while loitering over the table. Lady—was tall and shapely, but her face was too weather-beaten for good looks. Seeing the couple later, we were rather critical over the extreme abandon of Lady's demeanor; she sat on a narrow porch with—to borrow an expression from one of Jane Austen's novels—"crossed jambs," and being tall, every one that passed brushed against her far extended foot; but smiling and serene, without changing her position in the least she smoked her cigarettes.

Next morning we rode through many miles of vineyards in the Médoc region before reaching Bordeaux, a delightful city with handsome homes, surrounded by splendid boulevards, lofty warehouses and busy quays. Of the city's many statues, two of heroic size

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interested us most—Montaigne and Montesquieu. We saw several triumphal arches of the Roman period.

We went into the establishment of the great and well-known house of Barton and Guestier. Seeing two strangers, one of whom seemed on a quest for information, Mr. Guestier came forward. Hearing we were from San Francisco he invited us in his private office where we spent a pleasant half hour. Mr. Guestier was greatly interested in the wine industry of California and asked you many questions to all of which you replied so readily that soon he said interrogatively, "You are engaged in the business." We all had a good laugh over the perfectly natural mistake.

We went to Arcachon, famous for its oyster beds and pine woods. On every street in the town at frequent intervals there were oyster stands where the residents stopped to enjoy the bivalve. Business men, school children and ladies, shopping, marketing or visiting. The oysters were of moderate size and excellent flavor, opened while you waited and served on the half shell; and we, strangers in a strange land, went from stand to stand enjoying the experience. We drove to the pine forest, past pretty villas inhabited in winter by invalids in search of health-giving, balsamic air.

We went leisurely through the beautiful chateau region with headquarters at Tours at an Inn kept by two sisters—charming elderly French ladies, then to Orleans; admired the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, saw the house in which she lived, also the perfect gem of a building that housed for many years the famous beauty, Diane de Poitiers. At dinner the long table d'hôte of our hotel was freely supplied with jugs of tar water—men put it in their wine and it was drunk commonly as a benefit to weak throats from which all the people seemed to suffer.

The first of June found us in London. All the surrounding country, Richmond, Hampton Court, Kew Gardens—everywhere flowers and fragrance and singing birds, and the great city of London in "the season" was a surprise and delight with parks and squares and streets so full of stir and life and gaiety and beauty.

Flower Shows in Temple Gardens; meet of the tally ho coaches in Hyde Park, every seat on top occupied by guests, the ladies in pretty light-colored dresses, the host driving his spirited team of four horses—inside the coaches, servants and hampers. One morning we counted twenty-six coaches, with horns blowing, winding their way under the park trees to their rendezvous; and a very pretty sight it was with thousands of spectators looking on.

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And we saw long lines of carriages (often blocked for ten minutes at a time) carrying ladies to Buckingham Palace "to be presented." Elegantly attired, their Court trains spread out on the opposite seat, calm and self-possessed they sat, while the crowds on the sidewalk filed past, making comments on the dress and attractions of this one, or that. Standing on the sidewalk we once saw several men walk along the roadway deliberately looking *into the carriages* and heard one say, "Come aways up here, boys, an' I'll show you a peach."

We never missed the church parade in Hyde Park when Sunday was pleasant and seldom the afternoon driving when we always saw Alexandra, the lovely Princess of Wales. In our evening walks the carriages leading to Covent Garden Opera House entertained us—ladies beautifully gowned and extremely décolleté. One night we heard the opera of *Traviata* well sung to a brilliant audience.

We went up the Thames by boat from Kingston to Oxford, a two days' trip (twice repeated) that for charm you thought could not be equalled in the World. Past the Towers of Windsor Castle and the ruins of an Abbey, then for miles and miles an almost unbroken line of villas with flower-decked lawns stretching to the river bank—pretty boat houses, and swans gliding over the water. In the gently rolling country, hanging woods, sheep and cattle grazing in the hedge-bordered pastures, picturesque villages and tall church spires nestling amid the trees; thrushes, sky-larks and blackbirds singing, and always the cheerful intimate river with its animation and varied life that we studied at leisure, the time made by our boat being fixed by law to prevent any washing of the banks.

Picnic parties under bright marquees on the sociable islands, young people in summer attire rowing up the stream or drifting down beneath the overhanging branches of splendid trees, the lively decks of numerous gayly decorated house boats, people walking along the banks, people fishing in the waters.

"What a river it is for life and animation," I exclaimed, "and how the Londoners love and enjoy it."

"And how they have loved and enjoyed it for centuries," you added, and we talked of the days when tilts and jousts by Knights in armor took place from boats on the Thames, and of water pageants in which Royal personages had been central figures, and how each year a procession of state barges escorted the newly elected Lord Mayor to Westminster Hall to take the oath of office.

The many locks were scenes of great activity; row boats, barges,

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and launches, public and private, awaiting their turn, and passengers coming and going from our little steamer when we had reached the upper level. The lock-keepers' homes were pretty places; trim, stone cottages, gardens full of roses and always a troop of flaxen-haired children watching the work.

Half way was Henley, a very center for boating and fishing, and where every summer the celebrated regattas were held, and at Henley our boat tied up for the night and we went to the comfortable, old Red Lion Inn. There, on a window pane in the coffee room we read Shenstone's lines that he had cut in the glass.

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found,
His warmest welcome at an Inn."

The next morning we continued our journey through a succession of rural scenes that were a delight and in the afternoon reached Oxford and the Mitre Hotel; of all old-fashioned English Inns perhaps the most famous and richest in memories of illustrious men.

We had a room with windows looking on and down High Street eloquently described by Macaulay and Hawthorne. It was a charming room with many choice, old pieces of furniture. One of the beds was mahogany with four tall posts handsomely carved. To end a dispute we drew lots to decide who should occupy it and when it fell to you, you accused me of not playing fair.

Oxford, with groves and meadows, two rivers and a background of wooded hills would have been delightful without those "great temples of learning"—with them it was unique and on every visit we felt with Hawthorne that "the World had not another such place."

Ivy covered facades and courts of red brick, boxes of flowers on window ledges, old picturesque gateways, medieval clock towers, halls and colleges, chapels, pictures, stained glass windows, great quadrangles with noble trees, and over all an atmosphere of antiquity and dignity; a delicious mingling of the venerable and beautiful.

In one of the quadrangles we met a gentleman and two ladies. They all bowed in such a pleasant, friendly way that you stopped and asked the gentleman (he was a Professor of Greek) a question. He told the ladies where to wait for him, answered your question then turned and walked with us; pointed out where great men had been located when scholars there, told us many interesting things, then

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showing a window in an angle overhung with ivy, said, "That is the window of our haunted room."

"One of our poets has written that 'all houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses,' " I ventured.

"Yes," said the Professor, "I remember, that was Whittier."

"No, Longfellow," I corrected.

It was a trifling incident, but to my surprise it gave you pleasure and you often referred to it.

The Sheldonian Theater with rudely carved heads of warriors and sages encircling the auditorium, where degrees are conferred amid the hooting, stamping and pert personal remarks of undergraduates was an interesting old structure. We talked of Holme's experience when the University gave him the degree of D. C. L. and the undergraduates greeted him with "Here comes the last leaf upon the tree," and told him that "the pruning knife of time" had been hard on him.

We did not think Cambridge, that rival University town quite such a "scholastic paradise" as Oxford, but the noble colleges and halls were delightful with romantic gardens and courts, medieval gates and towers, lovely stained glass windows, pictures, and the most beautiful of all the chapels, that of King's College. "The Backs" were charming; blooming gardens in the rear of the Colleges, running down to the little river Cam where row boats and many picturesque bridges led to equally charming gardens on the opposite side.

In Christ College the window of the room Milton occupied was pointed out to us, and we saw the mulberry tree under which he loved to sit. Poor, old tree! its trunk is held together by hoops of iron and every possible care bestowed upon it.

We returned to London just in time for the Derby. From the top of a coach the survey of that crowded road was a sight. Every freakish thing conceivable was there; the ludicrous, the grotesque, and much that was coarse and offensive. Sometimes one of the parallel lines moving slowly along the wide roadway would be blocked, while the rest of the procession went on, but we never changed our entourage. On our left we had, from start to finish, a huckster trundling a half dozen children in a push-cart, his wife walking beside him; on our right a poor little horse (on which the driver sat astride) drawing a two-wheeled cart with a seat holding three men. Every one of the four had a false nose of varying size and comic shape. "The downs" were alive with people, like ants over an ant hill with all the features of a country fair.

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The race, contested by eight horses, was exciting, Lord Roseberry's Ladas winning. Lord Roseberry was Prime Minister at the time and probably the most popular man in England, and when, after the race was won, he led Ladas to the paddock, the cheer that went up from that multitude of people must have touched his heart and made Lord Roseberry and Ladas the proudest man and horse in all the realm.

Royalty and the smart set were there making a brave show in the boxes and flocking to the paddock when the race was over. We returned to London by train in a coach crowded to suffocation by men standing in the passage way.

Later in the month we went to the Ascot races. The scene was brilliant but had no features that impressed the mind as was the case in the Derby.

From Portsmouth we crossed the channel to the Isle of Wight and had a delightful coaching trip along the picturesque shore; past charming tree-embowered towns, breezy headlands, gorse-covered downs with the shimmering sea always in sight.

We left the coach at Freshwater and from there drove to Faringford, long the home of Lord Tennyson. The house was occupied by the family but the old gardener said we were free to walk about the grounds. The dear old man spoke reverently and affectionately of Tennyson and told us where to find his favorite haunts.

We went *under* a little bridge (known all the country around as Tennyson's bridge) and came out upon an open country. We walked through lanes the Poet's feet had trod, and looked across the downs his eyes had so often rested upon, and standing there, while you talked of the pleasure Tennyson's poems had given you, we heard a cuckoo, calling the "twin notes" loud and clear. When we returned, the gardener gave me a bunch of roses from Tennyson's favorite bush, and you a bowl, made from grape leaves, full of delicious strawberries, of which the gardener said Lord Tennyson was very fond.

We spent a month in Carlsbad and on the third of August went to Bayreuth where we heard the operas of Parsifal and Lohengrin with Van Dyck in the title roles, and Nordica the soprano.

The opera house, a large, plain structure, stood on rising ground nearly a mile from the town. The pilgrimage to that Mecca was something to remember. In the fields men and women were cutting grain with sickles, stopping in their work to see the pilgrims pass.

The wedge-shaped house had galleries at the back, no boxes, and

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the orchestra was partly screened by a hood. When the opera commenced every seat not occupied remained vacant until the end of the act as there was no admission while the opera was in progress.

To the supreme excellence of the productions no words of mine could do justice. Van Dyck's Parsifal has never been equalled; Nordica was at her best; the orchestra numbered one hundred, the chorus two hundred; the music was divine and divinely rendered to a spell-bound audience in the vast, darkened, tensely-quiet auditorium. The scenery was beautiful and wonderful from the moment the curtain rose, displaying a glade in the woods flooded by rays of the rising sun. The illumination of the Holy Grail was exquisite, and when the castle of the magician crumbled into ruins, and the blooming, tropical garden withered and became a desert in the twinkling of an eye the effect was that of magic.

The opera began at four o'clock and ended at ten. There was no applause, no glow of footlights, no flowers; accessories that it was a strange experience to have with-held. The first act was long and during the intermission that followed, shocking though it may sound, that spell-bound audience went entire to the theater restaurants and ate and drank the most substantial things.

Lohengrin was perfectly and delightfully given. At the end of every act when the curtain fell the applause was tumultuous, but the singers did not appear; only after the last act and continued applause was there any recognition of the appreciation of the audience; the curtain was then partially raised for an instant. Lohengrin was a rare treat, but it was Parsifal, always Parsifal that we thought and talked of.

We were lodged in the house of the Burgomaster whom we did not see, but his elderly wife was charming. We had our breakfasts in the pleasant sitting room, Frau S. presiding at table. I had at that time a fair smattering of German and we talked constantly. Frau S. had never had any one with her that came from such a distance as San Francisco; she plied me with questions about the City and the long journey, helping me out eagerly when I was at a loss for words. I enjoyed it, although what with acting as interpreter to you and puzzling my brain for words, it did make my breakfasts a secondary consideration.

When we came in from a walk our hostess always opened the door, knitting in hand, because "Gretchen was often slow;" then *we must* sit down and tell where we had been. Seeing on the rack of the open piano compositions of Bach and Beethoven, I asked if she would

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not play for us. No, she was sorry, but since her fingers were no longer nimble she only played for her husband. Frau S. told us that she looked eagerly forward each year to the opera season that she might meet pleasant people, for while she was happy, life was very quiet and monotonous; and that it must have been since Wagner's house and grave, and the graves of Liszt and Jean Paul Richter were the only things of interest in the dull little town of Bayreuth.

Then we went to Leipzig; that famous, old University town; that literary, musical, book-selling, book-publishing center, and very delightful we found it. In the old quarter quaint medieval houses with high-pitched roofs, a beautiful old Rathaus, and in a beer garden (Auerbach's Keller) an old wine vault with a series of curious mural paintings representing scenes in the legend upon which Goethe founded his Faust.

The Augustusplatz surrounded by magnificent buildings we thought the finest square we had seen in Europe. We admired the great hall of the Booksellers' Exchange beautifully decorated with allegorical paintings, the elegant homes, and the many statues, particularly those of Luther, Mendelssohn and Bach, who was an organist in Leipzig for a long time.

Our next stop was Berlin and what a changed Berlin it was! "It looked," you said, "as though all the millions wrung from France in 1871 had been expended on the now beautiful Capital of the German Empire."

Twenty years before when we reached Dresden, the wind was icy cold and we drove to our hotel from the station in a sleigh through streets musical with the jingling of sleigh bells; now, with the praise of summer on our lips we went about looking at pictures, the lovely views, and all the many attractions of the City.

We enjoyed re-seeing Munich, its art treasures, the beautiful fountains, and lively, pleasantly shaded streets; and we did not forget or neglect the pretzels and music of the beer gardens.

Then we went to beautiful Lucerne and to the Rigi Kulm where on our former visit clouds and rain had been our lot. This time as the Alpine horn sounded the retreat, and the Alpine horn sounded the reveille, the sun set and the sun rose in a clear sky. Both were glorious. Which, the most impressive we could not say; the gorgeous sky, the shadows of the mountains, the lights in the valleys, the rosy glow on the numberless lakes,—all gradually growing dim and like an ethereal vision fading away as the darkness fell,—or, the vast panorama emerging from the shadowy space

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gradually unfolding into the brilliant, dazzling light of day. And to witness it, what a motly crowd assembled in the gray dawn at the sound of the Alpine horn. Men and women in bath-robcs and dressing-gowns and wrapped in blankets from their beds, although that performance was positively forbidden by the hotel management.

Then we went to Interlaken. How glad we were to see the beautiful Jungfrau again, and the valley of the Lauterbrunnen and all the lovely waterfalls; and then to a small town from where a cog-wheel road carried us up to Zermatt, that we might see the Matterhorn.

We reached Zermatt in a blinding snow storm (September 7). When we closed our shutters at night the snow was still falling. When we opened our shutters in the morning, Oh, joy! the sun was shining and the sharp wedge like top of the Matterhorn stood out clear cut against a sky of blue.

Going out from the breakfast room we saw scores of donkeys in front of the hotel, with boys in charge, ready to carry tourists to a rocky ridge facing the mountain.

Forewarned was forearmed, and you engaged two donkeys stipulating that you were to have them *entire*. Our patient little beasts were saved from double work, but we saw many a man that day pulled up to the rocky ridge for a trifling sum by hiring the tail of a back-laden donkey.

The woodland trail was delightful with exquisite views of the Matterhorn as we followed the winding of swift rushing streams. At Gorner Grat 5,000 feet above Zermatt, in the midst of snow peaks and glaciers, the stupendous mountain was glorious and majestic, dominating an awe-inspiring scene!

From Zermatt to Martigny then by carriage to Chamonix. How we did enjoy the long days ride over that delightful road; the many, many miles between rows of splendid chestnut trees, or rowan trees—mountain ash—loaded with clusters of red berries, both trees and berries growing much larger than with us; the lovely views in crossing the Tete Noir summit, and the long strings of cows each with a tinkling bell, being driven down from mountain pastures by men and picturesque milkmaids, each girl carrying her milking-stool, for the summer was over and buttermaking in the little mountain chalets at an end for the year.

On the hotel terrace at Chamonix guests were watching through a telescope a party that had started the previous day to make the ascent of Mont Blanc and were then near the top. The eye, unaided,

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could not detect them and through the telescope what tink specks they were! And did they really move? I could scarcely believe it until one by one the specks disappeared in a crevasse. After a long exciting wait, one after another, the specks went over the top on the opposite side. They reached the summit and returned the following night—very tired, very happy and the ladies of the party very proud.

From Chamonix Mont Blanc was beautiful, massive, formidable! and the long, very narrow Valley of Chamonix hemmed in by glaciers and cataracts of ice had wonderful views of snow-crowned mountain ranges.

We spent some time in Geneva and the delightful towns on the shore of the beautiful Lake, and one day while in Geneva, we looked into the power-house of the river Rhone and saw twenty turbine wheels, of 210 horsepower each, at work. The effect was most tremendous.

September 20 we went to Paris. We had many a red-letter day in the charming environs. At Fontainebleau the golden chasseli grapes were ripe. The large fountains—the Grandes Eaux—were playing at Versailles. With all Paris on November second, the principal day of the Fêtes of Toussaint we went to the cemeteries. The tombs were decorated with natural flowers, the ugly but bright bead wreaths, and celluloid flowers so natural, that we were often deceived, particularly in the roses.

Of the varied entertainment the City offered, it was perhaps the Lamoureux and Colonne concerts that we enjoyed most.

On the material side, we enjoyed bouillibasse at a queer, little restaurant frequented by Thackeray and made popular with the English and Americans by his verses, commencing,

“There is a street in Paris, famous;”

then at a *triperie*, an odd, provincial-looking place, we went for “tripe a la Normandie.” I went reluctantly—I had never eaten tripe—did not approve of it and knew I should not like it.

In the midst of our luncheon you looked at me, laughed, and said, “You seem to be getting bravely over your prejudice,” and I admitted that “tripe a la Normandie” was a delicacy, particularly when accompanied by sparkling, delicious Normandy cider.

November 23 we reached Nice, where we took up the old familiar life, meeting all the American colony wintering there at the pleasant receptions given in turn by the Consul, and the Pastor and Mrs. A. in the charming parsonage of the American Church.

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The climate of Nice has always been a moot question. At times the mistral blew biting and cold. One cold season we looked from our windows in the morning six times upon palm and orange trees laden with snow and saw the summits of the high hills white; we have seen ice on the basins of fountains and icicles fringing their rims; but cold seasons were the exception and the cold of short duration. Oranges, lemons and olives ripened, and the street market was full of beautiful flowers grown in the open air. A fact that you said always surprised you since Nice was six degrees North of San Francisco.

Drawing conclusions from our eight winters, we knew no place where week after week weather conditions were so ideal that mere existence was a joy; bright sunshine—but not burning as in Southern California—a delicious breeze and the bluest of skies.

With a party of Americans we celebrated Washington's birthday by going to Grasse, renowned the world over for its perfumes. The ride on the narrow-gauge road was a succession of thrills; it crossed mountain gorges on slender trestles and it ran along the narrow edge of viaducts.

Grasse, 1,000 feet above sea level, built around with walls that reached to the third story windows—a damp, unsanitary, unhealthy place, with narrow, crooked streets that often terminated in steep stairs—that was old Grasse.

Outside the city walls, broad tree-shaded streets with charming villas, fine hotels and views of the shimmering sea a few miles away. Among the softly-rolling hills 1,200 acres devoted to flower culture made a perfumed land.

We went into one of the large factories. In a long row, women and girls were pulling violets from their stems and throwing them into baskets. In the next process the lovely, fragrant violets were thrown into a huge vat of boiling oil, and it was pitiful to see them shrink and wither. In the next room orange blossoms were torn to pieces. We saw great basketfuls of the wax-like petals go into their fiery bath for the manufacture of the oil of neroli. We had a permit to see the entire process, but most of the party, including ourselves, preferred to saunter in the delightful streets. We returned to Nice via Cannes, riding for fifteen miles through a valley of blooming roses and violets.

On the 22nd of March we left Nice for a short sojourn in Mentone that we might take the famous walks through the old olive groves abounding there, and most delightful they were. A hotel near

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the railroad station had been recommended and I was left in the waiting room with our traps while you went on a tour of inspection.

At the stir made by several people coming into the room I looked up from my paper to recognize Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone with servants carrying bags and wraps. Soon after, a kindly act of Mrs. Gladstone gave me the opportunity of speaking to her, which I did, calling her by name. We had some pleasant talk, then I was asked "Would you like to meet Mr. Gladstone?"

"Very much indeed," I answered, "but Mr. Gladstone is reading and perhaps would not like to be disturbed."

"Never you mind about that," said Mrs. Gladstone. Together we approached the "Grand Old Man" and I was introduced.

"Mr. Gladstone, here is a lady who lives in San Francisco, California, and knew us from pictures she had seen there."

Mr. Gladstone closed his book (a copy of Horace) and mentioned a fact we had often noticed, that in towns along the Riviera it was a common thing to call a particularly sunny, sheltered spot "Californie." We talked of the lovely country in which we had all spent the winter, then in answer to a question I said we were going from Mentone to Florence. Mr. Gladstone was enthusiastic in his praise of Florence—it was sixty years since his first visit there—he regretted that Florence could not have remained the Capital of Italy which but for bungling it would still be.

The train was signaled. I told Mrs. Gladstone how sorry I was that my husband had not shared with me the pleasure of this meeting.

"Bring your husband to our compartment in the train."

"But we are stopping at Mentone," said I.

"Yes, I forgot; then if ever you are near Hawarden bring him there." She took some violets that Mr. Gladstone was carrying and gave them to me, and with a warm, friendly clasping of hands we parted.

The middle of April found us in Venice on our way to the Tyrol. Soon as we left the plain surrounding Venice the road to Verona was delightful; on one side the rushing, singing river Adige; on the other, a wooded hillside, the ground carpeted by large, vari-colored brilliant hepaticas.

In Verona we saw the well preserved Roman amphitheater, the fine tombs of the Scaligers, Juliet's balcony and Juliet's tomb—a large, white marble sarcophagus filled to overflowing with visiting cards.

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Then we journeyed on, following the Adige to Trent, where we passed the night. In a beautiful valley of the Tyrol, well built and traversed by numerous canals, we found Trent attractive and picturesque. Among many remarkable buildings the two that interested us most, were the Cathedral built entirely of white marble, and the red marble structure, church and palace combined, where the famous "Council of Trent" held its meetings and where we saw portraits of the members of the Council.

We went to Meran, a delightful health resort, and in April a veritable flower garden in the midst of blossoming fruit trees; then to Bötzen, a town of arcaded streets in a mountainous region abounding in pleasant walks.

We went up the Ritten Railway to Ober Bötzen where we had a glorious view of the picturesque, fantastic peaks and slender, graceful pinnacles of the "Dolomites"—rosy limestone mountains, wonderful and exquisite in varying form and color. We looked upon the *Rösegarten* at the sunset hour, but the afterglow was denied us.

At Innsbruck the surrounding mountains were crowned by snow, and the views beautiful. In the Franciscan Church—the Hofkirche—we saw the magnificent monument of Maximilian; the Emperor kneeling in prayer, surrounded by twenty-eight bronze statues of heroic size; ancestors, and Maximilian's favorite heroes of antiquity. The unique and beautiful private residence with lovely oriel windows, famed as the Haus of the Goldene Dachi—a roof, covered by gilded copper tiles, we admired immensely.

The valley of the Inn was beautiful but oh the things we saw in the pleasant fields! The women, the poor, peasant women of Austria and Southern Germany, how they did work! Leading horses while men held the plow, sowing grain, spreading fertilizer, breaking stones to repair the roads, harrowing the fields, often with a team of cows. In towns we saw them digging trenches for sewers, and carrying mortar and bricks to the tops of high buildings in process of construction.

From Innsbruck we went to Vienna. We found Vienna the same bright, sparkling city that we had held in memory for twenty years, with the Ringstrasse now a splendid street. We enjoyed the pictures, parks and shop windows, saw a play at the Hof theater, the Esterhazy wine cellars, and one lovely afternoon went to Schönbrunn, a favorite summer residence of the Royal family. The luxuriant park surrounding the Palace was outlined by great walls of carefully trimmed foliage, and long avenues bordered by high hedges where

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birds sang sweetly made delightful allées to loiter in. At the end of an avenue was the Schönbrun—the Beautiful Fountain that gave the place its name. Marble statues gleamed amid the shrubs and trees, and beds of flowers and velvety lawns made the place delightful.

We spent a day in Prague and a day in Nürnberg. The towns were quaint and picturesque; the country a vast hop field. Stuttgart was a blooming garden and the lilacs were wonderful; we had never seen such variety of color and shade; and what trees they were! One in the garden of our Hotel had a girth of thirty inches and the flowers were far beyond my reach. At Baden-Baden every man, woman and child wore bunches of lilies of the valley. We saw them brought from the hills in large baskets, and masses of them in the markets lying among fruits, and vegetables of the commonest kind. Lilies of the valley in contact with onions and potatoes. It was desecration! The Neckar Valley and Bergstrasse were fairly luminous with blossoming fruit trees, and all the country radiant, in those bright days of early May.

We drank the very disagreeable waters of Weisbaden as a kind of penance for the keen delight we had taken in the beautiful country; then in the Rhine valley we had the vineyards; we went down the River to Cologne, to Holland and to Brock, the queerest, quaintest, most ridiculous place imaginable.

The little wooden, one-story houses were red, blue, purple or green; the tiles on the pointed roofs were in squares of different colors; the front doors were painted with flowers and figures and the name of the owner; the white embroidered curtains at the windows were tied back with bright ribbons exposing the rooms to view. Each house had a little garden enclosed by a blue picket fence, the tops of the pickets ornamented by wooden toys, apples or oranges; tiny box-bordered paths ran through the gardens; all, had beds of flowers; many, little canals easily stepped across but bridges were numerous.

Brock was such a show place for visitors and so many were curious to look inside the houses that it was common for housewives to ask the passer-by to enter. Such a one standing beside her open door invited us, and we accepted as we had been invited, by bowing and smiling. She left her wooden shoes at the door and we followed in the house. A microscopic eye could not have found a speck of dust. Glassware, china, furniture, woodwork and cooking utensils outside as well as inside—everything shone like a polished mirror. All the beds were in recesses in the walls closed in by doors like a cupboard.

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Then we inspected a house combining cheese room and stable. The cheese maker asked us to please wipe our feet on the mat at the stable door. The floor was paved with bricks of many colors, and a generous stream of water ran through the place. The windows had fresh white curtains, and the ledges, boxes of flowers. The black cows with snow-white spots showed plainly the washing and combing and brushing they got. Behind the wide stall of every cow a loop hung from the ceiling to which the tail was attached when milking time came.

Not far from Brock was Volendam swarming with artists, and no wonder, for the women were far and away the most picturesque we had seen in Holland. In addition to their unusual dress every woman, young and old wore a gold, silver or copper band resting on the forehead and encircling the head; another band of the same metal went over the top of the head terminating at the temples, and from the ends very long earrings dangled over the ears and cheeks. The pretty lace cap with frill that fell over the back of the neck carefully exposed the earrings and band to which they were attached.

As at Brock crowds of villagers followed us about, curious, as we were, and a boy about sixteen kept asking if we were going to Edam. In time we understood that he wanted to take us there. He had a little sail boat that we looked at. The distance was short and as I was always eager for a new experience you were persuaded to engage him and *we embarked*.

That young Dutchman worked like a Trojan. His trousers immensely wide at the hips and tied in just below the knees, heavy blue woolen stockings and wooden shoes, jumping back and forth on that little boat was a picture that made us laugh and laugh until we could laugh no more,—moving the sail to catch the light breeze, steering the boat, smoking his pipe and digging a long pole into the sides of the canal to push his craft along,—he carried us to Edam in a way that we would have been sorry to miss.

All the dairies in the vicinity made the little round, red cheese and Edam was the shipping port.

The little boats with their chocolate-colored sails so captivated me that at my request we returned to Amsterdam via Volendam this time engaging a boat in charge of a man. The breeze had died away completely and the boat was drawn the entire distance by the man who, fortunately, was large and strong.

While at breakfast next morning you said "If you want to go to Marken we better go today and get all this picturesque business you

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fancy so much off our hands," so to Marken, the largest of the islands in the Zuyder-Zee we went,—inhabited by fisher folk, much visited by tourists and full of artists making sketches of the women and girls, all dressed alike. A frisette of golden hair and two long golden curls falling over each cheek; a snow white cap turned away at the ears and standing out from the head in a point; a much embroidered red waist with white sleeves; a woolen petticoat striped with several colors, the stripes running around, and wooden shoes. A very fetching costume when the girls were young and pretty.

We went to Delft, full of delightful, high, old, red brick houses, standing flush on canals lined by two rows of fine trees. In a church with a lofty tower and a lovely chime of bells, we saw the magnificent monument of William the Silent, and in shop windows the beautiful faience pottery made in Delft.

In Haarlem we chanced to see a very pretty noon wedding at the Cathedral, and later had two hours of delightful music on the famous organ. The season was late June and the country about Haarlem was a vast flower bed of tulips and hyacinths miles and miles in extent.

From the Hague over a road shaded by trees and dotted with two miles of villas and gardens we went to Scheveningen, a fashionable seaside resort, and an old fishing village. At one end of the town pretty houses of bright color rented for the season by well-groomed people who enjoyed surf fishing; sat for hours in the wicker chairs with a hoodlike covering that served as protection from sun and wind (hundreds of which were scattered over the beach) and through the evenings danced at the casino or listened to a good band concert.

At the other end of the town shabby little homes black with age. Most of the men were away at the herring fisheries, only the elderly being left; their catch of fish was carried in baskets on the heads of women to the Hague markets, and what pictures they made on the road in their odd dress! full, short, white woolen skirts standing out as though worn over barrels tied to the waist, black stockings and wooden shoes. On their heads white caps and a kind of brass helmet, that helped perhaps to sustain the weight they carried.

We should have enjoyed dining at one of the attractive restaurants in the part of town devoted to pleasure but we resisted the temptation remembering notices in the halls and rooms of the extremely comfortable, extremely expensive "Vieux Doelan" that read, "Guests of the hotel will be charged for dinner whether present or absent."

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From the Hague we went to Rotterdam. We had taken great pleasure in seeing again the beautiful pictures of the old Dutch Masters, had enjoyed the picturesque dress of the people and laughed at the absurdity seen in the towns on Sunday when women of the substantial middle class go to church wearing a hat trimmed with flowers, feathers or ribbon perched on top of a white cap.

We went from Rotterdam down the river Maas to the "Hook of Holland" and so to London. We spent several days driving through the lovely country embracing Chatsworth and Haddon Hall with headquarters at the delightful old Peacock Inn.

En route to Liverpool we stopped at the quaint, medieval town of Chester, to see the interesting old walls perfect in their entire circumference of two miles. We walked in the continuous galleries, over and under which the houses lining the street project,—all approached by flights of steps and called "the Rows."

In July, 1895, we crossed the ocean on the Cunard liner *Lucania* and went to our Central New York home, running away in September for a leisurely trip through the Berkshire hills. At Great Barrington we stopped at the Berkshire Inn. Directly opposite was the "Searles Mansion"—the show place of all the country around—hidden from view by trees set closely together and a tall, thick hedge.

You asked our host what the chances were of our being able to see the "Searles Mansion."

"None whatever, I fear," he answered; "A limited number of visitors are admitted two days in the week and there is a long waiting list."

Next morning you sent your visiting card with the address "San Francisco, California." Talismanic words! that brought a very nice note from Mr. Searles. Much to his regret he was leaving for New York to keep a business engagement but had given instructions that we were to be shown over the place at any time convenient to us.

A gentleman (engaged in cataloguing books) was our guide. The Mansion was indeed a mansion. Everything that great wealth and perfect taste could achieve in decoration and furnishing was there. We were given the unusual privilege of *entering* the bedroom and boudoir of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, that remained just as she had occupied them. Elegant and luxurious, with a charming view from the windows of a wide stretch of meadow, a tree-fringed stream and a background of lovely wooded hills.

We spent several days delightfully in Boston and went to Concord; looked with interest on the old houses built before the

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Revolution, drove out to Hawthorne's "Old Manse," saw on the river bank the statue of the "Minute Man" erected where

"The embattl'd farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

and in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery saw the graves of Emerson, Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott and Thoreau.

We wintered in the West and summered in the East until September 6, 1900, when we sailed on the Grosser Kurfürst for Bremen. We enjoyed the quaint, old city and lunched at the famous Rathskeller where we had a small bottle of old Johannisberger wine that you pronounced "fine."

Between Bremen and Hamburg we saw herds of Holstein cows being milked in the pastures by women and girls, old women with yokes carrying the pails of milk to farm houses, often far distant.

The next morning when a coach drawn by four horses dashed up to the door of the Hamburger Hof we climbed on top and had a delightful ride. In the very heart of the City, the river Alster, on its way to join the Elbe, widens out into two basins—the inner, and the outer. These basins lie close together and between them the river is spanned by a bridge. Around the small, inner basin are shops, restaurants and the principal hotels; around the outer basins many of the most charming homes in Hamburg with flower gardens, lawns and fine trees. Upon the basins, row boats, sail boats, steamboats and barges of traffic ply in every direction, while adding greatly to the charm are the numerous swans gliding about;—in the busy waters of the basins and on the quiet reaches of the river.

As we bowled along enjoying the well built, animated streets and the animated water and admiring the swans, you told me how well you remembered the first swans you ever saw;—that on your fifth birthday your Father had taken you to Central Park to see the swans, just arrived from the City of Hamburg, as a gift to the City of New York;—that looking at them from the margin of a lake your Father said, "How graceful they are, and what a graceful act the sending of them was." That the swans were graceful you could understand, but your Father had to explain what he meant by saying *the act of sending them was graceful*.

That night at the Stadt Theater we heard Wagner's Die Walküre well sung, paying for our good parquet seats six marks each.

When we returned to our room we found splintered glass around

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the wash stand and missed a tumbler. In the morning a housemaid was standing outside our door crying.

She tried to tell me how she had broken the glass and said she must pay for it. I told her we would pay for the glass, whereupon she smiled through her tears, kissed my hand, saying, "ach gnadige frau" and more, that the *kind lady* did not understand.

We stopped in the office and you said to the clerk, "There has been a glass broken in our room that you may charge to me."

The clerk, "I have already charged you for it."

"But you understand we did not break the glass."

"Certainly, but I knew you would not want the maid to pay for it."

As we walked to the breakfast room you said "And these people talk of Americans thinking only of the almighty dollar."

At the end of three days' stay an item on the bill read,

"Ein glas gebrochen 60 pfennigs." (twelve cents).

We rode through immense tracts of sugar beets in Saxony and at Weimar, where we staid two days, reached a lovely wooded country—the Thuringen Wald. We saw the house where Göethe was born, his statue with that of Schiller, walked through the park and rested in the Gartenhaus where Göethe passed so many hours in writing and meditation. We stopped over at Jena to see Schiller's house and the pretty town associated with him.

The softly-rolling wooded hills were full of pretty, interesting groups—old women and children having in charge a cow, a few goats or a little flock of geese.

At Munich we heard Tanhauser beautifully sung at the opera house. The prices were low. The opera commenced at half-past six.

September 22 we went to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play. A four hours' journey through a pleasant country. Wayside shrines became frequent as we neared our destination; a quaint, peaceful village on a plain, beside the swiftly flowing Ammer, surrounded by green fields, wooded heights, and mountain peaks, with a lofty, shining cross on the highest rocky summit.

The visitors brought by the long train were met at the station by citizens and conducted to the houses allotted them. A dear little boy who seemed to know by instinct where we belonged asked if we were going to Mr. —'s. We had secured our room from Cook's Tourist Agency and wondered how we were to fare.

A pleasant woman met us at the door. We followed her up

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stairs to a large corner room with prettily curtained windows. Everything was neat and attractive; the furniture plain but comfortable, the bed linen and towels beautifully embroidered with initials. While we were still surveying the room our hostess came with tickets of admission and numbered seats for the Theater next day. She gave us a light lunch and we went out.

The narrow, winding streets were roughly paved and without sidewalks. The outer walls of the houses were of delicately colored stucco and many were painted with historical or religious pictures; unless the roofs were very sloping, large, flat stones that defied the winter winds rested upon them. In shops, in windows of houses, in gardens and lining the streets were wooden images carved by the peasants illustrating religious subjects, the crucifixion being most common.

From the town we wandered over fields bright with meadow saffron, then followed the wagon road to the open country. From all directions peasants were coming from their mountain homes, some making a pilgrimage of fully fifty miles; men and women plainly clothed; young men and maidens in picturesque costume and many, young and old, that carried in the hand or thrown over the shoulders a little bundle containing their shoes and stockings which they put on as they neared the village.

As we entered the house upon our return, we saw, framed in the open doorway at the other end of the hall, the head of a cow; we walked through the hall and found ourselves in the stable with six cows just driven in from the mountain pasture.

During the afternoon train after train had poured into the little station its tide of humanity and when we walked out in the evening thousands of people from all parts of the World were threading their way through the crooked streets. We soon tired of the pushing and jostling and went back. I suggested that we take another look at the cows. A lantern hung from the ceiling. In the dim light, in addition to the cows we saw a dozen men and boys lying on a fragrant bed of hay that had been thrown from the loft; all sound asleep.

At four o'clock the following morning there was a musical ringing of church bells and at sunrise the firing of a cannon echoed through the mountains. The Theater was on the edge of the town, and when, soon after seven we made our way towards it, a cosmopolitan crowd was going in the same direction.

It was a glorious morning and the bright sunshine lighted up every picturesque thing it touched; the dress of peasants, the fez of

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Turks and the striking vestment of French, Italian and Russian priests.

The great structure with 4,000 seats was covered and closed on three sides. Just beyond the open end was the immense stage, the blue sky above it, green fields beside it, cedar-clothed hills and rocky mountain summits back of it.

The play began promptly at eight o'clock and continued without a break until twelve. After an hours intermission, the Play began again at one and ended at five. A prologue, tableaux and chorus preceded each of the sixteen acts. The tableaux were scenes from Old Testament stories foreshadowing later events. Grouping and coloring made the living pictures extremely beautiful. The chorus in white, with mantles of delicate color was accompanied by an excellent orchestra hidden from sight. The music composed by the village school teacher, chorister and organist combined, was dignified and harmonious.

The Drama, from beginning to end, was without flaw and defied all criticism, act after act moving along with stately dignity. The mastery of every detail shown by the Passion Play Committee comprising the burgomaster, the parish priest, the schoolteacher and a few burghers chosen by the people was simply marvelous.

The High Priest Caiaphas, Pilate and Herod were all magnificently attired and the scenes in which they were the central figures were brilliant and intensely dramatic. They and the Disciples, the Priests, Rabbis, Pharisees and Elders spoke in turn with an emotional fire and fervor that at times was positively thrilling. The hundreds and hundreds of people before the audience in every scene added much to realism, and from the entry into Jerusalem when five hundred men, women and children came down the hillsides and crossed the plain waving palm branches and shouting hosannas, until the final scene on Calvary, it was not a play being acted, but a tragedy lived before us.

Canon Farrar wrote after seeing the Passion Play "The impersonification of Christ was something much higher and more sacred than acting; it was the transference into a living picture of what the gospel tells us. The Play does not offend by a single word or a single gesture."

There was some tender, beautiful music by the chorus, robed in black; a tableau of the Ascension, and the Passion Play for that day was over. From the sonorous, finely-rendered lines of the first prologue, to the last fall of the curtain, the tragic story of the centuries

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was impressive beyond description; marvelous in its realism and full of dignity, reverence and deep spirituality.

The acting was perfectly natural and perfectly wonderful; it must surely have been inborn, since all children, generation after generation, grew up imbued with love for the Play and wished with all their little hearts for nothing so much as to be participants in it; and so it was that those men and women, few if any of whom had ever been in a theater or seen a real play, rose naturally to great dramatic heights; those men leading their simple, blameless lives in the little hamlet among the Bavarian hills; carpenters, potters, masons, wood carvers, road makers, tillers of the soil and herdsmen; women busy with their looms and household work; and giving every ten years a Drama with such fervor and overmastering power that day after day they held thousands upon thousands spellbound.

We had been so impressed by the beauty and power of the Play that we wanted to see it again. It was to be repeated the following day for the thousands that had been unable to get beds or seats. Our good hostess said she would sit up all night if by so doing she could give us a place to sleep; we tried a dozen houses without success, then took an evening train and returned to Munich.

We spent most of October in Paris enjoying the Exposition. Of all those happy, busy days the one that I enjoyed most was the day we went up 1,400 feet in a captive balloon. It was a delightful sensation, and experience well worth having when the marvelous possibilities of aviation were unknown. I wanted to take a flight every day but you said the tariff was too high, and also carried a considerable tax for the benefit of the poor, as many a concession did.

Four months in Nice, then from Naples on S. S. Republic we steamed one April day into the semi-circular Palermo Bay, at the foot of the lofty, rugged mass of Monte Pellegrino.

The harbor was alive with sailing craft, from Trans-Atlantic liners to row-boats of quaint and curious shape painted in all the colors of the rainbow. From the boatmen surrounding us came a very Babel of noise—hotel-runners and shouts of welcome for friends on our forward deck who shouted back in ear-splitting tones. What throats those people have!

From the noise and color of the harbor we drove to the Hotel de France through animated, delightful streets. White houses with green Venetian blinds, balconies and red-tiled roofs, blooming gardens and glimpses of domes and spires through rich vegetation.

The gay, little, two-wheeled Sicilian carts were irresistible. On

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a yellow background the panels of the body were crowded with figures in lurid colors, representing every imaginable subject; religious, historic and comic. The shafts, wheels and body were adorned with scroll-work and on the axle a small, carved statue of the owner's patron saint.

The carts were drawn by the smallest of donkeys, the harness strung with jingling bells, bright with red tassels, bits of tinsel and little square pieces of looking glass, and tied to the headstall between the ears a tall cock's feather. The donkeys were driven without bits, like the ponies in Naples, being guided by an iron ring around the nose, with reins attached to the sides. The little carts were common carriers, and loaded with lemons or oranges were a pretty sight.

Business over, men, women and children, as many as the cart could hold, were off for pleasure, and the poor, little donkey's hardest work and greatest abuse had just begun, for the gay, lighthearted Sicilians were cruel to their animals.

The large markets were full of interest. Fruit and vegetables hung in festoons of riotous color, lemons and oranges, radishes, blood-red tomatoes and cauliflowers every shade of purple.

Over beds of charcoal, fish, flesh and fowl were sizzling in separate pots of boiling oil and huge cauldrons were steaming with vegetables. All Palermo seemed to buy at least part of its food ready cooked and the scenes around the stands of the *cuisine economice* were very animated.

Palermo was a city of gardens, public and private. At the latter there was always a custodian, often in livery, and whenever we stopped to look within we were told that the *forestieri* were permitted to enter. The gardens were beautiful and Californians though we were, the flowers made us exclaim in wonder and delight. Roses, particularly those of sulphur hue were really gorgeous. We never forgot a Maréchal Niel vine, led back and forth from branch to branch of two trees, and the overhead canopy made from hundreds of large roses that seemed to have gathered the very essence of sunshine. In the public garden we saw fine specimens of banyan trees, and most interesting they were.

The Via Maquada at the fashionable driving hour was one of the sights of Palermo. Slowly moving vehicles of every description, occupied by people of every class; Ducal carriages following shabby hacks along the handsome street. We spent two hours one afternoon on the course that we might see the ladies of Palermo's fashionable world. Many were beautiful; all were beautifully gowned. More

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to our liking, however, were the trips we made by trolley-car to the outskirts, where lovely villas fringed the city, and farther on, to orchards where lemons were being picked,—such beautiful lemons with thin, velvety skins; and grapefruit trees of wonderful size, with great clusters of fruit encircled by glossy leaves and large, snowy blossoms.

Wandering about the streets we saw many things that entertained us. A group of public letter writers at work; loud-voiced water carriers with clinking glasses; little shrines let into the walls of houses, with flowers on them by day and at night a row of burning candles or small oil lamps; a black cloth nailed across a window as a sign of mourning; white lettering on the strip of cloth told what member the family had lost; a few goats, each with a tinkling bell, driven along the sidewalk and milked whenever a customer appeared.

And what a sight all Palermo was on washing day,—clothes stretched across narrow streets, and hanging from window ledges and spacious balconies of handsome houses in broad fashionable streets; every article of clothing worn by the human kind.

Just around the corner from our hotel was the *Marina*, a center for clubs, shops and cafés, where we enjoyed the life of the street and the outlook over the water.

The great Cathedral was beautiful and dignified, the facades varied and picturesque, with turrets, towers and battlemented roof outlined against the blue Sicilian sky. In the impressive interior among a wealth of decoration the splendid treasured tombs of Roger, that great Norman, First King of Sicily and his family. The raised canopies with twisted columns, and the sarcophagi were of rich, crimson porphyry. Each sarcophagus rested on the shoulders of six kneeling Norman nobles,—the figures carved in white marble.

On Sunday morning we strolled into the court-yard before the Cathedral. We heard the chanting of Mass within and walked back and forth, along the wide beds of flowers on either side, that perfumed the soft, warm air. As we were going away, we noticed at the church door a lovely child, quite alone, dressed in white from his broad-brimmed hat to the small slippered feet. Long-fringed, lustrous eyes lit up the face of a cherub. In answer to questions we learned that *madre* was in the *chiesa* and that—spreading wide the fingers of one hand, the better to make us understand, he was *cinque* years of age.

While we were looking at him with admiration, an Officer in full uniform ran up the steps and entered the Cathedral, throwing down

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a half-smoked, lighted cigarette upon which our lovely cherub darted like a bird of prey, picked it up, put in between his rosy lips and began to smoke. When it was nearly consumed he opened a chubby hand, took another from fully a dozen half-smoked cigarettes and lighted it like a veteran. He was enjoying himself immensely when a handsome, dignified woman came from the church. At a glance she took in the situation—smiled and bowed to us, and with a deprecatory shake of the head, threw the cigarette in the street, scolded the culprit and led him away. As he passed us he opened the disengaged hand, to show what he had left, and with a roguish smile hid his treasures in a handy little pocket. We watched the small figure until he vanished from view, then took his place as a lovely vignette on the wall of memory.

We went to Monreale, four miles away, to see the Cathedral. A plain exterior with massive towers; on two sides beautifully chiseled bronze doors. Inside, the lower walls of white marble,—the upper walls encrusted with mosaics over an area—according to Baedeker—of 70,400 square feet. Old Testament mosaic tableaux on a golden ground in soft and lovely tints,—many of the pictures startling in their realism and the incidents depicted, but surpassingly beautiful in general effect; a gorgeous, glittering blaze of exquisite and harmonious color. The cloisters were cheerful and beautiful. Adjoining them a delicious garden of orange and lemon trees, beds of flowers and a fountain.

On a glorious morning we left “the White City” regretfully. You had secured the *berlina* that we might have an unobstructed view of “Il Conca d’ Oro,” the golden shell that half surrounds Palermo. A vast plain with miles and miles of lemon trees. The fruit hung ripe and yellow and the air was heavy with the perfume of blossoms. The land was irrigated by water held in large wooden casks sunk in the ground. The rims were fringed with ferns and wild geranium; the water reflected the trees overhead and the effect was very pretty.

As we neared the sea, we passed the Vale of Enna where Proserpine was gathering wild flowers when Pluto, charmed by her beauty, carried her away to be the Queen of his dark realm.

In Palermo we had chosen the San Domenico (an old convent) as the place to stay at Taormina. When we reached Giardini you confidently gave the porter of that hotel your name, and said you had written for accommodations. He was very sorry but the hotel was full up when the letter came. Our second choice was the Timeo—that too was full. We tried the Castel-a-Mare—not a room. A

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porter came to say The Metropole could give us a small room, which we declined. *The Metropole!* when we had set our hearts on one of those delightful hotels with romantic-sounding names of which we had read and heard so much! No, indeed! so we got into the rickety vehicle sent from a Sicilian hotel on the village street where we were promised a large room and fine view.

We soon forgot our annoyance in the views that unfolded at every turn of the white, zig-zag road up the steep mountain side that led to Taormina 700 feet above the sea. Terraced villas clinging to the ground like nests of birds, surrounded by ilex, cypress, lemon and orange trees; past the delightful hotels that in day-dreams had been our own; farther and ever farther below, shone the curving shore of the blue Ionian sea; above the fleecy clouds, the glittering, silver cone of Mt. Etna, clear-cut against the azure sky; the crumbling red walls of the Greek Theater perched high upon a mound; then Taormina, the Sicilian Hotel and a very small room looking on the street.

"The fine view must be at the back," said I, turning from the window. "I do hope we shall find a terrace."

Instead of a terrace we found a high, blank wall.

"Now what do you think of that?" I exclaimed, staring angrily at the wall. "That rascal of a porter!"

"And you really expected a 'large room and a fine view'—your credulity is refreshing, and also surprising."

The Greek Theater facing Mt. Etna, the immense proportions, the crumbling, broken proscenium arches, the re-erected Corinthian columns, the fragments of marble, and empty niches where statues had stood were all very impressive. The vast auditorium, with rows of seats faintly defined, was beautiful, under a carpet of soft moss bearing the tiniest of pink flowers.

Artists were there vainly trying to transfer a bit of the glorious panorama and matchless color to canvas; the exquisite blue of the sky, the shifting shades of turquoise in the shimmering sea; the hillsides clothed in varying green of palm and cypress, orange and olive, and dominating all, Mt. Etna "The Pillar of Heaven." Around the majestic form fleecy clouds always at play, in turn concealing and revealing what in part they hid, with an effect that was the delight and despair of the artist. Above the clouds, against the azure sky, little whiffs of white smoke curling and wreathing from the snow-wrapped crater where Ceres lit her flaming torch; while in the innermost recesses beneath, Vulcan hammered at his forge.

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In the one long, winding street—where we were located and very comfortable (although I did not forgive the porter) we saw much to interest us. The people lived and worked out of doors. Women mended clothes, combed their hair, cooked the dinners and cared for the babies. Cobblers and tinkers patched and soldered. Goats and kids roamed at large. Boys shouted and played. Little girls with Madonna-like faces, their hair knotted and pinned on the top of their heads, sat in the doorways beside mother or grandmother learning to sew or knit, to make lace or drawn work.

At the picturesque old fountain crowned by a mythological deity, women and girls gathered to talk and laugh and going away carried jars and jugs and slender Greek-looking pitchers filled with water on their well-poised heads. Sometimes we followed little lanes running along the hillside where broken-down stairways and ruined arches were almost hidden by heather and broom and wild geranium.

One afternoon we went down a steep, stony path to the San Domenico Hotel and had tea on the flower-scented terrace, beside the garden blooming with roses, violets and fresasias; and one of the old convent walls was covered with a pink-flowered climbing cactus that was a delight. We saw the shrines and altars and frescoes, and looking on the glorious, enchanting view in its setting of exquisite color, we joined in the verdict of all who have seen it, that Taormina is one of the loveliest spots on earth! from which, after four happy and delightful days, we tore ourselves away and went to Messina.

A busy, prosperous, commercial city; wide, handsome streets adorned with statues and fountains, a fine, old Cathedral, parks and pleasure grounds. *La Marina*, an esplanade following the crescent-shaped Messina Bay, splendidly built, with shops, hotels, club-houses and public buildings was a most delightful place; the sidewalk thronged with people of leisure, natives and strangers, while across the street red-sashed fishermen were bustling about, porters with red vests were loading and unloading the closely-moored vessels, and skimming over the sparkling water hundreds of white sails gleamed in the brilliant sunshine.

We stopped at the Messina Hotel, a commercial house frequented by bankers, merchants and club-men and had the opportunity of seeing Sicilian gentlemen eat spaghetti. It was served as a separate course on large plates. The fork was used to connect the spaghetti with the mouth, then laid aside. Heads were lowered low over the plates and when the heads were raised the plates were empty and the spaghetti gone. A clever piece of lingual work, but how managed was a mystery.

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In the evening we heard an excellent band concert in the Piazza di Municipo and the following day steamed away from "one of the finest harbors in the world," Messina's domes and spires and shining white buildings looking beautiful against the background of dark mountains.

A few years later came the terrible earthquake that destroyed the city and buried half the population beneath the ruins.

In the rough, choppy waters of the Messina Straits we passed between Scylla and Charybdis, those fabled monsters of Hellenic legends, and went on our way to Naples, I lamenting that we had not seen the Temples at Girgenti and Segesta.

"Why want to see everything?" you asked. "We have seen the Temples of Paestum. There are none finer in Sicily."

May 25, 1902, we sailed from Boulogne on S. S. Moltke for New York. We had one entire summer and part of another in the dear old home, some happy months with relatives in the City, a delightful winter in San Francisco at the Palace Hotel, and August 6, 1903, on the same good, old S. S. Moltke sailed from New York for Hamburg.

With the coming of large steamers my dread of the sea had vanished and I shared with you the pleasure of voyaging back and forth. Now and then we had a day of rain or a rough sea, but generally we were very fortunate in weather and the time passed all too quickly. Beginning with the early dawn and the sailors' chorus as they holystoned the decks—counting the hours by the ship's bells—eating six times a day, yet always ready to respond to the sound of the gong or bugle call—books, but very little reading—walking and talking—playing rope quoits, shuffle-board and bridge.

We always met pleasant people; many that we were sorry to part from when the short voyage was over.

On one of our crossings this way we met a lady and gentleman, both of whom a few years later became prominent.

Mr. Thomas Lipton's deck chair was next to mine, and he was also our table companion. A most agreeable, interesting and entertaining man, talking freely of the struggles and poverty of his early life; of his Mother, and of his success; not boastfully but in a simple, natural way, telling of his varied industries, from meat packing in Chicago, to his tea plantations in Ceylon. He was also gifted with the Irish brightness and told many amusing stories connected with his career.

In crossing, we always chose in the dining saloon one of the

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short tables on the ship's side that accommodated only ten or twelve. Opposite us sat Mrs. Vanderbilt, her daughter Consuelo on her right, her young son Harold on her left. Our seats were against the wall and we could only be served by the steward passing things across the table, and the way that charming girl was constantly on the alert to help those of us so placed was something pleasant to remember. Miss V. was extremely pretty—tall and graceful—sociable and human, joining in a shy, modest way in the pleasant, lively talk of the table.

About the third day of the voyage, sitting on deck after luncheon, Mr. Lipton said to me—

"I wish you would tell me why Mrs. Vanderbilt never speaks to you or Mrs. W."

[Mrs. W. was an attractive, agreeable young woman, who with her husband, was homeward bound—they, with two well-known business men of San Francisco made up the complement of our table.]

"You will have to give me something easier than that, Mr. Lipton, if you expect an answer to your question," said I.

Then he appealed to you, saying it was so strange, and he could not understand it, finishing his remarks with "and you have no aristocracy in America."

"We have an aristocracy of wealth," you told him "that is sometimes very arrogant."

It was a question that puzzled this kind-hearted, good-natured son of Erin all the way over; and surely the conduct of Mrs. V. could not pass unnoticed. She never raised her eyes from the table, and worse than that, if her daughter was taking part in the conversation, listening or perhaps saying something herself, the mother hurrying through all her meals, would rise, put her hand on her daughter's shoulder, and with an "Excuse me, please," that lovely girl would turn from the table and follow her mother. A bit of ship gossip—I give it for what it is worth—was that Mrs. V. was very indignant at not being put at the Captain's table. That may have caused her to see the World, for the time through jaundiced eyes.

A few years later in the busy shopping streets of Naples we met Sir Thomas Lipton—knighted for his generous contributions in providing food for the poor of London during a hard, cold winter. His yacht, the Shamrock, had just been defeated for the second time, but he was not discouraged. His parting words were, "Good-by—I shall lift that cup yet, believe me."

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Consuelo Vanderbilt was a Duchess, and a great favorite with Royalty. Later, when domestic troubles came, we felt sincerely sorry, but sure that the lovely Duchess was not at fault.

Only once in our many crossings was the even, pleasant tenor of our days disturbed. A young man in the steerage died and was buried at sea. We went with a number of passengers to the stern. The burial service was read, and the steamer slowed down when the body was committed to the deep. Looking back we saw the long box that had not been sufficiently weighted, tossing on the crest of the waves. For a long time I could not put from my mind or my mind's eye, that wooden object following in the wake of our ship, as though in pursuit.

To resume our journey, from Hamburg we went to Kiel. The canal was full of shipping and very animated, the Emperor's yacht, the Hohenzollern, riding gracefully at anchor. From Kiel by steamer to Korsor then to Copenhagen through a pleasant country of tawny-colored grain being harvested, tracts of vivid green of sugar beets, and fields of red clover where long rows of cows were tethered. When milking time came picturesque milkmaids appeared, each followed by a large Danish hound and cart that took the milk to the farm house where it was turned into the excellent butter that is a source of great wealth to Denmark.

The narrow, winding, lively shopping street of Copenhagen was full of interest. The windows we enjoyed most displayed pottery from the Royal Porcelain Factory, embroideries, and rich-looking fur garments; the jackets we thought the prettiest were in color soft gray flecked with white, which upon inquiry we found were not fur, but made from the skins of cormorants captured in Greenland. They were warm and durable with the advantage of being light in weight.

The open air market was held in a large square; adjoining it, on the quay, the fish market; the fish all kept in tanks. The long row of old fish women looked grotesque wearing large, black straw poke bonnets to which full white capes were attached.

We walked across a large park to the home of Mr. Carl Jacobsen who has given to the Nation his wonderful collection of Etruscan, Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities. His collection of Roman portrait-statues and busts is claimed to be the finest and largest in the world. In the Thorwaldsen Museum we saw a complete collection of that sculptor's work—originals or replicas.

The great pleasure resort that took the name of the old Roman town of waterfalls, temples, gardens and villas; and has in turn given

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the name to theaters, concert-halls and public gardens the World over: the Copenhagen Tivoli, a large park in the very heart of the city with groves of trees, lakes, fountains, waterfalls and parterres of flowers, furnishing every kind of entertainment and amusement we found a most delightful place at all hours.

In the morning men sat under the trees reading their papers; women knitting or embroidering; young people were boating on the lakes and children playing games. Towards evening when the twilight of the North lingers so delightfully, family groups, parents and children had supper at tables under the trees. Whether prawns and white wine; frankfurters, cheese and beer, or bread and milk, everywhere cheerfulness, talk and laughter.

There were open air theaters, and a beautiful concert hall where we heard a noble orchestra render classical compositions, when the Tivoli with numberless colored lights looked like fairyland.

Leaving Copenhagen for Elsinore the road skirts the picturesque Zealand Coast where the Royal family and the wealthy residents of Copenhagen have delightful summer homes. At Elsinore on the Straits of the Kattegat stands the massive Castle of Kronborg, that Shakespeare calls the Castle of Elsinore where, on the platform before it, Hamlet sees his father's ghost.

Our train was carried across the Straits to Helsingborg on a steamboat with three decks. The lower one had cabins and refreshments; the middle deck carried our cars, and the upper deck served as a ferry between the two towns.

Our mid-day dinner at a Swedish station restaurant on our way to Gotenborg was a novel experience. A long table crowded with steaming dishes; soup, fish, meats, vegetables and sweets; piles of plates and heaps of knives, forks and spoons. There were no waiters. We made a rush with our fellow travelers, filled our plates, carried them to a small side table and enjoyed an excellent dinner at a very moderate price.

From Gotenborg we went up the valley of the Göta through beautiful forests of beech and birch to the Trolhatten Falls. The entire height of the six falls and rapids is only 108 feet but the enormous volume of water forced through the narrow gorge makes the spectacle grand and imposing. The hillsides were covered with pink heather, forming a lovely setting for the Falls.

From Trolhatten to Christiania, an attractive city with charming homes, fine public buildings (many of a reddish granite) delightful pictures by Norwegian artists in the Museum of Art, tempting

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articles of filigree work in gold and enamel in shop windows, and in the Stor-torv—great market—a large variety of fish and game, flowers and fruit; berries were particularly plentiful and of many kinds.

In a charming novel of Beatrice Harraden, the scene of which was laid in Norway, we had read of the cloud berry, much esteemed by the natives, that would not grow or thrive under cultivation. Seeing a tray of large, raspberry-shaped berries, orange red in color, we were pleased to hear they were cloud berries. They had a delicious flavor, all their own, and the marketman, who spoke English bore out Miss Harraden's statement; they were wild and unsociable, loving inaccessible places in the hills, resented transplanting and every kind of care, but bore freely when left alone.

The most interesting object in Christiania was the Viking ship dating from the ninth century. The mound covering it was only 100 miles from the city yet it was not excavated until the year 1880 revealing a ship larger and in a better state of preservation than any previously found. The vessel, 75 feet long and 15 feet wide, was built for both sailing and rowing, having a mast amidship and 16 rowlocks on each side. In ages past robbers had plundered the sepulchral chamber; only fragments of costly weapons and trinkets, and bits of silk embroidered in gold thread remained.

On a lovely morning, by an electric railway running through forests of pine, spruce and birch we were carried well up the Holmenkollen mountain, then climbing a steep path we reached the View Tower.

A striking young woman with a handsome Danish hound beside her was looking over the country. She was hatless and gloveless, dressed in white, of heroic size, with abundant light-brown hair, clear blue eyes and firm white teeth. You asked if she spoke English.

"A leetle," she answered with a pleasant smile.

The view from the tower was extended and beautiful. Through trees, in the city beneath, we saw the domes, church spires and tiled roofs of homes glistening in the sun. Our companion located for us the Storting, or Parliament House and different public buildings. Seaward was the harbor, the shipping and Christiania fjord fifty miles in length with rocky, wooded, sinuous banks.

We had seen extended views from three sides of the tower; on the fourth side the outlook was hemmed in by the green domes of hills. There were several houses on the mountain side and our com-

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panion pointed to one in which she lived. It had wide porches and stood in a grove of larch trees.

"How delightful!" I exclaimed, and turning to you said, "I wish we could spend two or three weeks in a place like that."

We were decidedly nonplussed when our companion said, "They wouldn't take you."

Of course I flared up at once saying indignantly and with emphasis "They—wouldn't—take—us!"

"No" she answered quietly, "they wouldn't take you."

Then you spoke, "I hope, Miss, that you will give us the reason."

"Yes, I will," she said. "It is this way. We come every summer from Copenhagen in a large party. There are many families and we are all plain, simple folk and do not want many things; when the English or Americans come they must have more and when we have more we must pay more, so our Faders and Moders tell the Vierten that when he takes any English or Americans in the house we will all go away and never come back."

After that explanation we had some pleasant, bantering talk to convince her that many Americans like ourselves had simple tastes.

"Oh yes," she said, "you have simple tastes, but you live at the Grand Hotel and like it."

"Because houses like yours will not admit us," you laughingly told her.

We left the tower and a short distance down the path turned and looked up. She stood at the railing and seeing us, waved both hands in token of farewell.

"A daughter of the Vikings" you called her, and as a daughter of the Vikings she took her place to mingle thereafter with our pleasant memories.

The following morning as we went into the breakfast room we were preceded by a lady, two very pretty young girls and a wide-awake boy of about ten. They joined a gentleman and we were given a small table in a bay window beside them. A service table with fruit was rolled in and as it was halted in the passage way between our table and theirs we could not help seeing what was upon it. Strawberries, raspberries, cherries, a bunch of hothouse grapes and a hothouse melon. The berries were served and the cherries and grapes transferred to the large table.

We exchanged glances and smiles, each knowing what was in the others mind. The daughter of the Vikings; the reputation of

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Americans for wanting many things; the having more and paying more. While eating our breakfast we heard the following:

Young America: "I want a piece of melon."

Paterfamilias (folding up the newspaper he had been reading): "No, Harold, you have had fruit enough."

Materfamilias: "He may as well have a piece, since you ordered it. They will probably charge for it."

And she told their waiter to cut the melon.

Paterfamilias (apologetically): "I didn't order the melon. The waiter asked what fruit he should bring and I said, whatever you have."

Young America: "Oh, but that melons bully. I want another piece. You better try it, Dad."

As we were leaving the room, you said,

"Well, that was a coincidence," and we wondered what the Fathers and Mothers sojourning on the mountainside would have said, could they have seen the fruit served an American family for breakfast and known the cost; for the Grand was an expensive hotel; too expensive in every way to justify the notice at the foot of lunch and dinner menus,

"When no wine is ordered there will be a charge of 50 öre (seven cents) for ice water, for each person."

We went from Christiania to Stockholm by the night express, and found the sleeping cars very comfortable. We noticed space provided in each coach for "ladies traveling alone." Reached Stockholm early in the morning and at the Grand Hotel fairly revelled in the unusual luxury of hot and cold running water in our dressing room; a delightful hotel, the Grand, overlooking the harbor and busy quays, with charming distant views.

Stockholm captivated us completely by its picturesque situation; a City of parks, promenades and homes (many with splendid granite facades) of churches, statues, fountains, shops and public buildings extending over a plain; half-encircling hills; and islands that thickly fringed the coast.

Lifts carried us to the summits of lofty hills and gave us wonderful views, and breezy excursions in sheltered waters took us to islands each with its own particular claim to beauty or interest.

In the Royal Palace we saw ancient armor and old-time Scandinavian costumes; in the Museum of Art a fine collection of pictures of the old and modern schools, and one evening we heard The Flying

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Dutchman delightfully sung in the Royal Opera House, a magnificent structure within and without, standing on a terrace that commanded a lovely view. The foyer was gorgeous and the handsome restaurant well patronized between the acts, solid food and much beer disappearing. Our seats near the middle of the parquet cost four krone (60 cents) each.

Skansen, the great pleasure-ground, comprised seventy acres of picturesqueness. Lakes, forest, rugged hills, pastures, and cultivated fields; Sweden in miniature with a railway to carry the visitor around, and up to peaks that gave glorious views on every side.

There were many entertaining and instructive features. On large platforms young people in quaint Scandanavian costumes of the dim past, sang folk-songs and danced folk-dances with grace and abandon.

An immense aviary contained birds from the frozen North; a large herd of reindeer roamed over their ample field, and we saw elk with magnificent horns and many fur bearing animals.

An encampment of Laplanders with examples of their summer and winter habitations, and uncouth Lapp peasants in the dress of their locality was one of the curious sights.

We left beautiful Stockholm with regret and crossed Sweden from the Baltic to the North Sea by the Gota Canal, 500 miles including lakes and natural waterways. Between the locks we had many a long, delightful walk on shady roads bordering the Canal.

The time was three days and two nights. The boats were comfortable but space limited. The cabins contained two narrow berths with a narrow passageway between. A tiny washstand under a porthole and racks above the berths for clothing and luggage.

On the Gota Canal boat we fell in with several peculiarly Swedish customs. The institution of smorgasbord was in force at every meal; a side table with butter, cheese, salt and smoked fish, reindeer meat, tongue, pickled eels, et cetera. That et cetera got us often into trouble, for tempted by curiosity we put many a morsel in our mouths that we swallowed with difficulty.

There were bottles of arrac, a spirituous liquor, something akin to liquid fire. The passengers helped themselves according to fancy and carried their gain to the breakfast table where they found bread, cold meat and eggs cooked in different ways. The breakfast was good and abundant but did not include either tea or coffee, for which an extra charge was made. Many men ordered and drank beer.

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The charge for dinner read, Ladies 4 krone, Gentlemen 4 kr. 50 öre.

When we left the boat at Gotenborg we found all the City celebrating the King's birthday. Music by marching bands and the streets full of people and bright with waving flags.

The following day we went to Helsingborg, and recrossed the Straits of Kattegat to Elsinore. The King of Denmark's yacht all black and gold with Royal standard flying was just leaving the harbor. The King was going to meet his daughter, the Queen of England, and was pointed out to us as he paced the deck.

One of the surprises in that Northern land was the abundance of fruit seen in the markets and fruit stands; different fruits that we associate with different seasons of the year. In a fruiterer's shop at Copenhagen that we often visited, my ever ready pencil one day jotted down the following: Nectarines, apricots and peaches from the City hot-houses and oranges from afar; but grown in the country around, cherries, a variety of plums, apples and pears, strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and blackberries all fine and of excellent flavor.

After several pleasant days we went to Korsor and took a boat for Kiel. At lunch you ordered a bottle of beer. When you tasted it you complained to the waiter that the beer was not cold enough.

The gentleman sitting next to you said, "All Americans and Englishmen want their beer cold. We like it better and think it better for us when it is not too cold."

That remark was the beginning of a conversation that lasted for the five hours we were together on the little steamer. Before we left the lunch table visiting cards were exchanged and we learned that our companion was

F. Mendahl

Chambellan de S. M. le Roi de Danemark

M. Mendahl had met all the Sovereigns of Europe and many famous and distinguished people of whom he talked in a most entertaining way. He and his wife spoke English fluently. Mme. M. was familiar with much of our best literature and had translated Motley's History of the Netherlands into Danish.

They asked many questions about California, and what had most interested us in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. We spoke among other things of the beautiful statue of Hans Christian Andersen in one of the parks—a seated figure holding an open book in one hand,

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the other raised is if to command attention. M. Mendahl said we might thank his wife for that. Mme. M. had started the subscription, and among many designs submitted, this one was chosen by herself and associates. The design, however, called for a number of children around the base in a listening attitude. Mme. M. carried the design to Andersen then sick in bed.

His own figure pleased him but the children he did not want. "You know," he said plaintively, "they always disturb me." and after a pause added, "I do not want to be remembered only as a teller of tales to children."

M. and Mme. Mendahl (both past seventy years of age) said that when their children were young, Andersen, an old man, was a frequent visitor to their home and the children hailed his coming with delight, sure of a wonderful story; that Andersen was fond of the children of his many friends but not of children in general.

At Kiel we said good-by to our delightful companions of the afternoon. They went to the home of a married daughter; we took a train for Hamburg.

The following morning looking from our windows in the Hamburger Hof at the swans, and boats plying in every direction on the Basin, we discussed where we should go. The discussion ended by your saying,

"I will take you to Utrecht that you may see the place where the Dutch branch of your ancestors came from."

"You should add in 1635" I suggested, "I do, always."

And to Utrecht we went; a quaint, interesting old town. The University once so famous, the Cathedral with a fine chime of musical bells, and long rows of old-fashioned houses, the pointed fronts on tree shaded streets, the backs built flush on the canals with broad flights of steps that lost themselves at the waters edge, where boats were tied, as in Venice. Our Hotel stood in one of those picturesque rows and the boating on the canal interested us very much.

We left Utrecht for Amsterdam in a canal boat. On both sides were villas, with red-tiled roofs and gardens full of flowers. In the distance, farm houses with fanciful hayricks silhouetted against the sky, and farmers' daughters coming and going on the paths made pretty pictures. They were all dressed alike. A pale blue calico dress and a white apron that reached to the wooden shoes; bare, round arms and a close fitting white cap that framed a wholesome-looking rosy face. Very pretty and very quaint they looked and very happy although each pair of shoulders carried a flat wooden yoke

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and hanging by chains at both ends a bucket filled with milk, fruit or vegetables to supply people living in the villas.

The flat country, the want of variety, the long and frequent stops to take on passengers and commodities and the snail's pace of the horses soon became wearisome; but we were bound for Amsterdam, we had a steamer trunk and there seemed no way of escape. We were talking with a gentleman who spoke English when our boat stopped at Nyschuss. Nyschuss! I learned to spell it; but although we tried time after time, with all the aid our friend from the Netherlands could give us, we never got near the right pronunciation. Correctly spoken, the word sounded very much like a double sneeze broken off in the middle.

Well! at Nyschuss you saw a boy with a wagon that you thought might be large enough and strong enough for your purpose. You asked the Dutch gentleman how far it was to a railroad station. Three miles. He acted as interpreter and while the boat was still at Nyschuss we were walking on a path, beside a small canal—a slooten—well on our way to the station, the boy and little wagon following with our trunk and traps.

And we went to Leiden, such a quaint place! The old University, the old Town Hall and two old, old Gateways! and you wanted to see the house of John Robinson, the Noncomfortist divine who encouraged and advised his flock of Puritans to emigrate to America but was too wise to go with them. He remained in Leiden, and we had a great hunt to find his house, and when found concluded it was not worth the trouble.

Then at the Hague we were fortunate in seeing Queen Wilhelmina going in state to the Medieval-looking Government buildings. The Queen was dressed in white, with Prince Henry beside her. The carriage was drawn by six jet-black horses and the outriders were in scarlet and gold.

We spent two months in Paris, the winter in Nice and early in April, 1904, were at Gibraltar on our way to Tangier, considered one of the worst landing places in Europe and a storm was brewing on that particular day. When we reached the ship's ladder the passengers that were going ashore—all men—were in the little boat and our trial began.

There was the Captain telling us to make haste for the wind was increasing every moment. There was you, begging me not to jump and urging that we give up the trip. There was I, never seeing the opportunity nor having the courage to make what seemed a desperate

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leap. There was one of the boatmen vainly trying to hold the boat for an instant where I stood. There was that demon of a boat, tossing and rolling, going up on the crest of a wave above our heads then dropping down into a hollow of the sea. I was just about to turn back, when quick as a flash a boatman grabbed me, and set me down in the lap of an elderly Englishman.

"I am so sorry" I said in apology.

He answered by saying politely "No matter."

With the gentleman's help I managed to stand up. Just then the boat gave a tremendous lurch and I came down with all my weight on the toes of one of his feet.

"Oh, I am so very, very sorry," I said. Poor man! that time there was no assurance that it was "no matter."

While I had been floundering about you had managed to get into the boat and we were off.

We landed at the end of a long pier in the midst of dragomen, donkey boys and beggars. We gave our handbags to a porter from the Continental Hotel and walked towards the town until we reached that hostelry. We were to remain only twenty-four hours and wishing to make the most of our time we engaged a dragoman at once, picking one out from fully twenty applicants.

His name was Tewfik; he was twenty-two years of age, handsome, and full of zeal in his calling. He took us to the Soko market held in a large square outside the walls. A string of camels had just arrived and the produce they brought was being unloaded. Oranges, lemons, shaddock, dates, vegetables, bunches of fragrant mint, bags of grain, hundreds of pigeons in crates and various kinds of poultry.

Dozens of poor women were in the square waiting to pick up any refuse left behind by the market men, from the camels' packs. It was difficult to believe they were women, those shapeless, ridiculous looking bundles enveloped from head to feet in coarse, white, very dirty woolen garments, with narrow slits before the eyes through which they looked upon the world. Soon as they saw us they came with whining voices and hands outstretched for alms; and such was our introduction to the romantic beings I had so longed to see, "the veiled women of the East."

The hotel dining room that evening was a fascinating study for me. There were not many guests but waiters were plentiful, and I had hard work to keep my eyes from following every turn those waiters made. They were dressed in garments that fell to the feet, made of soft, shimmering silk in many colors, with narrow scarlet

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girdles, the short ends hanging at the side. They were excellent waiters and really graceful as they moved noiselessly about in their slippered feet.

A most striking touch of Orientalism was given by four African boys about ten years of age wearing long, full skirts and short, scarlet jackets; they stood behind the guests, two on each side of the table, with long ebony sticks at the end of which were disks of bright colored paper; they were so placed that they could sweep the table from end to end and so keep the swarm of flies from settling; but for those boys we should have taken in flies with every mouthful of food.

We had arranged with Tewfik that we would go to a concert in the evening and after dinner we found him waiting in the lobby. There were no street lamps and every one going out at night carried a lantern. I wanted one but Tewfik said ladies never carried them and that two would be enough for our party.

The concert was given in a large, square room lighted by smelly oil lamps. On a handsome rug in the middle of the floor the Arabs sat cross-legged in a large circle minus shoes and slippers that were left at the door; they were talking and laughing, drinking tea or coffee and eating cakes. The musicians were in a corner; their instruments mandolins, tambourines and drums. The *noise* was endurable until a man with a doleful voice began to sing. That was dreadful!

Tewfik asked if we would have refreshments.

Yes, we would take tea and cake. We were glad we asked for tea, for then we learned the principal use to which the quantity of mint we had seen brought to market was put. We found about a dozen leaves in our cups upon which sugar had been sprinkled and the hot tea poured. It was delicious. We drank it often in Tangier, and many times thereafter.

The waiter who served our breakfast next morning and the boy who brushed away the flies were plain grubs in long skirted drab cotton dresses unlike the brilliant butterflies that had hovered around the dinner table.

After breakfast we walked down to the pier; waves were dashing over it, storm signals flying and notices posted, "Small boats will not go out today." I was jubilant as I wanted to stay longer than you had planned.

We were storm-bound for three days, and while the sea was wind-swept, the weather on land was perfect; we had a very happy

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time enjoying every moment. Pleasantly situated on high ground overlooking a spacious bay, Tangier was to us an attractive, curious and most interesting place. The square, two-storied houses bluish-white in color had flat roofs where the women sat to get the air. Some were without windows, being lighted from the roofs; others had small windows placed quite out of reach of the Moorish maidens who might have a fancy for flirtation.

The few veiled women we met on the streets were a great improvement over those we had seen in the market place; they were shapely, their clean, white garments did not look so burdensome and the separate veil of lighter fabric showing the dark, lustrous eyes gave a romantic suggestiveness of what might be hidden.

The Moorish merchants were studies in black and white. Their shops open to the street simply consisted of boxes with shelves on three sides; in the middle, cross-legged the merchants sat, all their goods within reach. The white bournous left bare the arms, and legs, from the knees to the yellow-slipped feet; large, white turbans completed the singular dress. When they smoked their hookahs—long pipes, the bowls so arranged that the smoke was cooled by water—they were pictures of contentment. They seemed indifferent about selling; rather gave the impression of not wanting to be disturbed.

On one occasion we found an English couple bargaining for a piece of rich stuff spread over a merchant's lap; passing again an hour later they were still there.

"Are you making any progress?" you asked.

They smiled, and the lady answered, "Very little up to this time; but I am hopeful."

The Jewish population was large. The women were fine looking, dressed richly, wore a great deal of jewelry and went about the streets unveiled. The Jewish merchants had fine shops well stocked with high-grade goods. Many were striking figures in garments of purple cloth. Others, not pleasant to look at, that Tewfik said came from Poland, wore long, shiny, greasy-looking, black alpaca coats that fell to the feet and black skull caps with curls hanging down on each side of the face.

The streets were animated, narrow, dirty and roughly paved. Donkeys and ponies loaded with commodities or carrying people, and occasionally a veiled woman; the boys in charge shouting their cry of warning, "balak, balak;" noisy, bare-legged water carriers with boar skins on their shoulders from which they poured water in brass cups for the thirsty; dogs barking; donkeys braying; men prostrating

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themselves at sound of the Muezzin's voice calling the faithful to prayer; men at a fountain washing their faces, legs and feet before entering the mosque to pray; beggars; snake charmers; women sitting on the housetops; now and then an ungainly camel crowding every one to the wall. Such were the sights and sounds in the nameless streets of Tangier.

Tewfik asked if I would like to see the inside of a harem. Hearing that I would, at an appointed time, with a large box of Turkish sweetmeats that Tewfik said was the usual offering, we made our way to a certain house. In answer to a rap, the door was opened by a black mite of a boy (African) and while you paced up and down the block, I went within; first into a vestibule and from there into a room lighted by windows near the ceiling.

There were four houris? in the room; two seated Turkish fashion on flat cushions, two reclining on divans. Their faces looked like masks and were devoid of all expression, so thickly were they powdered, white and red. There were no chairs. A pile of cushions was pointed out to me and I sat down; then one by one they gathered round; they fingered the cloth of my jacket and skirt; they fingered the trimming of my hat, pulled at my gloves, pinched the box in my lap and tried to take off my jacket. I resisted that, but opened it and threw it back; they fingered the silk of my waist and a string of beads I was wearing, talking like magpies all the while.

Their hands were small, the fingers loaded with rings, the arms with bracelets and around their open throats were necklaces galore. Their loose gowns were made of soft silk and pretty slippers covered their stockingless feet. I gave the one nearest me the box of sweets. They fell upon it like greedy children; when it was nearly empty they began snatching and with shrieks of laughter chased each other about the room for the last pieces.

A guitar was standing against the wall; I held it out to each in turn but only a shake of the head rewarded me. The sweetmeats gone and their curiosity about my dress satisfied, they went back listlessly to their cushions and divans and I went to the door which little Africa opened for me.

The best part of all the experience that you did not share, Dear Heart, was the telling it to you, and my visit to the harem was no exception.

We soon exhausted the town and our thoughts turned to the country. There was no railroad, no wagon road, no wheeled vehicle of any kind but always in front of our hotel any number of boys with

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donkeys and ponies for hire; and two of the latter Tewfik engaged for us. Instead of saddles, large, flat seats thickly padded were tightly strapped to the little horses' backs; with a boy at the head of each and Tewfik walking at my side, we started.

The low hills back of the City were green and the country cultivated and beautiful. We had ridden only a few miles when we reached a grove where nightingales were singing delightfully; we listened for a long time then rode on along the seashore towards Fez, the capital, thirty miles away where the Sultan was then residing; we were on the line of communication between the Palace and Government buildings in Tangier, and we met and were passed by army Officers in beautiful uniforms and Moors in fez and rich Oriental dress; they were all mounted on handsome horses and added greatly to our entertainment.

We saw many men in ordinary dress of white bournous and turban, well mounted and carrying guns with long, slender barrels; some were beautifully inlaid; others of chiselled brass or steel. You stopped several and were allowed to examine the guns, but none wanted to sell. Tewfik said you could buy them in town but they were very dear, and when I asked whatever you would do with a gun, you answered with a smile, "Give it to a friend."

Twelve miles from Tangier we came to a wooded point jutting out in the water where wealthy citizens had charming homes. From there we turned back; but we had enjoyed the ride so much, that next day when we saw the storm signals still up we repeated it; the nightingales were always singing in the grove and we saw many picturesque and interesting people. As we neared the outskirts of the city on our return, crossing our path at right angles we saw fully twenty horsemen riding rapidly; they all had long barreled guns which they twirled around their heads and discharged in the air. Their proximity and the noise of the firearms were terrifying but Tewfik laughed and said it was a wedding procession and the riders were friends of the groom frightening away evil spirits from the new household; that the marriage would take place that evening and he would find out where.

After dinner we found Tewfik waiting with his two lanterns. We had a long walk through dark streets lighted only by our two lanterns and then came upon a singular scene. A large gathering of white clad Moors sitting cross legged on the pavement of the street, each with a lantern that lighted up the black face under the white turban. They glowered at me as we made our way to an open space and sat down on fiber cushions that Tewfik had brought.

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After a wearisome wait a gaily caparisoned donkey carrying a large box with small openings near the top and draped with bright colored silk was led to the house in front of us. Two Moors carried the box in and when they brought it out and fastened it to the donkey's back, it contained the bride. Then came the presents. An African slave, and trays loaded with household articles and gaudy cheap-looking ornamental pieces carried by boys in long skirts and scarlet jackets.

When the donkey was led away two Moors walked on each side of the bride—her father and brothers, Tewfik said. Then the white figures rose from the street and with the dancing lanterns, and an occasional man bearing on his head a candelabrum holding eight candles, the singular and picturesque procession moved along.

We followed it to the Mosque. A devout looking man in rich vestments stood at the door. He pronounced some words in Arabic that Tewfik said was the religious part of the ceremony; then the bride was taken to the house of the husband she had never seen and the wedding was over.

We asked Tewfik if the boxed in bride was the first wife. He said, "No, she is the fourth and *he* can't have any more because the law wont let him; but *he* can have a large harem if *he's* got plenty of money."

The following morning when we walked to the pier, storm signals had disappeared. A small steamer that rolled and pitched and made me horribly seasick carried us to Cadiz and we went leisurely through Spain.

We spent a week in Seville, renewing our acquaintance with the charming patios; saw the beautiful Palace and grounds of the Duke of Montpensier and many interesting things debarred us on our former visit during Holy Week.

At the Alhambra we had two delightful weeks, and the charm of that romantic place seemed to increase with every visit. In April days of four separate years we heard the music of the murmuring fountains, and the nightingales singing in the grove; saw the roses in their bloom and wandered through the glorious Courts and Halls of the Palace.

On one of our visits, coming down the hillside where we had gone for a view from the tallest of the "ruddy towers" we passed near a low wall on which a half dozen little girls were sitting. They all had flowers in their hands and flowers pinned in their hair. They made a very pretty picture and we stopped to admire them. While we looked

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two boys came swaggering along each carrying a piece of red stuff that looked like a bit of worn out under clothing; they were talking with the girls when in bounded a boy with a pair of horns fastened to his forehead.

"We are evidently going to see a bull fight," you said, as we both began to laugh.

The bull lowered his head and lunged at the boys who waved their strips of red and jumped this way and that in a very lively manner. After some time of this play the Toreador came with a bit of the same old red garment in one hand, and a long, thin piece of wood in the other hand. He and the bull had a long tussle then by a successful thrust he dehorned the bull, that at once fell lifeless to the ground. The little girls showered all their flowers on the brave Toreador, even those pinned to their hair.

We went to Madrid and from there to Biarritz that delightful French watering place of which the Empress Eugenia was so fond; with fine hotels, casinos and luxurious villas. The little, old fishing village—the original Biarritz—we found very quaint and interesting.

We stopped at Lourdes, in the midst of a romantic-looking country. The statue of the Virgin, "Our Lady of Lourdes," above the grotto, the votive offerings, and the walls hidden by piles of crutches left by the multitude of pilgrims who, cured by faith, had no further need of them, was really impressive.

We drove through the beautiful valley of the Cauterets, spent some time in Paris and June 19, 1904, sailed from Cherbourg for New York.

We swung around our elliptical circle reaching San Francisco by way of Southern California in December. We spent the early summer of 1905 in our old home and in August sailed on the S. S. Republic for Liverpool.

We went to Dumfries, saw the house where Burns lived and died, and talked with his granddaughter and great granddaughter; kindly, cheerful bodies in very plain surroundings. In the Globe Hotel we saw Burn's chair, his pipes and punch bowl.

The country between Dumfries and Glasgow was full of interest for us. We passed through the bonny Maxwellton braes where Annie Laurie lived. She of the pretty Scotch song of which you were so fond; and up in the rugged hills was Craigenputtock where Carlyle and his wife spent many years. To that place Emerson went to visit Carlyle, and wrote, "There among the unfrequented hills the lonely scholar nourishes his mighty heart," and there (before she had

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mastered the art) his adorable wife, Jenny Welch Carlyle, sat up many times until three o'clock in the morning waiting for her bread to rise and be ready for the oven.

From Glasgow to Grennock and the river-like Crinnan Canal ten miles in length with ten locks between most of which we walked with bare-footed children, their little hands full of pink heather that they eagerly exchanged for pennies. What queer little beings they were! and how their queer speech and sayings amused us. The scenery was very pretty with glades of delicious wildness and lovely homes scattered among the heathery hills.

From Crinnan—the end of the canal—a larger boat carried us into the almost land-locked harbor of Oban. With a background of lofty mountains, wooded hills dotted with pretty villas rising from the circular bay, yachts on the water, men in Highland dress on the street, the music of an occasional bagpipe, and animation everywhere, Oban was to us a most delightful Highland town.

The next day, between a chain of lovely islands, and the mainland of hills, some low and some lofty, with feathery cascades tumbling down between banks of heather, we went from Oban to Banavie where we spent the night. Directly opposite our hotel loomed Ben Nevis, a mountain the Scotch speak of with pride. It is picturesque but as a mountain to be proud of! Well! the least said the better!

The scenery in the Caledonian Canal was fine, rugged and interesting. Small, shaggy Highland cattle and bands of sheep; lone sheilings on the misty, heathery mountains, and far apart, lonely shepherds in long cloaks leaning on their crooks to watch the passing boat; always a collie dog beside them that greeted us with a bark. It was a beautiful day—the first without rain for six weeks the Captain told us—and very happy and very thankful, we reached the rose-red town of Inverness, the Capital of the Highlands.

We left Inverness by the Highland railroad running through the Grampian hills; beautiful and picturesque; often wild where streams dashed with foam and roar between deep, rocky banks. We stopped at Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen and St. Andrews. Oh those Scotch towns! how delightful and interesting they were! and the people so friendly and kindly. Each place was marked by some little incident that we remembered with pleasure.

The famous golf links at St. Andrews stretch along the sea shore for a mile and a half. The day we were there a game was on between two players of note with a large number of people looking on. The strokes those men made were wonderful! We followed full

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of interest, when suddenly, from an almost cloudless sky came a heavy shower of rain. The game went on as did many of the spectators, but we hurried to the nearest shelter and did not see the finish.

From St. Andrews to ever delightful Edinburgh. When the weather was fine we always went at sundown to the Castle to see the changes of guard and hear the bagpipes. One day we saw a group of Officers and men at the angle of a wall where we knew a small cemetery was located, with marble slabs in memory of pet regimental dogs; and there the interment was taking place of the Colonel's pet, and a really sorrowful man the Colonel seemed to be. As we turned away we talked of Sir Walter Scott declining an invitation to dinner because of the loss of a dear friend—one of his beloved hounds.

We went to London and to Paris, and one day you read that the vintage season had commenced in the champagne region and suggested that as we had never seen the Rheims Cathedral it would be well to do so at that time, and also see something of the grape gathering; so we went to Rheims, one of those delightful old-time cities so common in Europe. Broad tree-lined streets with the upper storys of houses projecting over the sidewalk, forming arcades, where afternoons and evenings cafés filled all their space with chairs and tables; and there people sat by the hour sipping absinthe, eau sucré or coffee, and eating tiny cakes.

A delightful old square built around with warehouses, bazaars, shops and private residences; charming parks and boulevards on which the wealthy had their homes. Many picturesque old houses—one most remarkable, "The House of the Musicians;" across the facade stretched a band of large, painted figures playing upon the musical instruments of their day.

A monument of past ages, "The Roman Porte de Mars;" a triple triumphal arch, with fluted, time-worn Corinthian columns; and among the near-by flowers, and shrubbery, a bed of tall, graceful papyrus plants rose from a pool of water. Rows and rows of attractive homes, occupied by working people, with pots of bright flowers on the window sills; for Rheims in addition to being a center of the trade in champagne had many factories where woolen and cotton goods were made.

The pleasant, old city sheltered a prosperous, happy and contented people enjoying their work and recreation. Dark-eyed, bright-faced children romped through the streets and all was life and animation.

In the city's very heart the Cathedral; one of the noblest, most

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magnificent Gothic Cathedrals in all the World with a perfectly amazing and bewildering wealth of decoration. In the deeply recessed portals of the Western front, rows of statues of Saints, Apostles and Kings, one row above another, and over the central portal a glorious rose window that with galleries and towers and lace-like detail, completed the exquisite facade. On every side of the grand, old Cathedral statues, single and in groups, with figures of animals and scenes illustrating Bible history or some bit of the secular lore of France. Flying buttresses, spires and turrets connected by graceful, airy galleries of open stone work, while far out from the walls gargoyles thrust their grotesque heads.

In the vast interior, "the color of a hundred gardens" gleamed from the lovely old stained glass windows; statues looked out from their niches; wreaths of foliage mingled with human and fantastic figures about the capitals of the massive octagonal columns; the choir stalls of oak were beautifully carved; medallions of scriptural and historical pictures in stone, were framed in a tracery of rose and lily and the running vine of the grape; there was a 14th century organ and the aisles were hung with old, old tapestries.

And what brilliant scenes had been enacted there! where for centuries the French Kings were crowned and where that world-famous coronation took place in which Joan of Arc played so romantic a part. Joan of Arc whose equestrian statue stands in front of the Cathedral as though on guard!

One day we stood among the wealth of carving on the roof! among the airy galleries, the delicate pinnacles and turrets; we walked around the grand towers admiring the work upon them, and on the uppermost balustrade studied the faces of the elfish little seated figures that looked over the City.

From time to time during the World War the Germans made a target of the Rheims Cathedral! As reverses on the Western front became more frequent they took revenge by shelling the City.

Then came a day when it pleased the Vandals to martyr Rheims! Not a house left standing!

"No homes, no flowers are there,
Nor any trees, or little running feet;"

and the glorious Cathedral, that for ages to come, should have been the heritage of every one who loved the old and the beautiful, was reduced to ruin; destroyed in such utter wickedness and wantonness, that the perpetrators of the outrage have won for themselves the scorn of the civilized World!

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One red letter day during our stay in Rheims we drove to Epernay, fifteen miles away, over a smooth road with trees arching overhead. The country was charming. Vineyards and orchards, grain fields and pastures where a few cattle, and many sheep grazed. In hill and valley vineyards, the grape harvest was going on. Only at short intervals were we out of the sound of talk, laughter and bits of song, and the sight of picturesque groups of peasants among the russet, red and orange leaves; the men and boys in blue smock-frocks, the women and girls in blue aprons that covered them completely; the old women wore white-frilled caps, the younger women and girls broad-brimmed hats. Every one carried a basket, and large shears, or knives with curved blades used for the cutting. The vines were dwarfed and stocky; the clusters small; the grapes small, black and very sweet.

At Epernay we were in the Valley of the Marne, narrow at that point but very pretty. The streets of the town were narrow with many picturesque twists and turns. In a delightful suburb called "La Folie" the rich wine merchants had their lovely villas.

Mme. Pommery's wine cellar at Rheims was undergoing repairs and visitors were not admitted so we were glad to go through the cellar of Möet et Chandon at Epernay. Down steep stairs seventy-five feet underground we came to the great cellar containing 7,000,000 bottles of champagne. Miles and miles of white galleries hewn from the chalk rock and long, dim corridors terminating in caves where the wine was stored,—over the arched entrance, the name of the city to which the wine would be consigned, and we were rather pleased to see San Francisco's goodly share.

In the caves, men clad in white, looking in the dim light like sprites, were at work. The slanting bottles stood in racks, and the sprites simply gave them a little shake to disturb the sediment, and then replaced them.

It was late in the day when we returned to Rheims but work in the vineyards was still going on. The weather had been perfect; tomorrow rain might come, and as many grapes as possible must be gathered.

The next afternoon we took a train for Chalous-sur-Marne and went to the Marne Hotel. Access to the rooms was had through an unattractive court by an unattractive staircase. "Third or fourth class," I whispered to you as we followed a boy to the room assigned us, where a *femme de chambre* had already brought a jug of hot water and a carafe of drinking water. Madame herself came to see

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if anything was needed, but not before I had taken in the surprise of the room. Over the bed a canopy of figured satin with coverlid of the same; easy chairs upholstered in satin; at the windows, lace and damask silk curtains; fine linen towels.

Our dinner was delicious and perfect in every way. The host himself brought the small bottle of chateau wine you had ordered, and looked carefully over the table. It was one of those delightful Hotels found nowhere in such perfection as in France where the Host and Hostess supervise every detail of the house.

At Chalons, the Marne was crossed by a fine stone bridge over which we walked next morning. The town had cotton, linen and woolen factories and the largest wine cellar in the World with fifteen miles of galleries.

At my suggestion we stopped at Bar-le-Duc. I wanted to see the home of that delectable confiture put up in the dainty glass pots. The windows and shops were full of it and the quaint, old town stood in the midst of fields devoted to the cultivation of red and white currants and gooseberries. In a narrow side street called the Café des Oiseaux we saw a wonderful collection of stuffed birds.

From Bar-le-Duc we went to Nancy, a bright, gay, beautiful city with gushing fountains, parks, statues, squares built around with handsome structures, attractive shops that displayed exquisite embroideries, glassware and pottery of unique and artistic design—all specialties of the town. A magnificent Triumphal Arch at the entrance to a lovely park had three large gates with Corinthian columns supporting a group of statuary and single figures—all destroyed later by German airplanes.

Only thirty miles away was Chateau Thierry where at the most critical time of the World War, our dear, brave American boys made their breasts the barrier that stemmed the German tide flowing towards Paris.

From Nancy we returned to Paris and in November were loitering in Marseilles on our way to Nice for the winter. Scanning one day the long sailing list of ships and steamers going to scattered ports of the World, you turned to me and asked,

“How would you like to go to Egypt?”

“Beyond and above anything and everything,” I answered.

“I could not afford to take you up the Nile on a dahabeeah,” you continued, “but the Tombs and Temples, the country and people would look the same. A few days later, November tenth, we sailed

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from Marseilles for Port Said on the P. and O. steamer Mooltan bound for India; a 10,000-ton ship on her first voyage.

The crew were Lascars, and so picturesque! Bare-footed, bare-armed with blue blouses, red turbans and rings in their ears.

Of the 500 first-class passengers a great majority were Army Officers and Officials in Government employ, with their families, going back to work after their vacation.

A passenger that attracted much attention was an East Indian Prince dressed in white corded silk with gold trimming, always surrounded by a train of attendants.

The large passenger list necessitated the serving of two dinners. The first at six o'clock which we chose, the second, set for seven-thirty, but the first table consumed so much time that it was generally eight o'clock before the seats at the second table were filled, and a beautiful sight it was to see the English ladies in full dress, go down the companion way. We had our regular places at dinner but for breakfast and lunch sat wherever we liked. In that way we met a large number of pleasant people.

Going out after dinner the third day of our voyage we found those already on deck, looking intently at a tiny speck of light near the horizon and speculating what it could be, as the night was dark without moon, or star. The Captain chanced to pass and told us the light came from the volcano of Stromboli sixty miles away. Our cabin was on the seaward side and we waited up until near midnight, watching the slow growth of the tiny speck; then abreast of the volcano we saw the weird, awe inspiring sight of a broad stream of molten lava flowing down the mountain side into the sea.

The following afternoon the Mooltan ran alongside her pier at the entrance to the Suez Canal and we were soon ashore in Port Said exploring the town.

The poor native women of the lower class were a sorry lot, in coarse, clumsy garments, their faces hidden behind a most hideous contrivance. A black band was fastened around the forehead, a space left for the eyes and a narrow, heavy, black veil held in place by a brass clamp fitting over the upper part of the nose.

The native men of the same class wore long skirts of sleazy material that flopped around their legs in a most ungainly way when they walked.

The only attractive things we saw in the shop windows were ostrich feathers—beauties, a half, to three-quarters of a yard in length; price from two to three dollars each.

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"Oh, I must have a white one and a black one," I exclaimed, but took your advice not to buy until we returned to Port Said. Alas! when we returned, our train was late; we were obliged to go direct to the steamer and I lost my ostrich feathers.

We spent the night at the Savoy Hotel one short block from the Mooltan's pier. The steamer was to sail early next morning and at sound of her whistle we went out on our balcony.

At Port Said ships and passengers for India make preparations for hot weather and the Mooltan was a very pretty sight as she steamed away, bright awnings fluttering in the light breeze and the decks thronged with men and women in light attire. We saw the festive looking craft once again, when one hour after leaving Port Said our train overtook and passed her.

The six hours' journey to Cairo was full of interest. The vegetation, the people, the strings of camels, their heads outstretched, their backs loaded, and a Bedouin perched on top or walking alongside; and then, the first dim sight of the Pyramids—what a thrill they gave! and how eagerly we watched until they became distinct, and at the journey's end, our drive through the crowded, animated streets to Shepherds, that most fascinating of all hotels.

We fell easily into the universal habit of taking a cab whenever we left the hotel. In the middle of the day the heat was intense and at all hours, if we stepped outside the garden wall we were completely hemmed in by dragomen, donkey boys, venders of curios and beggars.

Our only fatiguing hours were those spent in the wonderful Museum, where even the overmastering interest of the invaluable collection could not ward off weariness of the flesh. As I write these lines memory calls up the image of a man called "The Village Chief;" a statue carved in wood over 4,000 years ago. The expression was startlingly lifelike and the eyes stared at us so intently that the figure drew us as a magnet to look upon it again and again, and gave a creepy feeling that a living human being must dwell within that wooden form.

Across the River, eight miles away, over a road delightfully shaded by grand, old lebbek trees to the border of the desert, and those stupendous Pyramids,

"That wedge like cleave the desert air,"

we made many excursions. We had no desire to climb the summits or to penetrate within the massive tombs; we were content

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to look and to marvel; then on, three-quarters of a mile through the desert sand to the Great Sphinx of Gizeh, the guardian of Tombs and Temples.

Hewn out of the rock, colossal in size, a human head on the body of a lion, the question of its age a riddle, the inscrutable Sphinx with a benign expression on the damaged, noseless face, the sad, wide-open, patient eyes gazing dreamily over the shifting sands, was majestic in its eternal loneliness!

Our feeling of awe, however, was quickly turned into vexation and indignation by Bedouin guides, peddlers, beggars and photographers. Of the pests the photographers were the worst—one who spoke English fluently was fiendish, wanting to take our pictures; telling us that we would always be sorry if we neglected to have our photos taken mounted on camels with the e-ter-nal Sphinx in the background. Over and over again went that maddening rigmarole. The wretch had a long pole with a cleft, in which he placed pictures of tourists on camels and thrust them before our eyes that we might see the spe-ci-mens of his work.

When we returned to the Pyramids and dismounted, you said, "No more dromedary for me unless I can reach my seat and leave it by a ladder," and after that you rode a donkey while I stuck to the "ship of the desert."

Going to the Citadel—a huge fortress on a hill—for the lovely view at sunset was always a pleasure. The slender, graceful minarets and sun-lit domes of the many hundred mosques, groves and avenues of delightful verdure, the broad, shining River, the Pyramids outlined against a violet sky, and beyond, stretching on and on, glorified by a marvelous light, the great Libyan desert into which the sun seemed to sink.

"A running sais before a rapidly driven carriage is one of the prettiest sights in Cairo," Charles Dudley Warner wrote. It was a common sight to us in which we took keen delight. Driving in the pleasantly shaded Shoobra Avenue in the afternoon, or crossing the great Nile bridge to the gardens of the Ghezirah Palace we always saw one or two carriages preceded by a running sais. We soon got to know the equipage of the Khedive's household, of the Royal harem with its white veiled occupants, that of an English dignitary with his three young children, and every afternoon the American Consul came for tea on the terrace at Shepherds, dashing up to the entrance gate in a stylish cart, driving a splendid black horse and

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preceded by a running sais who might have posed for Warner's word picture.

"A slender, handsome Nubian, black as ebony, brilliantly dressed, graceful, running with perfect ease for hours. In red tarboosh with long tassel, silk and gold embroidered vest and jacket, colored girdle with knotted ends hanging at side, short silk trousers, bare legs and long staff gold tipped in his hand; graceful as Antinous. A most elegant appendage to a fashionable turn out."

To show how even in Egypt, customs change, while we saw these "elegant appendages" commonly, friends that visited Cairo two years later rarely saw a running sais.

Another very pretty sight in Cairo was seeing a fleet of feluccas—sail boats with tall, tapering masts—collected in the river waiting for the draw of the Nile bridge to open; then like birds, spreading their white wings and going swiftly up the stream against a strong current, driven by the North wind from the sea.

The terrace at Shepherds was a most fascinating and interesting place. Inside the gate dragomen, black, white and yellow; some in flowing trousers, satin vests and immense turbans, snake charmers, fire eaters, flower venders selling a dozen beautiful "la France" roses for a coin equivalent to a nickel, and other flowers as cheap.

Outside the gate more dragomen—some in rags and tatters, some gorgeously clad, boys with small, close-clipped white donkeys under red saddles, around their necks strings of blue beads or silver necklaces, cabs, dealers in curios and relics calling out their wares in loud voices, and passing along the great highway in a steady stream, camels laden with building stone slung in net-work sacks, camels and donkeys laden with dates, poultry and all kinds of market commodities, natives on foot turbanned and gowned, natives on donkeys with two or three children in front of them, dogs without number and curious, amusing sights without end.

The immense bazaars were full of tempting things, from beautiful rugs and embroideries and rich stuffs of silk (that were sold by weight) to the most trifling trinkets and slippers galore, red and yellow. At the entrance to the bazaars the beggars lay in wait; they were numerous, persistent and repulsive; none so repulsive as the women holding in their arms infants with sore eyes over which flies crawled and settled. It was the mother's fixed belief that the flies averted the "evil eye" so she never brushed them away. Babies that could sit up were carried on the mother's shoulders astride but

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IN CAIRO

even they did not put up a fight against the hungry flies that crawled around the gummy eyes.

On market day "the Muski," the chief thoroughfare of Cairo roofed over with cane or palms, was full of strange sights and sounds and vivid color. Money changers rattling their coin, Bedouins from the desert, English soldiers in scarlet coats, fortune tellers, water carriers clashing a paid of cymbals and pouring water for the thirsty into brass cups from boar skins on their shoulders, merchants in Oriental dress going to their offices on gaily caparisoned donkeys, men in long gowns and turbans, loaded camels, veiled

women, scribes with ink-horns and pens of reed stuck in their belts, and so forth, and so forth.

Many of the Mosques with shining domes and tall, graceful minarets were very beautiful. Tickets of admission were obtained at trifling cost and away from glare of sun and noise of street, the cool, marble-walled interiors, with beautiful hanging lamps and often rich rugs upon the floors, we found very restful. We often planned to be near the Mosques at the set of sun—then we saw the Muezzins in the minarets above and heard their voices calling the faithful to prayer; and very musical many voices were.

The immense court of the University during school hours was remarkable. Teachers, and hundreds of Egyptian boys sitting cross-legged on the floor, with metal tablets before them, committing the Koran to memory, their bodies swaying back and forth, all repeating the same words over and over again, producing a most peculiar sound.

We enjoyed the shady paths of the delightful Ezbekiyeh Gardens where a military band played every afternoon, and where we saw strange and interesting vegetation.

After two very happy and very busy weeks we took a brilliantly lighted corridor train for a night journey to Luxor. Our compartment was really elegant; in color all white and gold, with two small brass beds, large plate glass windows curtained in rich silk, brass racks of Oriental design for hand-bags, and adjoining the compartment a washroom.

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The Luxor Hotel was perfectly charming. A garden full of blooming tropical plants divided by an avenue of splendid palm trees that extended to the river bank where a large platform had been built; and how we did enjoy that platform!

There we sat and watched the slow-flowing, dignified stream of the Nile pass on its way; there we saw the sun go down in gorgeousness behind the rose-colored, limestone mountains of the desert; there we went at night to gaze upon the radiant firmament. Such a crescent moon, such stars and planets as gemmed the unfathomed blue in that clear, dry air! so large, so luminous and seeming so near! how brilliant, how wonderful, how glorious they were!

A stone thrown from our Hotel was the Temple of Luxor. At the magnificent entrance one beautifully sculptured monolith of red granite eighty feet in height, and two statues of twenty-two feet were still standing. The ruin was of great dimensions, many columns erect, but all enjoyment in seeing and walking about was destroyed by pestering dragomen.

Tourist travel to "Upper Egypt" was just beginning and we were surrounded by men clamoring to be employed. In self defense you engaged one Abdallah who proved to be a garrulous old nuisance and it took many sharp words to make him understand that we preferred to take facts and figures from Baedeker. The only purpose he served was protecting us from other hungry dragomen.

Through an avenue, two miles in length, lined on both sides by Sphinxes of enormous size all badly mutilated and many headless, we drove to Karnak,—to those sublime ruins, described by a traveller and writer as: "The massive, extensive, noble, beautiful and dignified combination of walls, columns, sculptures, symbols and architectural glories on the wretched plain of Karnak! Temples and Palaces that were neglected and decaying before Greece and Rome had been moulded into nations."

The day after, by a shabby ferry, we crossed the Nile, then on sturdy little donkeys rode to the mountains bordering the Libyan desert; at first through a country where tall Indian corn was ripening, then into a desolate valley on the edge of the desert and in the face of the limestone rock we came to the Royal Tombs.

Those poor Kings of Egypt, spending their lives and their money in making splendid their last resting places; obscuring the entrance as far as possible,—wishing to lie forever "in seclusion and remote from men,"—by what cruel irony of Fate have their Tombs become the quest of the antiquary and the curious? and even worse,

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when through gift or purchase, the poor, unoffending mummies are carried to different parts of the World, and become in Museums a show to be stared and gaped at. *It does seem cruel!*

We went into several of the Tombs, the finest that of Sethos I, discovered by Belzoni, and named for him. A hole in the rock was all we saw from without. Within, 200 feet below the surface of the earth, hewn from the solid rock, in the very heart of the mountain—all now lighted by electricity—a series of galleries, large rooms and passage ways one of which led to the spacious, innermost chamber;—and there, lying in his sarcophagus we saw the mummified remains of one of the greatest of the Pharaohs, with an incandescent lamp hanging over his face. It was very interesting but inexpressibly sad!

The Tombs were beautifully decorated and adorned with sculpture, the walls covered with a profusion of paintings that in the dry air of Egypt remained brilliant in color, and with few exceptions fresh as the artist's hand had left them thousands of years ago.

The pictures represented their occupations and associations, their religious, domestic and social life. Roasting meats, making pastry, drawing wine, boating on the Nile; Gods and Goddesses quaint and angular, with heads of birds or animals, blue and white water-lilies, snakes, musical instruments, and emblems of various kinds.

The next day we crossed the river again and on the same little donkeys "Gen. Grant" and "Yankee Doodle" visited some of the Temples of Thebes. That of Rameses II with rows of headless giant statues, the figures with their folded arms full of grandeur and mystery; but giants though they were how dwarfed they must have looked beside the polished granite statue of Rameses himself—now overthrown and in fragments—that erect, measured sixty-five feet in height.

We saw the vast ruins of "Medeenet Haboo" and in our meandering passed a place where excavation was going on. Under an overseer a score of youths, loincloths their only covering, using their hands for shovels were scooping up the sand and carrying it a short distance away.

In merciless heat from the sun above, and the burning sand beneath, those poor creatures were singing as they worked. It was a doleful little song of only three notes but how they could do even that was a puzzle to me. You said they were born to the heat and did not mind it, but that I could not believe.

One of the boys followed us at a distance, until we were a long way from the excavating group, then he overtook us and handed

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something to Abdallah—our garrulous dragoman. Abdallah examined it carefully then gave it to you, saying, "It is a child's necklace—all the poor Egyptian children used to wear such necklaces for good luck—cats are sacred animals and wearing little cats is lucky—the boy found this one while working in the morning and hid it in the sand until we came along—I know the boy's father and mother—good people—I know the boy—good boy—he wouldn't tell a lie."

"Do you believe what Abdallah says?" you asked.

"Not one word," I answered, "but the boy may tell the truth. Why shouldn't he have found the necklace in the sand?"

I rather liked the looks of the shabby little object and you bought it for a trifle. When you laughed at me for being credulous, I reminded you of the *old Roman coins* you purchased at Paestum, and believed them genuine, until an expert convinced you they were worthless. As no expert ever passed upon my small, droll necklace, I have always believed that my "little cats" were worn thousands of years ago, around the neck of a child that dwelt in the desolate "Valley of the Tombs."

The statues of Memnon, two lonely, solitary seated figures fifty feet in height were very impressive. Sadly mutilated, the faces near by bore little semblance to mankind, but a little distance away they were the most human and pathetic of objects; sitting in solitude and silence on the desolate, deserted Theban plain, counting Time by thousands of years and looking wistfully to the East, the dawn and the River Nile. For long, they fairly haunted me, those lonely statues of Memnon!

We spent a most interesting week in and about Luxor, then took a morning train for Assouan.

Luxuriant fields of Indian corn and sugar cane stretched along the river bank and other fields were being prepared for planting,—one crop succeeding another in a land where summer lasted throughout the year. Plowing was done by camels or camels and oxen yoked together; the plow was home made, the plowshare a crooked stick; the plowman a funny looking object, his only garment indigo blue trousers with legs about a foot in length.

The heat was like a furnace, but when we made a long enough stop at the stations *to see something* we were quickly out of the car. The villages were frequent; the houses dreary, with windowless, sun-baked, sun-cracked mud walls and open air courts that gave entrance to two or three dark rooms. We looked into several dirty courts swarming with naked children and chickens. In one we saw a picture

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IN UPPER EGYPT

that we long remembered—a very old man seated on a stool and standing beside him, a white donkey. Only the graceful, feathery fronds of the many luxuriant date-palm trees saved the villages from being perfectly hideous.

The life of the people interested us immensely. To and from the river bank women went and came, filling their jars and carrying them away on their heads. Nearly all wore black gowns and drew the skirts over their faces when we looked at them. A sad change in carrying water is going on. Instead of the picturesque earthen jars, prosaic tins that have held petroleum are often seen, the women preferring them as being lighter in weight.

The poor women were a forlorn looking lot; but not so the men. They wore light turbans and dark blue gowns that enveloped them from head to feet. In front of the little cafés they congregated, drinking thick Turkish coffee or sitting around a bubble-bubble pipe, passing the mouthpiece from hand to hand, each taking in turn two or three whiffs.

But all the men were not idle. We saw them cultivating the soil and working their *shadoofs* in comical, much abbreviated blue trousers, on the river bank. What familiar objects those numberless *shadoofs* became, that watered the small patches of land owned or rented by the poor. Just a pole, with a bucket on one end, and a lump of dried mud on the other end, across a horizontal bar upheld by two supports.

The owners of large tracts raised water for irrigation with the *sakia*, a large wheel around which buckets were attached that dipped in the river and emptied themselves into a distributing canal. The wheel was worked by ox or buffalo and always creaked and cried and groaned as though in great distress.

At sunset men spread their mats and knelt to say their evening prayer, bowing their heads to the ground. Before darkness fell the palm tree groves became infrequent, cultivation insignificant, and the valley, two narrow strips of sandy soil with the shining river between.

Arrived at Assouan, we went to the Cataract Hotel. When the

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Manager looked at your registered name and place of residence he remarked, "San Francisco is a long way from Assouan."

You admitted that it was. He may have been sorry for us, being so far from home, and added, "If you are only going to make a short stay I can give you the pleasantest room in the house."

You told him we should not remain beyond a week and he assigned us a room occupied every winter by an English couple. It was a delightful room with an immense bay window, and balcony overhanging the river, giving us an extended view of a mysterious looking country and the river, that there broadened out into a sheet of water embracing several small islands,—all bathed in wonderful light from the moon and stars.

Going out from the hotel next morning we were accosted by a mite of a boy, who asked, "You want dragoman?"

We looked at him, at each other, and laughed. "Me speakee Englis," the mite continued, "You takee me?"

He was an engaging little creature with the brightest of eyes, the whitest of teeth and the kinkiest of hair. His one garment was white, sleeveless, fastened on the left shoulder and fell to the knees, leaving bare the well-shaped limbs. He had four rings in one of his ears; one in the lobe, the others in the rim above, and several rings upon his fingers. His name was Hassan. He said he was seven years old but looked younger. The expectant look on his little face was irresistible.

Trying your best to appear serious, you asked, "Shall we engage him?" When I answered "Yes." Hassan was overjoyed.

As we walked along, men approached one after another to offer their services as guides, but always Hassan drew himself up on tip-toes, threw out his little chest like a pouter pigeon, saying, "Me dragoman," and such was the *esprit de corps* that every applicant smiled and turned away.

We could never persuade Hassan to leave us until we reached the hotel entrance and we always found him waiting when we went out—he was like a faithful little dog. Where and when he got the food that kept his face and body so well rounded was a mystery.

We could not understand half that he said, but he was such a cheerful, laughing, chattering little being that I declared I should like to put him in my pocket and carry him away and you wisely asked, what I would do with him when he outgrew my pocket.

When we met Hassan on the third morning he had his kinky hair loaded with cocoa butter and a wooden skewer stuck through the

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kinks. He explained that by working the oil through his hair with the stick, the kink would come out and he pulled at a lock to show the length of it.

Hassan belonged to the Bischarenes, a tribe of the desert with a large encampment a few miles away. The men that rode into town on their camels, with long spears in their hands were striking looking figures. Their arms and shoulders were bare; their hair—originally kinky like Hassan's—was plaited and hung in greasy braids around their heads and they wore many rings in the rim of one ear.

When the *women of the tribe* came to town *they trudged on foot*. They wore their hair plaited in the same greasy braids, and were adorned with many rings in one ear, and a ring in one nostril.

From Assouan we went to the island of Philae to see the beautiful, elaborate and artistic Temple of Isis and the exquisite little structure known as Pharaoh's Bed,—outlined against the clear, blue sky, it was the loveliest thing we saw in Egypt.

The First Cataract was a disappointment,—a small stream of water flowing through a waste of rock. We saw the ugly Assouan dam with yellow, foaming water running through the open sluices. The dam is without doubt a great engineering feat; a towering wall of concrete and granite,—*useful* because it increases the acreage for growing cotton and food products; *deplorable* because it is only a question of time when those priceless Temples of antiquity must fall. We were able to walk about the charming courts, but in the season of flood with the island and all around submerged, the Temples rise from a waste of undermining waters. In one of the ancient quarries we saw the great obelisk that in the ages past was partly cut from its red granite bed.

The bazaars at Assouan, while not so large as those at Cairo were far more interesting, for in addition to everything found at Cairo, there were baby crocodiles caught above the Cataract, tusks and skins of wild animals; barbaric ornaments, assegais, dirks and many other weapons of deadly aspect.

We thoroughly enjoyed our week at Assouan, and were sorry to leave the well-managed Cataract Hotel; sorry to say good-by to our dear, little dragoman, but Hassan's happy face wore its perennial smile and he did not show the slightest regret at parting from us; *not* sorry to lose sight of an eccentric Englishman who for two hours every morning, and two hours every afternoon rode back and forth on the lively, little shopping street, less than half a mile in length,

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that led to the bazaar. He was gotten up as though ready to go on an expedition across the desert and was an eyesore to everybody. The English spoke of him as "that dreadful man"—the Americans as "that crazy Englishman"; *not* sorry to lose the "night watch" of the hotel. At Shepheards' and at Luxor we had frequent glimpses of the white robed night attendants flitting noiselessly on their slippered feet along the passage-ways, like specters; but at Assouan the five in charge of our floor gave me the shivers. There seemed to be no demand for their services. They sat on a bench that we had to pass in going to and coming from our room, and no matter how often we went back and forth, the five white gowned figures would rise as we approached and stand like statues with bowed heads until we passed.

We stopped at Luxor and enjoyed the delightful platform hanging over the Nile, and went again to see the majestic, sculptured Pylon, and mighty columns of the ruined Temples and Palaces at Karnak, then returned to Cairo.

After the ruins and desolation on the wretched, deserted plains of "Upper Egypt" it seemed good to be back in the bustle and stir and life of Cairo.

We had seen nothing more ancient than the Sphinx and Pyramids but they were not depressing and rather made for cheerfulness. True, the poor, old Sphinx had lost his nose and his beard, but he still wore a self-satisfied smile, and while the Pyramids were not all intact there was nothing about them that suggested ruin and decay. All through the day, and by moonlight and starlight they were a center for animation, with tourists on foot, on donkey, or camel, hovering about,—nor were the Tombs of the Mamelukes dispiriting in any way.

Yes! we were glad to be back in delightful, fascinating, Oriental Cairo where so many scenes in the "Tales of the Arabian Nights" were laid,—where we saw white-veiled women with sandalled feet and jewelled anklets hurrying to catch a trolley car,—to Cairo, the home of the running sais, and the "Muski,"—glad to be back to the stir and life of the hotel, the entertaining terrace and the evening hops where girls in soft colored dancing gowns, Turkish officials in evening dress and becoming fez, and English officers from the garrison in handsome uniforms were always in evidence.

We did not willingly leave Cairo, but Cairo was too expensive for us, and after a weeks further stay we said good-by to its allurements.

As we had eagerly watched the Pyramids increase in size, from

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MAJESTIC SCULPTURED PYLON AT KARNAK

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the moment we saw them dimly outlined on the horizon, so now we regretfully watched them diminish until they faded from our sight. Soon the wonderland of Egypt, the strange, weird, mysterious land would lie behind us, and be only a memory. The land of the Pharaohs, and ruins of their vast, splendid Temples and Palaces on deserted plains; the painted and sculptured Tombs in the desolate valley; the land watered by the grand old River Nile; the land of Sphinx and Pyramid on desert sand; the land where many Bible scenes were laid. All would lie behind us, "that heritage from the dawn of the ages;" but ever with us, a rich and lasting memory that we were glad and thankful to have and to hold.

We had an uneventful voyage to Marseilles. We passed Stromboli in daylight and the lava rolling down its scarred side was inky black. We reached our old quarters in Nice January 3, 1906. The house colony welcomed us warmly and were glad to see us in their midst. We felt rather conscience stricken not to be equally glad. For some little time the spell of Egypt was upon us, then we took up the old life and were happy and contented.

In April we were in Venice and read in the evening paper—*The Secolo*—that San Francisco had been destroyed by an earthquake, and that 10,000 people were buried beneath the ruins. Oh! the untold apprehension and anxiety that little paragraph gave us! The next day the exaggerated report of loss of life was corrected and from then on, statements of the Venice papers were verified later by news from London. We knew when the Palace Hotel was burning, —when the flames reached *Nob Hill* and where the houses were being dynamited to check the conflagration.

In London, we waited for news direct, and how glad and thankful we were for letters telling that all our friends were safe, though many had suffered greivous loss. With minds relieved, we gave ourselves up to the full enjoyment of London and its environs at that most delightful season of the year.

At Covent Garden Opera House May fifteenth we heard Caruso in *Rigoletto*. It was his first appearance in Opera since his earthquake experience in San Francisco. He was given a tremendous ovation to which he seemed unpleasantly indifferent. Later we heard Caruso in *The Meister Singer of Nuremberg*.

At one of the Theaters we saw a play of Pinero with our old-time favorite of the California Theater, Bella Pateman, in the cast; and we saw the pretty ballet of *Cappelia* danced to the lovely music of *Delibe*. At Olympia (that vast show place) the attraction was

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"Tilting in Tudor Times," and at the Alhambra they were showing a film, advertised in big letters all over the city, "The Destruction of San Francisco by Earthquake and Fire." *That we did not see.*

Through the courtesy of a gentleman to whom we had carried a letter of introduction from a San Francisco friend, we made several visits to Ranelagh, a delightful park (with splendid trees and a little stream crossed by rustic bridges) on the outskirts of the City, in control of an exclusive club. There we saw that most delightful of games, polo, played by experts; such spirited and exciting games! and the ponies, those dear, little polo ponies! every one seemed imbued with all the fire and spirit and wisdom of the polo pony Kipling wrote about.

When the games were over it was time for tea; then around the tables on the porches of the clubhouse and under the trees merry parties assembled. The waiters wore long scarlet coats—not jackets—and moving about, among the guests "star-scattered on the grass," added to the brightness of a scene that was ideal in its beauty.

We went to all the charming, blooming suburbs and on the fifth of June sailed from Liverpool on the S. S. Caronia for New York. It was near the end of January, 1907, before we reached poor, dear, stricken, pitiful San Francisco. The vast area of ruin was such a sad, distressing spectacle that early in May we said good-by to the dear friends who had given us a warm welcome and went to our old home in Central New York for the summer; to the City until January, 1908; to Southern California and in March back to San Francisco.

As we passed through the Santa Clara Valley the country looked so beautiful with wild flowers on the railroad banks and the earliest fruit blossoms coming out, that we could not keep it from our minds, and after a few days spent in seeing friends we went to San Jose. From the Vendome Hotel day after day we took the interurban cars to reach the blooming orchards. Sometimes we went beyond the orchards to fields that were a glory of blue and gold—lupins and poppies springing from the luxuriant grass made a picture that on canvas would have been called an artist's license.

One Spring we determined to follow the blossoming fruit trees. We commenced in March with the South of France and finished with the apple orchards of Kent—the garden of England—at the end of May, but we saw nothing that for variety and beauty compared with the Santa Clara Valley.

We spent many delightful weeks that summer in the Yosemite

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Valley at the plain, comfortable Sentinel Hotel. It gives me pleasure to remember there were no automobiles, no string of electric lights on the Valley road, and no lift planned to carry the self-indulgent tourist to Glacier Point. Only the beauty and grandeur of Nature coupled with the simple life!

We talked of previous visits and of that one ante-dating by a little all that I have recorded; how we went to Stockton by boat and from Stockton to Mariposa by stage coach and what a dreadful ride it was! Chinamen made the inside of the coach impossible and I sat on top with you and two other gentlemen of our party. The heat was torrid. At places where we stopped to change or water the poor horses, and where we had our dinner thermometers registered 100 degrees in the shade.

A friend of yours in charge of the Gen. Fremont mines was waiting the arrival of the stage. He took us to his pretty home where we were hospitably welcomed. There in a darkened room I lay the following day recovering from heat prostration, and the kindness, the more than kindness! of that dear family to me, neither of us ever forgot.

On the second day although I felt badly, and we were urged to take a longer rest, we started on horseback for the Valley, and what a rare day we had! Invigorating air, the freshness of the mountains in June and the bloom of flowers! Lilies were in their glory! the Mariposa in great variety of color, tall, fragrant Easter lilies, tiger lilies, clumps of wild roses, a very carpet of modest flowers over all the ground, and then the Valley! The beautiful, wonderful, glorious Valley!

The Inn was kept by one Leidig. It consisted of two buildings, one containing four square rooms of equal size for guests; the partitions between the rooms were about seven feet in height; the space from the floor to the pointed roof considerable. The dining room and kitchen were in another building. The table was bountifully supplied with trout and venison. We spent a week in the Valley going everywhere on horseback. There had been much snow the previous winter and the falls were magnificent, but getting our horses across the swollen streams was often difficult, often hazardous. On our return to Mariposa our party broke up, as we spent several days with our kind friends.

We had a very happy winter. We found the Fairmont Hotel a pleasant place in which to live. Our friends had recovered from the shock and strain of the disaster and were all in good spirits, full of

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hope and an abiding faith in the future greatness of San Francisco. They were wonderfully brave! No one complained or drew comparisons between then and now. Many had lost beautiful homes and the elegant, cherished contents, entirely or in part, but they readjusted their lives cheerfully no matter how plain the surroundings.

April 19, 1909, we left San Francisco for the East, stopping for several days in Washington. The country about, and the Capital were in the beautiful flush of Spring. San Francisco friends in Army official life stationed there, made our visit a delight to remember.

Summer in the old home and October twenty-first we sailed from New York on S. S. Carpathia for Fiume, the principal port of Hungary. The sea was kind and with your happy faculty of making friends, our little coterie was soon formed. The late Bishop of Maryland, Bishop Paret residing in Baltimore, a delightful man with a delightful family were among those we most enjoyed.

We lost a few passengers at Gibraltar, many at Genoa and at Naples all but a few who were residents of Trieste. It was midnight before we got away from Naples. We passed Stromboli next morning and in the afternoon went through the Straits of Messina. A sad sight it was, with the ruins of Calabrian towns on one side, and the ruins of Messina on the other, all destroyed by the earthquake of the previous year.

Going up the Adriatic we had a taste of the disagreeable *bora*. A cold, piercing, violent North wind that was just calming down.

We were more than glad to put our feet on *terra firma* when we reached Trieste, but did not get beyond the first café and tempting little table on the sidewalk. Oh! those delicious Austrian rolls and sweet butter! and the coffee! No, it wasn't coffee we decided. It was nectar, and sipping our nectar we watched the people passing on the street. Greeks in short, full, white tunics and gold embroidered jackets, picturesque Dalmatians, Turks, Armenians and Italians.

"Pleasant and interesting but not seeing the City," you said, "and we are the slaves of duty," so off we started.

One of the first things we noticed were the iron posts a Trieste merchant had told us of. We found them on streets leading from the water and exposed to the wind. Iron posts with rings at the top through which ropes were threaded for people to cling to when the *bora* blows its worst. The dreadful *bora*! from the Karst mountains, that tears the ships from their moorings and lifts the people from their feet. It had practically blown itself out but the Captain

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fastened the Carpathia to the wharf by strong chains and had the anchor dropped.

The streets of old Trieste were steep and narrow. One led to a fortified Castle and the Cathedral. We were told the Cathedral was fine and the view from it grand; but the name of the street, "The Steps of the Giants," discouraged us.

The new part of the City was attractive with promenades, statues, fountains and beautiful public buildings noticeably the Exchange and Chamber of Commerce. The Austrian Lloyd S. S. offices were quite palatial and directly opposite on a handsome square, the Town Hall, and the palace of Prince Hohenlohe, the Stadtholder of the province.

There was a picturesque canal that reminded us delightfully of the Grand Canal in Venice; narrower, well built on both sides, full of barges and boats with bright-colored lateen sails it was very animated and very Venetian.

Dinner time brought a problem. Should we go back to the Steamer; to the "banquet hall deserted" or dine ashore. What we did was a foregone conclusion. We had a fine dinner at a handsome restaurant and promised ourselves that we would save the cost if it in some other way—at least *I* said we would. When at ten o'clock we returned to the Carpathia the brilliantly lighted streets were full of life, and thronged with a population that looked even more Oriental than by day.

The next morning we took a small steamer for Miramar, the beautiful chateau of the Archduke Maximilian, a most delightful place standing upon a high, rocky bluff, surrounded by a lovely park with glorious views in every direction.

The spacious rooms in the white marble palace were richly furnished and full of art treasures. Two rooms were unique. An immense structure of glass in which hundreds of gold fish were swimming about in clear water, among tufts of soft, pretty grasses formed the center of the ceiling in one room. In the room above, the pretty, airy, indoor pool was surrounded by an elegant railing of chiselled bronze. The unusual and artistic creation being—we were told—a fancy of the unfortunate Empress Carlotta.

The gardens and park were a dream of beauty. Flowers, tall, dark cypress trees, long shady avenues and leafy bowers where we sat and watched the little boats with orange-colored sails skimming over the blue waters of the Bay.

From that ideally beautiful home the ill-starred Maximilian,

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"lured by the glitter of a phantom crown," went to Mexico to meet his tragic fate, while his poor, demented wife lives on, waiting and watching for her loved ones return.

Late in the afternoon, the only first-class passengers on the ship, we went to Fiume fifty miles away. There, november tenth, we said good-by to the Carpathia and were glad to exchange our cabin for the spacious room given us at the excellent Grand Hotel de'l Europe.

Like all Continental cities Fiume had an old quarter with narrow, crooked streets of unequal width; it had also an Arco Romano, an indifferent triumphal arch of Claudius II. The new part of the city stretching along the waterfront was well built and attractive. All the population seemed to be taking tea or coffee; little tables had possession of the sidewalks and on nearly every block we were turned into the roadway. By chance we strolled towards the waterfront teeming with sailors and picturesque fishermen with bare, brown legs, crimson sashes so wide that they looked like waist-coats, and knitted crimson caps, fully half a yard in length, finished with tassel.

We noticed an immense, barn-like structure and inquiring learned that it was a Hotel for emigrants. Fiume was the great shipping port for emigrants from S. E. Europe to the United States, and the building, with room for 3,000 people, was erected for their accommodation.

During the afternoon we saw a group of Croatian peasant women in short, full, pleated skirts of snow-white linen, embroidered bodices of black velvet and red or orange-colored handkerchiefs on their heads; for picturesqueness dividing honors with the fishermen.

The Hotel dining room that evening presented a bright picture. A large party of "Young Turks" with fezzed heads that were in constant motion quite filled a long table. They were a noisy lot, talking in tones so loud that they drowned the music of a fine Hungarian band. Later in the evening the same band played in the Piazza Dante where we enjoyed, with all Fiume, the promenade concert.

After breakfast next morning you gave me a choice between going up a high hill to the Pilgrimage Church for a view, or taking a boat to the pleasure resort of Abbazia. I chose Abbazia and there we went. A pretty spot but the delight of the place to us was in the avenues and groves of Arbutus unedo trees, with clusters of large, red berries covered with delicate frost-work hanging amid the rich foliage. Only at the Lakes of Killarney, in that visit of long ago, had we seen such magnificent specimens of that delightful tree.

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In the afternoon we went through the Government tobacco manufactory where 3,000 women and girls were at work. A scant dower of beauty and no picturesqueness did we see among them.

From Fiume we returned to Trieste, then went to Venice. It was cold in Venice with a cutting wind that seemed to blow from every quarter. Our hotel was opposite the handsome Church de la Salute and our windows looked on the Grand Canal.

One day we saw a wedding party go and come from the Church. The gondolas, with the bride in white and many bridesmaids looked very pretty. Another day a religious ceremony with a long procession of gondolas interested us, but we were not in Venice to lead an indoor life. The wintry wind did not abate; the streets and canals were equally uncomfortable and we went to Florence; we went from bad to worse; to rain and an icy wind that cut like a knife and we both fell sick with colds, so the last month of the old year was not a happy one for us.

January 3, 1910, we returned to Nice, glad to be again in the familiar surroundings and with the friendly, familiar set.

The first of May we were on the Lake of Como. The flowers were gorgeous but the weather was too cold for the nightingales. In sheltered places from the thickest foliage of trees and shrubs we heard their sweet, mournful notes.

We spent some time in Geneva and about the Lake. At Lausanne we heard a concert that we enjoyed immensely. A "Cantique Suisse" by cornet and a large number of hours. ^{7:34-6} Very inspiring!

In June we were in London. We heard Aida and Traviata by the song birds that had come from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for the London season; we saw the Russian dancers, Anna Pavlova and Mordkin, repeatedly—being something new they were quite the vogue. Two afternoons we went to Ranelagh and saw the Etonians and Cantabs defeat their opponents in madly exciting games of polo, then had tea under the trees with our delightful host. We went up the Thames by boat to Oxford, and by tally-ho coach through the Shakespeare country, then back to the Continent.

We drank the waters at Carlsbad for two weeks then went by way of Pilsner and Budweis—what beery sounding names—to Linz, a very attractive place on the glittering Danube, its domes and spires gleaming amid the foliage of dark fir trees. A cog wheel road carried us to the summit of the Postlingberg 2,000 feet above the town from where we had a glorious view.

From Linz we went to Gmunden. We were now in a province of Austria we had long wished to see.

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The Salzkammergut, a lovely country with a curious name—growing out of the salt industry—a country of mountains and lakes, upland meadows and valleys, quaint villages and picturesque people. Gmunden you declared the loveliest spot you had ever seen, and the Traunsee was a delightful lake, the waters a wonderful blue, hemmed in by masses of mountains, the loftiest directly opposite, 6,000 feet in height.

On the lake shore an esplanade, with splendid, old plane trees the leafy branches so interlaced overhead that they made a shelter “impervious to sun and rain,” and on the lake, row boats, little white-sailed pleasure boats, large fishing boats with yellow sails, small lake steamers and near the shore in and out among the boats swans gliding about.

And what charming walks we had down the valley of the river Traun; the turbulent little river that leaves the lake at Gmunden and brawls on its way to join the Danube; tiny waterfalls singing down the mossy banks, and cyclamen in every shade of red growing in wild profusion. Pretty villas made the stream sociable and at the waters edge every villa had a little summer house, where the maids did the family wash. They seemed very happy, kneeling at their work and exchanging talk with neighbors on either side.

The little town was full of life. Every day seemed a fete or Saints’ day and the village working people and the picturesque peasants from the country around were a lively, jovial lot. Singing at their work, dancing through the streets and congregating in the evening in a large, plain hall to end the day with merrymaking. A song and dance combined that they gave with vim and abandon, we particularly enjoyed.

From Gmunden we crossed the lake to Ischl, a favorite summer home of the late Kaiser Franz Joseph; another lovely place; adorned by the Emperor’s palace, villas of the Austrian nobility, handsome hotels and curhaus—with orchestras and theatrical companies from Vienna, and elegant bathing and inhalation establishments for those taking the cure. Ischl was a very center of fashionable life; into it, the prosperous peasants of the district came, and with song and dance and bright, fresh costumes added much to the charm of the place.

From Ischl we went to the Haltstatter See—one of a group of eight lakes lying close together—to see the famous old town of Hallstatt built on a steep hillside. The houses perched one above another had broad balconies and overhanging roofs of black or red, and on the narrow strip of land projecting in the lake two little churches

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with tall, slender spires making altogether the quaintest and most picturesque of villages.

Then on to the market town of St. Wolfgang. It was Saturday—Market day—and very interesting. All kinds of farm produce, with fruit and vegetables, cows, horses, oxen, pigs and poultry bought and sold by men and women in the picturesque dress of their locality; and at night there was a very revelry of song and dance.

The next morning by a rack-and-pinion road we went up the Schafberg, 6,000 feet in height. It was a wonderful road that in places made *me* hold my breath through fear. Running at first through fields of grain and fruit orchards, then dark fir trees, and at the top, with no vegetation we were in the midst of snow, and a glorious panorama before us; so many lovely blue lakes, such verdant valleys, such dark forests of fir and glittering, snow-clad mountain peaks, with the summit of the Schafberg mirrored in three lakes. How glorious it was!

We went across the beautiful lake to St. Gilgen, a queer little place that Longfellow mentions in *Hyperion*; we found the small chapel he described, "the walls covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind and a few marble funeral tablets." On one of the tablets Longfellow read a "singular inscription" a translation of which he gives.

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart."

What a long hunt we had for that tablet, and how pleased we were when at last we found it!

In the little church the afternoon service was going on. When it was over the older people waited outside while the children knelt awhile in prayer, and very pretty they looked, those boys and girls in bright Tyrolean costume; then all the congregation, the pastor leading, walked down the village street.

At St. Gilgen we said good-by to the romantically beautiful country and the jovial, picturesque people and in the evening reached Salzburg, always a favorite place with us.

We had expected to remain in Europe for the summer and probably the coming winter, and where should we spend the balance of the summer. We talked of this place and that. Suddenly you said, "Why not go home? we shall have three months before the really cold weather. The fruit will soon be ripe in the orchard, and you always enjoy the autumn tints of the trees," and that was what we did, sailing from Antwerp for New York on S. S. Lapland July 30, 1910.

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On the fourteenth of November we reached the Grand Canyon. It was late for that region and we made the end of our journey in a snow storm. To our great relief the storm was like a summer shower; soon the sun shone and while the wind was sharp the atmosphere was clear when we gazed upon that wonderful gorge with its color bands stretching away for miles, its towers and turrets, its pinnacles, cliffs and crags, and hundreds of feet below, looking like a narrow ribbon, the Colorado River that had worn its ever-deepening channel through the soil and left these fantastic shapes of marvellously colored sandstone.

We had a pleasant talk with Mr. Moran, the artist, who said "It is a great day for reds and purples—another day brown and yellow will dominate."

For the sake of old times we went to Coronado Beach. Whenever in mid-winter we went for a short vacation to Southern California, there was no place we enjoyed so much as Coronado Beach, always finding San Francisco friends, and always having a royally good time.

Charles Nordhoff, journalist and author, was living a few blocks away. We had the pleasure of his acquaintance and met him frequently at the hotel; more frequently at his home, where Mrs. Nordhoff and a daughter always made us welcome. Mr. Nordhoff who had come to California for his health had passed away. To beguile the days of sorrow and loneliness Mrs. Nordhoff was travelling with friends around the world, fell sick and died in India. Of the daughter we knew nothing. We walked back and forth before the house that had been the home of that delightful family, talking of them and of the changes time had wrought.

On the porch, in easy chairs, two old people sat, and knowing they would wonder why strangers should survey their house so intently you went up the steps and explained our interest in it. It was evident they wanted company and urged us to rest awhile on the porch. We soon learned that they came from New York State,—that they had owned the house a year,—that they found it lonesome but were there for the climate,—that they had always lived where they had only three months of summer and now they had summer all the year.

"In what part of New York State did you live where you only had three months of summer?" you asked.

"In the Adirondack Mountains" was the answer.

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Through the conversation that followed we learned that Paul Smith had bought the Nordhoff home.

And who was Paul Smith I hear my California reader ask.

Paul Smith was born in the Adirondack Mountains and was a guide from boyhood. He was frugal, saved his money and in time bought a few acres of land and built a small house of entertainment. He prospered, the acres grew, the house and cottages grew until Paul Smith had the largest and most popular resort, of the many in that beautiful mountain region.

When he heard of our old home in Central New York and that we knew his place and all the country around he was indeed an overjoyed man.

We told him of our delight in drifting in a row boat down the little river where the white water lilies grew along both banks; of one long June day when we had made the circle of lakes in his neighborhood by carry—starting from the St. Regis Lake near his house in a canoe, with a guide who rowed the boat and carried it on his shoulders between the lakes; of being there one Sunday and seeing the people come by boat from near-by camps to morning service in the little chapel that had been built by summer visitors, and how pretty and interesting it all was, and when we came away you said,

“Well, it is a strange, old World! To think of Paul Smith and his wife settled in the Nordhoff home!”

We spent two weeks with friends in Santa Barbara and reached San Francisco and the Fairmont Hotel the twelfth of December. The winter was a happy one seeing much of our friends and enjoying the bonhomie that pervades California life. My diary recorded an inch of snow February 26, 1911, to the delight of small boys who made pedestrians and trolley cars targets for snow balling.

The first of June we reached our old home in Central New York, and November 18, 1911, a cold, bleak, blustering day, we sailed from New York on the Steamer Caronia for Europe. Twenty-four hours later we ran into smooth seas and mild air. We had agreeable people as deck and table companions, and the days passed delightfully.

On the morning of the 25th the mountainous island of Madeira was before us and at noon we were at anchor in the Bay of Funchal. The view from the Steamer's deck was extremely beautiful. In the midst of rich, tropical vegetation, a white city on a curving beach stretched over a plain and up the gentle slopes of surrounding hills. Beyond the hills mountain ranges rose one above another until the summits were lost in mist.

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We went ashore in a launch and outside the dock enclosure, found *carros*, the quaintest, most unique and picturesque of conveyances awaiting the passengers. Wicker work vehicles, with two seats holding four people facing each other, mounted on runners, covered and hung with bright-colored curtains and drawn by large bullocks with a man and boy in charge of each team.

Into one of the gayest of the fantastic *carros*, we, with two ship-companions took our seats. The driver, with a loud shout, prodded his bullocks with an iron-pointed stick and the boy at their heads guided them by leather thongs attached to their horns. A long grease-soaked bag was hung over the pole and at short intervals the driver ran ahead and threw it across the road to oil the runners. The streets were paved with small cobblestones over which the *carro* slipped and jolted with an extra jolt when we crossed the greasy bag.

The Caronia's passengers made the shopping street lively and left the merchants with smiling faces, buying freely of Madeira specialties; inlaid work, wine, embroidery and selecting for shipment pieces of wicker work, osier or ratan,—baskets, chairs, tables and settees.

From the tree-shaded shopping street our *carro* took us to the feniculaire up which we rode to Reid's Hotel. House, views and garden were alike delightful. Flowers, orange groves, rows of banana trees, latticed arbors and fountains. By a winding path through the Hotel grounds we reached the Mount Church, where, from the terrace, 2,200 feet above the sea, we had a glorious view of the country, Funchal and the bay. Near the church was the starting place for our toboggan ride. The "Mount sleds" were of wicker, padded and cushioned, seating two persons, each guided by two men with long poles.

The road before us was straight, cobble-paved and frightfully steep. The sensation in making the rapid descent was like riding on the down grade of a switchback railway. How the men kept abreast of the sleds and guided them in a direct line was a mystery.

When we started I held my breath and clutched your arm, nor did I relax my tension or my grip, until we reached the foot of the mountain; then you said,

"I never knew you to be so timid. I am glad you did not scream as so many women did."

In returning to the harbor we crossed a square with a fountain in the center, where women with earthen jars on their heads had come for water. It was a picturesque sight in the fading light of day, to

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see them grouped about the fountain and moving through the square.

The next morning, we went ashore with the first launch that left the ship. We had planned to go among the hills and chose our bullocks with great care; a handsome pair with tiny, tinkling bells around their necks.



A CARRO

We Chose Our Bullocks with Great Care Because We Were Going Among the Hills.

We had a glorious drive past hotels and villas, inland and on bluffs overhanging the sea. The houses were very pretty with verandas screened by flowering vines, palm trees waving over them and terraced gardens that were full of bloom. Roses in great variety, tropical morning glories of wondrous hue, geranium in trees with large brilliant flowers, immense beds of violets, blue, white and yellow, poinsettia, begonia and bougainvillea, orange and lemon trees. Many villas with extensive grounds had fig and banana trees, guavas, sugarcane and the tropical pawpaw and cherimoya; other villas were enclosed by high walls hiding from us, on our low seats all but the tops of trees.

We were passing one of these unfriendly places when the entrance gate opened and a *carro* drove out. Nothing could have given us greater pleasure than that private *carro* with bright-colored silk curtains parted wide, holding three pretty young girls and their chaperone. It was only a glimpse but indelibly fixed, of three slight figures attired in white, with dark, languishing eyes and hair falling loose over their shoulders.

At four o'clock that afternoon the Caronia sailed from Funchal

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Bay and early on the morning of the 28th we were at Gibraltar. We had made many visits there; had been through the vast galleries cut in the solid mountain rock of the fortress with countless casemated batteries; had seen the beautiful residences and charming gardens, and the display of Oriental merchandise in the shops; and had often watched the red-coated British soldiers marching to the music of fife and drum down the one long street to the waterfront, where, as the sun went down and the canon boomed, they locked the city gates.

There were many Moors about the landing place and I almost envied the enthusiasm of those who looked upon the picturesque beings for the first time.

We left Gibraltar in the evening and on the 30th were in the Bay of Algiers. Under the early morning light the houses rising in terraces on the slope of a steep hill crowned by a magnificent castle were dazzling in their whiteness.

We went ashore on a pontoon bridge and found a large part of the City very attractive and thoroughly French in aspect. We had a delightful drive on the hills. Many of the charming villas that we saw were Moorish in design almost buried amid the orange and palm trees, and the views were extended and beautiful. We went through the Winter Palace, residence of the former Dey of Algiers. The Moorish rooms were rich in decoration,—a double door of exquisite workmanship divided the abode of the wives, from the harem.

In the native quarter the steep streets, swarming with Arabs and Moors, were like tunnels; the roofs of the houses nearly met overhead and dirty, smelly water trickled between the cobblestones of the pavement. In going up one of those unsanitary alleys single file, one of our party wanted a picture of a patriarchal looking Arab and asked me to stand still a moment while he adjusted his kodak. When I stepped forward and the patriarch saw the camera, he gave an unearthly yell and with upraised stick came tottering towards the offender. All the natives around took up the hue and cry, hooted at us and shook their clenched fists. We got out of that alley with all the speed possible, and learned later that Arabs never pose for pictures, believing that the soul is taken away with the likeness.

The veiled women of Algiers were hideous, in their loose, shapeless, white blouses, and baggy, white Turkish trousers, all very much in need of soap and water.

At four in the afternoon we sailed from Algiers and on the morning of December second were at anchor in the harbor of Villefranche. A few hours later we were in our old quarters at Nice, in

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the midst of the friendly, familiar set, ready to take up the pleasant, easy-going life of former seasons.

The middle of March found us in Rome where we met old-time California friends whose company added much to our pleasure. Ten years before, in the month of March, we had heard at the Argentina Theater, Rossini's Stabat Mater delightfully rendered by an orchestra of eighty, a chorus of three hundred, and fine soloists, all led by the famous Father Hartman.

Seeing Rossini's Stabat Mater advertised and thinking to enjoy another musical treat, we suggested that our friends should join us and told them of our former experience. We all came away before the end of a most dreary performance, and well I remember how crest-fallen you and I felt.

We enjoyed seeing the many objects of interest and beauty that former visits had made familiar. In my diary I read, "The 27th spent at Hadrian's Villa, the waterfalls of Tivoli, and the Villa d'Este was a red-letter day," and there between the pages of my book, Dear Heart of mine, lies the little bunch of flowers you gathered in the charming grounds of Hadrian's Villa, and a leaf of laurel, beloved by the ancients, that you picked from a noble tree standing in the midst of the terraces and fountains and tall cypress trees of the Villa d'Este.

We left Rome early in April. On both banks of the Tiber, Judas trees, growing wild, were in full bloom, and oxen grazing in the fields had handsome, wonderful, long horns.

We stopped at Siena to see the Cathedral, and the beautiful old frescoes in the Library.

We were interested in the trolley cars that carried us up and down the narrow, hilly streets, with neither rails nor poles, the wires being held in place by supporting wires fastened to the houses.

Upon reaching Florence we applied at eight hotels before finding accommodations. That was one of the trials when the tide of travel was at the flood. We had experienced it in Rome, in London and Paris. Driving from one hotel to another—exhausting those mentioned by Baedeker, then trying those recommended by the cabman. We once reached Munich 11 o'clock at night and went to the Hotel of Four Seasons—only an attic room to be had—we drove from place to place, then in fear and trembling lest some one had the attic room, returned to the Four Seasons Hotel. From the lift we went up a short flight of stairs to a good sized room with three small dormer windows. It was quiet and comfortable and so moderate in price that we remained in it during our stay of ten days.

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In Florence we had a week of pictures and sculpture and cold, raw, nasty weather; then to the Lake of Como where the nightingales were in full song and the beautiful rhododendron trees in full bloom. Two happy days, then drizzling rain and back we went to Milan.

We spent several rainy days looking at pictures and the Cathedral, and with a promise of clear skies went to the Lake of Garda. The scenery was grand; the mountains lofty, and the rocky, wooded islands beautiful and picturesque, but we shivered on the deck of the little boat and were glad to go ashore at Gardone. The next morning, under watery sunshine, with a cold wind, we completed the circuit of the lake and on the first day of May reached Venice.

There in a gondola, near the gardens we loved, we sunned, and warmed, and thawed ourselves out. Warmth is life, you said again and again as we basked in the ardent rays of the May-day sun. We had ten delightful days, and as many delightful evenings in the Piazza of St. Marks strolling in the arcades, eating ices at Florians and enjoying the music of a large military band; then through the Tyrol we went to Innsbruck.

Sunday morning in the congregation of the Hofkircke were our California friends, last seen in Florence. When the service was over we sat with them in a charming park and listened to the blackbirds singing in the trees and two days later, a party of six, we journeyed on to Munich; and how lovely Munich was! the streets bright with pink and white alternating bloom of horse chestnut trees, and the beautiful fountains playing, plashing and sparkling in the sun.

Leisurely we enjoyed the magnificent art treasures of the City and at the famous Hoffbrau and Lürven Brau we ate pretzels, drank beer and listened to the music.

From Munich to Salzburg, then driven by persistent rain we went on to Vienna.

We were located near, and in sight of St. Stephen's Cathedral and day after day we saw a succession of pretty and interesting pictures. In the vast, solemn, grand interior of St. Stephens' groups of children, the girls in purest white, were being confirmed, and a Cardinal in scarlet, followed by Bishops and Priests could frequently be seen in the dim, religious light moving from one group to another. The streets leading to the Church were full of children in confirmation dress; the wealthy in flower-decked carriages or autos; the others walking,—often alas! the little white-slipped feet suffered sadly from the drizzling rain and muddy streets.

On a previous visit we had seen in Vienna a ballet that appealed

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to your imagination, and glad of the opportunity to see a similar performance, our party went one evening to the splendid Royal Opera House to witness the ballet of *The Four Seasons of Life*. There was no pirouetting on the tips of the great toes—no abbreviated skirts. The beautiful music was by Schubert and the dancing, quiet, graceful, rhythmic movement by sets of eight people at different periods of life—childhood, youth and middle age. The costumes were those of the past, the children very quaint and pretty.

In the last scene two old people, who had danced for us in their youth, sat beside the glowing coals of the hearth, fondly gazing upon their grandchildren as they danced, and the curtain rung down upon a ballet unique and beautiful.

On the first day of June we were off on a three days excursion to Budapest, through a highly cultivated country—time four hours. Our hotel, the Bristol, was on the Franz-Joseph Quay, a magnificent street skirting the river, one mile in length, to which no vehicles were admitted.

It was the popular and favorite promenade and while we sat under the trees and ate our dinner, the fashion and beauty of the Hungarian capital passed in review before us.

Budapest and the Danube! a strikingly beautiful and picturesque City, and a grand, dignified River! Springing abruptly from the stream to a great height, a rock crowned by the citadel. On the opposite, elevated bank the Royal Palace rising majestically from its terraces and trees. A superb Opera House and splendid public structures with Corinthian columns of different colored marbles. Chateaux on the summits of hills, tree-shaded streets, statues, parks, fountains and great fleets of boats on the broad bosom of the River.

We walked over the imposing suspension bridge guarded at either end by two stone lions of colossal size, gained the heights above by a lift, saw the quaint Old Town Hall, a beautiful figure fountain, and had many lovely views. Then up the Danube by boat to Margaretta Island, converted into a large, popular pleasure ground—charming and interesting.

Our rooms at the Bristol Hotel were delightful, with windows looking on the river, the bridges spanning it, and the Royal Palace on the opposite bank. Our breakfasts and dinners on the promenade we long remembered—also the little notice posted near the elevator, "By order of the Police, guests are not allowed to use the lift in going down." We were all on the third floor and often pushed the button and waited for some response to our call, but none ever came.

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Leaving Budapest we drove to the station by way of Andrassy Street, where many wealthy and titled Hungarians *had* their handsome homes—among them we saw that of the American heiress, Gladys Vanderbilt, now Countess—

June sixth the festival of Corpus Christi occurred, and what a procession it was, that we saw moving to and from St. Stephen's Cathedral—so long, so brilliant, so wonderful! Austrian and Hungarian nobles, State officials, Army and Navy officers, all in gorgeous uniforms, joining the Cardinal, Bishops and Priests in a procession through the principal streets—all on foot, all bare-headed, from the Crown Prince to the Acolytes that swung the censers of burning incense. Bands of music and choristers enlivened the beautiful pageant. At the very end came the Ritter Knights, mounted on high-stepping, white horses, mantles of leopard skin falling from their left shoulders and uniforms of scarlet and gold that were fairly dazzling in their brilliancy.

Our next stopping place was Carlsbad, our friends going by way of Prague and we by a shorter route, as we had seen the towers and spires and domes of the Bohemian capital, the palaces and gardens of the old aristocracy, the narrow streets lined by tall, quaint, old houses, the solid silver monument of St. Nepomuk, the patron Saint, and had walked over the old Bridge—the Karlsbrücke adorned by statues and groups of Saints.

We spent a month at Carlsbad drinking the waters to the strains of music at an early morning hour, eating our meals to the strains of music, under the trees when it did not rain, and taking long walks in the narrow, pretty valley, or on the paths of wooded hills when weather permitted. At Carlsbad our enjoyable little party disbanded as their plans and ours for the summer were not the same.

We went to Dresden and from there to Berlin. The weather was uncomfortably warm and although the Bristol Hotel on Unter den Linden was delightful, for three successive evenings we went with thousands to the Zoological Gardens for dinner. The grounds were beautiful and extensive. Two large, excellent bands furnished music and rows of seats provided comfort and rest. We strolled from one music stand to the other, wherever a number on the program most attracted us. One evening we heard a fanfare of twenty-four trumpets that was thrilling in effect.

From Berlin to Hanover, a beautiful, *new* city remarkable for the original architecture of many of its buildings. The Old City Hall and two quaint, old churches spoke eloquently of a picturesque past.

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Magnificent promenades and avenues of fine linden trees made the city delightful.

Interwoven with memories of Hanover is the following: Going into the breakfast room at Kasten's Hotel we were given a table beside a family party—presumably, father, mother and several half-grown children. No attention was paid to us until our breakfast came and we began to eat—then all the party stared; the father and mother furtively; the children boldly. You ate on, undisturbed, but I was annoyed. The waiter was hovering about taking that mild interest in our appetites that waiters seem to feel, and I asked him,

"Can you tell me why those people look at us in that rude way?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is seeing you eat your eggs out of the shell." Then he added apologetically, "They come from the country."

To Hamburg and the familiar Hamburger Hof, looking out on the familiar Basin. The heat was torrid. We spent our days on the little steamers that plied around the Basin but even on the water, in motion, the air was stagnant. On the third morning, weary from the heat, you said,

"This is weather Sir Walter Scott called, fit only for flies"—after a pause, "Let us give up the Continent and go to England; conditions may be better there."

We went to a Booking Office, found that the President Grant sailed the following morning from Hamburg's port, Cuxhaven, and engaged passage. In the night a violent storm of thunder, lightning, rain and hail so lowered the temperature that we left the Hotel in heavy wraps.

We reached Southampton at midnight and after resting a day journeyed on, stopping at Salisbury to see the Cathedral with handsome spire, the highest in England; also the Exeter Cathedral—an exquisite facade and beautiful interior. One of the massive towers held the great bell, "Tom of Exeter," weighing 12,500 pounds.

What a happy day we had, Dear Heart, both so glad to be again in England. As we rolled along over the lovely country, bright with poppies and cornflowers we talked of the English Cathedrals we had seen; of York, Worcester and Lincoln, of Wells, Ely, Bath and Gloucester, of the "Grey Towers of Durham," of Canterbury and Westminster Abbey; of Tintern Abbey and the wall flowers that grew in profusion among the ruins, and of the dear, chatty old lady—so like Queen Victoria—who served us with such good tea and bread and butter after our scramble up and down the crumbling, flower-decked walls;—and of lovely Fountains Abbey, the most romantic

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and picturesque of all the ruined Abbeys of England; and when we reached what Kingsley calls in *Westward Ho* "the little, white town of Bideford" we left the train and went to the Royal Hotel, a handsome house with a lobby ceiling of oak, beautifully carved. In our after dinner stroll we saw a statue of Kingsley and several guns of the Spanish Armada long submerged and buried in the sand.

The next day in a pony carriage we went to Clovelly. The country was like a park and the three mile "Hobby Drive" through private grounds, a delight. Charming views, avenues of trees arching overhead and singing over its pebbles a little brook with banks of moss and ferns.

In all the World nothing could be prettier, quainter or more picturesque than Clovelly. A narrow, richly-wooded ravine, with a broad stairway descending 300 feet to the sea. On each side, clinging and climbing, small, white houses with green doors and latticed windows and mites of gardens full of sweet scented flowers.

At one of the many gardens where tea was served we had our lunch with delicious strawberries and Devonshire cream. Far below was the sea and the fishing boats, and going up and down the street were donkeys, natives, artists, and visitors for a few short hours like ourselves.

We spent a week on the delightful Devonshire coast in lovely places with charming walks along the rocky headlands and beside little rivers running to the sea,—in woodlands and among the heathery hills, then went up to London.

Lingering over our breakfast at the Hotel Metropole one sultry August morning you suggested going to Edinburgh. I gladly assented and in a few days we were off.

In a large room at the Royal Hotel—that we had twice occupied, with windows looking on Princes Street and the Scott Monument, we settled happily down.

We visited all our favorite haunts and I had the great pleasure of hearing bag-pipes to my heart's content where at open air concerts on Princes Street, after every number by the band, twelve pipers blew their pipes. We heard the music played at weddings, and the music played at funerals, the pibrochs, and the famous Black Watch when the wild, weird, tempestuous skirl of the pipes thrilled one through and through.

You had often expressed the wish to see St. Mary's Loch, the Yarrow, and Tibbie Shiels Inn. The former because of Wordsworth's poems, the latter from association with Scott, Hogg and Wilson, so

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when we left Edinburgh we went to the pretty Scotch village of Selkirk and from there by motor-bus thirteen miles up the lovely valley of the Yarrow and along the finely-wooded banks of the Lake to the Inn. It was a cold, raw day and the water was rough so we did not see Wordsworth's swan, "Float double, swan and shadow."

Adjoining the Old Inn a large house for the accommodation of tourists had been built. There, cold and hungry, at a very long table we had a poor, very short lunch.

Tibbie Shiel's Inn was a queer, old-fashioned place. All our interest centered in the one room where Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd and Christopher North so often met. A large, rude room with small, calico-curtained windows, a round table and rush-bottomed chairs. Several openings in the wooden walls, each large enough to hold a low bed. An open fireplace with an iron crane and a smoked-black teakettle hanging from it. Two small cupboards let into the wall, one containing dishes, the other glasses and a *big, black bottle*. It was a curious and interesting room in which no change had been made since the days—and nights—of that memorable trio.

We drove down the Valley of the Tweed from Selkirk to Gala-shiels; slowly and with frequent stops as we passed Abbotsford. Years before we had seen the interior of the stately, picturesque house; now we were content to look at it across the river and the lawn.

Back in London, the excellent Hotel Metropole with crowds coming and going seemed far from restful. Hoping for more quiet, we took rooms in Mayfair, just off Piccadilly. The location, near the park, Berkeley Square and the old, aristocratic homes was delightful. Each morning the lady of the house came to take our order for dinner and to ask if there would be guests.

Everything was agreeable and satisfactory with one exception. We had a butler, a serious, dignified man grown gray in the service. It was not his fault that he wore upon my nerves, but he did. He showed disappointment because I insisted upon pouring the tea, and very much aggrieved that he could not add the cream and drop in the sugar. For three weeks he never ceased trying to forestall me in filling or re-filling the tea cups. His duty, as he saw it, and my pleasure could not be reconciled—and the breakfasts were always a struggle.

Our Californian friends had been some time in London. We had many delightful excursions together but alas! they were homeward-bound, and when they left, London was dull and we wanted a change; so we said good-by to Mayfair, went to Leamington, found

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the old quarters vacant, that we had occupied many times—drawing-room, diningroom, and bedroom on second floor—did our own marketing and were waited upon by a young, rosy-cheeked girl.

In the old watering place, a fine, old oak surrounded by an iron railing bears a tablet stating that the tree marks the very center of England, and in all England nothing could be more beautiful and interesting than the surrounding country we so much enjoyed.

Time and again we had gone by tally-ho coach to Stratford on Avon, to Kenilworth and Stoneleigh Abbey, and had taken day after day the charming walks Hawthorne wrote of so pleasantly. To Warwick Castle, that picturesque pile, often going in to see the beautiful pictures; often taking tea at one of the quaint, little tea houses in the medieval town,—or across the meadows to Guy's Cliff where an old mill had ground wheat into flour for four centuries and was still at work—then always rest on the bench under the spreading beech tree watching the fish in the weir and the deer in the park of an English peer's ancestral home,—or we idled in the pump-room gardens where a band played in the afternoons; or strolled in the pleasant Holly Walk that led to Hawthorne Crescent, where in a homelike house Hawthorne spent his summer vacations during the years when he was Consul to Liverpool.

From Leamington we returned to London and in October went to Paris.

At intervals through the summer your health had given me great anxiety. You never complained, were always cheerful and tried to allay my fears. We had engaged our old quarters at Nice. As the time for going drew near you became depressed and when you could no longer persuade me that it was only my fancy you admitted that you did not want to go to Nice,—that *you wanted to go home*.

Did you know, my Beloved, that the shadows were fast lengthening? and that your feet were already on the path that would lead you away from me? Did you know? Did—you—know?

A few days later, October twenty-third, we sailed from Cherbourg on the staunch old steamer Oceanic, homeward bound.

At once you felt better physically and mentally; we had smooth seas, agreeable table and deck companions, and in your words, as pleasant a crossing as we had ever made.

When we reached the harbor of New York how good the Statue of Liberty looked to us! and how beautiful the great skyscrapers! Magnificent in their proportions; picturesque in their irregularity and studded with a myriad pin points of electric light in the afternoon of

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that short, autumn day. How often in voyaging back and forth we had admired that wonderful skyline! always grand and impressive whether seen through mist and rain; standing out against a clear, blue sky, or in early evening like the vision of beauty that greeted us on our last home-coming!

“O love! we two shall go no longer
To lands of summer across the sea.”

We were both very happy to be again within the family circle, and our Dear Ones so glad to have us. What a surprise we gave them, and what a welcome they gave us, coming upon them almost as though we had dropped from out the very skies.

You were so cheerful, and apparently so well; but we rather dreaded the rigors of an Eastern winter, and in December, promising to be back for the summer, we left New York and went to Southern California. And there!—and then!—



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PART SIX

FONDLY and sadly I linger with you, my Beloved, over my manuscript while yet it is my very own. Put between the two covers of a book, these lines and pages will be *mine* no more;—these lines and pages that have kept you so near to me that I cannot bear to give them up.

“You have a treasure-house of happy memories richer than those of any woman I have ever known.” Thus wrote a friend when she learned that you had left me;—gone away;—

“Taken the stars from the night; the sun from the day,”

and left me alone with my memories. *My Memories!* the precious possessions of my heart! They come like a breath of air from a vanished World! They lie before me like the clear, fresh pages of an open book! They bring back for a fleeting moment now and then the old feeling that life was such a beautiful thing! They bring the reflected shadow of a joy that once was mine! They come from recent years and from the far off past! They come from foreign and from native lands! and often, oh, so often from the dear, old home; the orchard trees, and the garden with its roses . . . and then! the day, when,

“Alone in that garden I walked in my pain,
O bloom again roses! O love come again;
Come back, my Beloved, I cried—but in vain.
Ah never—no, never.”

* * * * *

That old place! not another like it in all the wide, wide World; and the old, old-fashioned house! with its traditions and associations. The rooms, individualized by family history and humanized by family joys and sorrows;—“the roofs that heard the earliest cry” of six generations;—

“Today
The old house wears an altered face
And shields a stranger race,”

and the broad acres that only the red mens’ feet had trod when they came into possession of our ancestors are ours no longer. It is better

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so, since the changes wrought by Time had robbed the place of all that made it dear, and left the old house lonely and forlorn; yet sadness and regret will come at parting with what one day made for so much happiness.

* * * * *

What I have written "is but a bubble on the stream, and although it may catch the sunlight for a moment, yet it will soon float down the swift-rushing current and be seen no more;" but if, my Beloved, it helps to keep your memory green, it will not have been written in vain.

It has been to me comfort and consolation. It has often brought to my lonely heart the sensation of your invisible presence.

It has many times driven away,

"The sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt."

And when I go forward to that final and unknown land, where all the longing and yearning of this mortal life will be quieted, and all the mystery of the life immortal solved;—with implicit faith in the words of our Saviour, I go to prepare a place for you;—There, Heart of my Heart and Soul of my Soul,

"The long, lone sorrow past
I shall find thee at last.
Sorrow past
Thee at last."

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